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ART. I.—1. *De l'Allemagne*. Par H. Heine. Paris. 2 vols. 8vo. 1835.

2. *Au-delà du Rhin*. Par M. Erminier. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1835.

MR. HEINE'S book now before us has produced an extraordinary sensation both in France and Germany, and at this we cannot affect to be surprised. A few months ago, we afforded our readers some specimens of the author's vein; indeed, many of the very *sketches** from which, on that occasion, we translated, have since been worked up into the substance of this more elaborate performance. It contains, however, with those old materials, and with some new ones of very questionable interest, a large proportion of matter which is both new and important. The treatise is not yet complete: nay, we have heard that it is to occupy three more volumes: but we conceive that, from what we have now on our table, we may enable our readers to form a sufficiently distinct notion as to the drift of Mr. Heine's views, and the aspirations and designs of the parties, both German and French, with which he is connected.

It will be necessary to say a word or two *in limine* of Mr. Heine's history and position: we certainly shall not imitate the cool freedom with which he is accustomed to discuss the personal experiences of other literary men. We may, without any breach of delicacy, inform our readers, that his mother was a Prussian lady of good family, but that his father was a Jew, who had thrown off Judaism without adopting any other creed whatever in its place—one of those whom Sheridan wittily likened to the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments. Though he was educated, therefore, at Protestant schools and universities, it is extremely probable that he never did imbibe either the doctrines or the feelings of Christianity—that his own mind originally presented a mere *tabula rasa* to the speculators whose *philosophical* theories he is now occupied in popularizing. It is also, we think, very likely that the political predilections and designs which he mixes up with these blasphemous audacities, may be traced mainly to the uncertain and, in fact, degrading circumstances which still belong to the social condition of the Ger-

* See Quart. Rev. No. CV. p. 215.

man Jews; and which are often felt only the more painfully in cases where individuals of that caste have formed matrimonial alliances out of its pale. The young man whose blood is half-Jewish, half-German, has ceased to be a Jew, without acquiring in general estimation any right to be considered as a true German. There is something radically and essentially false and wrong in his position; a certain *Falconbridge* feeling is mixed up early in his whole mind and character—and of all who speak the German tongue he, if not engaged in any active profession, is the most likely to devote himself to the cause of a great social revolution in the German world. Though he may have utterly forsworn all belief in the religion of the Hebrews, he has that in his blood and being which prevents him from surveying religious systems in general with the cold indifference of a right German rationalist. He blends a rancorous personal spleen with the frigidities of the contemptuous metaphysician, and revives, in the apparent absence of all convictions, the bitter and sneering malignity of a crucifying Sadducee.

The two great obstacles to a radical revolution in Germany (as elsewhere) are the prevalence of Christian principles among the mass of the population—and the remains of respect for the civil institutions of their ancestry. Heine, having attacked both the religion of the Bible, and the monarchical and aristocratical institutions of the German states with unparalleled virulence, and having moreover distinguished himself most offensively by the style of his personal vituperation—carrying his warfare with the most reckless malice into the domestic relations of all his literary opponents, both theological and political—has rendered himself the object, not at all to our astonishment, of equal aversion and alarm, even in the most liberally governed of the German communities; and with talents which no one refuses to admire, and attainments which it would be worse than idle to disparage, he has thus contrived, at what may be called an early period of a literary life, to make it all but impossible for himself to exist on his native soil. He has accordingly transplanted himself to Paris, and there associated himself in an intimate league, offensive and defensive, with the most violent section of the Jacobin Propagandists—whose plans embrace the entire extirpation of the Christian faith in each and all of its modifications, and the total abolition of monarchy and aristocracy in Europe.

His alliance with this French party, and his selection of the French public for his immediate audience and tribunal, have rendered it convenient for him to affect—if they have not, along with other circumstances above alluded to, led him seriously to adopt—views with regard to the French mind generally, and the French literature

literature of past and present times more especially, exceedingly unlike what are commonly manifested by writers of the German school. He found, no doubt, a grave obstacle to his schemes in the effect which had been produced on the literary taste of France in these latter days by the critical examples of England and his own country, Germany: in particular, it is easy to trace throughout all his writings the special spleen with which he regards the European success of the Messrs. Schlegel, and their disciple, Madame de Staël, in their efforts to counteract the principle of the French Revolution by re-awakening a taste for the religious and social characteristics of the Middle Ages; but his Prussian experience had not been altogether in vain—he must guard himself against stirring the hostility of his new *French* public by too open and direct an assault upon any of the more peculiar objects of its habitual respect. The reader will now understand Mr. Heine's *Preface*, which we give at length, both for the light which it throws on his designs, and as an amusing specimen of his style:—

‘When, after the lapse of many long years, the Emperor Otho III. resolved to inspect the mortal remains of Charlemagne, he entered the tomb along with two bishops and the Count Laumel, who has narrated the following details: “The body was not found recumbent, after the usual fashion of the dead, but seated firmly on a chair, like a living person. He had the crown on his head, and held the sceptre in his hands, which were covered with gloves; but the nails had grown, and pierced through the leather of the gloves. The vault had been solidly walled up with marble, and to enter it an opening had to be broken through. At the moment when the party entered a very strong odour was perceptible. All bent the knee in testimony of their reverence for Charlemagne. Otho arrayed him in a new white robe, cut his nails, and commanded that whatever had given way about him should be repaired. No part of his members had disappeared, except the point of the nose, for which Otho substituted a new point of gold. He then took a tooth from the mouth of the illustrious corpse, ordered the vault to be built up as before, and departed. But the next night Charlemagne appeared to Otho in a dream, and announced to him that his life drew near its end, and that he should leave no heirs behind him.”

‘Such are the German traditions about the tomb of Charlemagne: but this is by no means the only instance of the sort. Francis I. of France, for example, caused the tomb of Roland to be opened, in order that he might judge for himself whether the old hero had been of the gigantic stature ascribed to him by the poets. This occurred but a little while before the battle of Pavia. Strange and horrible curiosity which so often pushes men to explore the tombs of the past! This happens at extraordinary periods—when an epoch is accomplished—when a catastrophe is at hand!

‘We have witnessed such an event in our own days—indeed but yesterday. A great sovereign, the *French People*, was seized one fine morning

morning with the fancy of opening the tomb of the past, and considering by day-light the ages that had long since died and been forgotten. There was no want of knowing ditchers who went to work with pick and spade to shovel aside the rubbish, and crack an aperture through the vault. The visitants were sensible of a strong odour—a high Gothic smell, which affected very agreeably noses that had been long *blasés* on the perfumes of a classical order. The French writers knelt respectfully before the unsepulchred Middle Age. One was ready with a new robe—another to pare the nails—a third with a fresh point for the nose of the defunct: then came some poets who extracted his teeth, after the venerable example of the Emperor Otho. Whether the spirit of the Middle Age appeared in dreams to these pluckers of teeth and repairers of noses—and predicted to them the speedy end of their romantic sovereignty—these are points on which I do not affect to be accurately informed. My chief object, in alluding to this incident in the history of French literature, is to have an opportunity of declaring on the threshold, that I have no design to confound it with one, at first sight similar, which has taken place in Germany. The German resurrectionists of the Middle Age had a practical object in view—they designed to work upon the mass of their nation in a way hostile to its liberty and happiness. The French writers, on the contrary, considered the affair as one interesting only to art—the French public thought of nothing but the satisfying of their curiosity. The most part entertained merely the hope of finding some costume which might have a good effect in the carnival. The Gothic mode was in France no more than a mode—and had no purpose but to enhance the pleasures of the present times. People let their hair float in the long curls of the dark centuries; but a single remark from the hair-dresser, as to the awkward effect of such a fashion, was enough to secure the instantaneous clipping off both of the redundant tresses and of the ideas attached to them. Alas! it was very different in Germany: the reason is, that the Middle Age there was not—is not—entirely dead and decomposed, as in France. The German Middle Age does not lie mouldered in its tomb: it is often animated by a wicked phantom: it still appears among us in the full light of day, and sucks the reddest of our veins. Alas! do you not see how pale and sad is Germany—and with her that German youth once so joyously enthusiastic? Do you not see the blood on the mouth of the plenipotentiary vampire, whose head-quarters are at Frankfort, and who there drains, with such horrible and weary patience, the hearts of the German people?

What I say here of the Middle Age generally is said particularly with reference to the religion of that epoch. Fairness demands that I should distinguish in the clearest manner between the party called Catholic in France, and those miserable *droles* who bear the same name in Germany. The eighteenth century crushed Catholicism in France so effectually, that it retains hardly any symptom of life, and he who wishes to re-establish it *there* has the air of the preacher of a wholly

wholly new religion. By France I mean Paris; for *what the provinces may think is of no more importance than the opinions of a man's legs.* The head is the seat of thought. I am told that the French provincials are good Catholics: I can neither affirm this nor deny it. *The men whom I have met in the provinces reminded me always of mile-stones—which bear legible on their front the amount of their distance, be it less or more, from the capital.* Perhaps the women of those parts find in Catholicism some consolation for their distress in being obliged to live out of Paris. At Paris, assuredly, Catholicism has been quite dead ever since the revolution, and, indeed, long before that time it had lost all health and vigour. It kept itself on the watch in the corners of the churches, coiled up like a spider, and jumped in a great hurry from its retreat whenever it perceived an opportunity of fastening on an infant in the cradle, or an old man in his shroud. It was only at the entrance and the exit of life that the Frenchman fell into the hands of the priest. Through all the space between he belonged to *reason*, and laughed at holy water. Was this the *reign* of Catholicism? It was exactly because of its utter extinction in France that, under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., it was able, by the force of novelty, to attract some few really disinterested minds. It was something so unheard of, so odd, so unexpected! The dominant religion in France, before that time, was the Classical Mythology, and that beautiful religion had been preached with such success to the French people, by their writers, their poets, and their artists of all sorts, that both the exterior and the intellectual life of France bore completely the Pagan costume. During the revolution the Classical Religion flourished in its most energetic magnificence. It was no apéry—after the fashion of Alexandria. Paris appeared as the natural continuation of Athens and Rome.—*Preface*, p. xii.

Throughout his book Mr. Heine adheres to the tone of this *Preface*. Everywhere he is found carefully drawing the same broad line of distinction between the romantic schools of German and of French *belles-lettres*, on the one hand—on the other, between the Catholicism of such writers as Frederick Schlegel, and that of the Chateaubriands and Lamartines. The distinction in the latter instance we take to be entirely visionary—that in the former appears to be better founded. We have no taste for the romanticism of the modern French school: it is, as he says, in most cases, a mere pretence and affectation—a superficial affair—a masquerade—a farce—having no reference to anything serious or solid in the prevalent feelings or opinions of the French people: while, in other cases to which he makes no allusion, though these are the only ones in which it has ever been turned to any real or practical purpose, this same flimsy masquerade has served for the convenient cloak of a most malignant attack upon the very principles which the German Romanticists have all along wished to maintain. The French, when they have dug up the *habitudes* and costumes

costumes of their own past periods, with any other views than those of the property-man and the scene-painter, have obviously done so for the sake of assaulting, from a new and unexpected battery, the old religious faith, and the old political predilections of their nation; but of all this it best suited Heine's present plans to say nothing.

He assumes, indeed, that to suppose even for a moment that there does remain in *France* any fair object for attacks such as his book is made up of would be merely absurd. The few lingering relics of the old world in *Paris* are addressed in his first chapter in these consolatory phrases:—

'Be not afraid, pious souls—I will not shock *your* ears by any profane pleasantries. Such things might indeed be useful in Germany, where, at this moment, it seems desirable to neutralize the influence of religion; since, in fact, we Germans are, in that respect, much in the situation of France before her revolution, when Christianity was inseparably connected with the old system of government. The one could not be shaken so long as the other kept its hold on the multitude. It was necessary that Voltaire's cutting laugh should make itself be heard, before Samson could let his axe drop.'

The meaning of all this is simply that, before Mr. Heine and his friends can overthrow the German governments, and remodel German society on a purely democratical system, the Bible must be rendered as obsolete at Berlin and Vienna as it has become in Paris. The Germans must enthrone their Voltaire as the undoubted autocrat of their literature and philosophy, before they can hope to see the guillotine of their Samson play freely at the bidding of their Robespierre. We need not ask who, in Mr. Heine's opinion, is best entitled to issue his decrees from the *Feierhof* of Germany.

But the Christianity of Germany was *never*, says Heine, the same thing with the Christianity of France—and he ascribes this to the essential difference between the antique pagan religions of the two nations. The ante-Christian religion of France was the graceful mythology of Greece and Rome—her popular superstitions were, in like manner, whencesoever derived, light and airy as her climate. In such a country, the best method of assaulting Christianity would necessarily be to revive the 'elegant materialism' of classical antiquity: and such was the course of the Encyclopedists. But the ancient German religion was a very different thing—it survived the establishment of Christianity, and the Lutheran Reformation also, in a very different shape—its primitive influence still lives and breathes at the bottom of the national mind: cleared from the degrading admixtures of the barbarous Christian middle age, it has been revived in the inspirations of the greatest authors and artists of

of these latter times : the *pantheism* of the Hercynian Forest must be appealed to by the German Voltaires, just as the *materialism* of pagan Greece and Rome afforded the French wits a groundwork whereon to plant their engines for the demolition of French Catholicism. Our English readers will hardly believe that such a theory as this, a mere antiquarian hypothesis, can be the *substratum* of the whole system of a political sect, active, and daring, and determined, now at work all over one of the most enlightened countries of the Christian world ; but such is the fact—and we must extract some of the extraordinary passages in which this apostle of *pantheism* labours to prove, first, that the revolutionists of Germany must, as far as Germany is concerned, adopt weapons wholly unlike those of their French predecessors and rivals ; and, secondly, that there is nothing more fit and rational than that the two different systems of warfare, with all their discordant machineries, should ultimately be combined in a general assault for one and the same European purpose.

‘ The French writers have fallen into a great mistake when, led astray by some German doctors, they admit that, during the middle ages, the popular superstitions of all Europe bore the same stamp. It was only as to the *good principle* that the Church of Rome kept all in harmony, and proclaimed every wanderer from the prescribed opinion a heretic. As to the evil principle, the empire of Satan, views varied according to climates ; and this happened because the Christian priesthood did not reject the old national divinities *anywhere* as empty dreams, but, granting them a real existence, only degraded them from gods to devils, who, having lost their power over mankind by the victory of Christ, were ever striving to re-establish it by craft and the temptations of sensuality. All Olympus was now a hell ; and the dark anathemas of the monks fell with special severity on poor Venus, who passed for a favourite daughter of Beelzebub.

‘ The ancient faith of Europe, but more particularly of the north, was *pantheistic*. Its mysteries and its symbols rested on the worship of nature. In each element they adored a marvellous being : in every tree there breathed a divinity : all the phenomena of the sensible world were deified. Catholicism reversed all this : in place of deifying nature, she diabolized it. But the gay and smiling images of the Greek mythology, invented by artists amidst the early civilization of the south, were not so easily changed into Satanic masks as the gods of Germany, in the creation of which no artistic conception had been consulted—which were essentially as dismal as their climate. Thus, in France, it was impossible to erect an empire of the devil as black as with us ; and the world of spirits and sorcerers assumed a serener shape. How beautiful, brilliant, and sparkling are the popular legends of France compared with ours—with those melancholy creations, so dark, savage, cruel, so saturated with blood and mist ! Your fairies, and so forth, wherever you got them, whether from

Wales

Wales or Arabia, seem to be perfectly naturalised with you, and are as distinguishable from our German apparitions as a dandy of your boulevards from an Alsatian porter. Your Undinas and Melusinas are princesses—ours washerwomen. What would be the horror of *Morgana* if she encountered a German witch, old, naked, be-brimstoned, mounted on a broomstick, on her way to the Sabbath of the Brocken, where Satan expects her and her sisterhood under the form of a black ram?....

'All these horrors came not directly indeed, but indirectly, from the Catholic Church; but *man parts not willingly with what has been dear to his fathers*—his predilections cling and glue themselves to it secretly, often, indeed, without his knowledge, even when it has been mutilated and disfigured. And thus the old system of popular superstition will probably outlive in Germany that Christian worship which has not, like it, any root in the ancient nationality. At the time of the Reformation, the memory of the Catholic legends was easily effaced, but not so the faith in enchantments and sorcerers. Luther threw overboard the miracles of popery, but he clung fast to the power of the devil and his agents.'—vol. i. pp. 19, 21, 33.

Man parts not willingly with what was dear to his fathers—and Christianity is to be supplanted by Pantheism, because Pantheism has, and Christianity has not, a root in the ancient nationality of the country of Luther and Melancthon!—This seems brave enough: but even this is nothing to what ensues; for M. Heine now makes a vigorous effort to connect in some sort his assault on Christianity with Luther's warfare against popery. It is impossible not to smile at the intrepidity of this undertaking; but his view of Luther himself contains some features of truth which we never saw brought out with greater effect. 'This *alumnus* of a Saxon university is not, it would seem, without some shadowy traditions of respect for the founder of German Protestantism. Luther established freedom of thought—he was *thus* the harbinger—the legitimate ancestor M. Heine would fain consider him—of the Kants, the Fichtes, the Schellings, and the Hegels, who have successively reared that pyramid of rationalism on which poets and critics, animated with a pious reverence of their tattooed ancestors, are now to elevate anew the ornamental apex of *pantheism*.

'It is a great mistake to suppose that the war against Catholicism, which Germany waged in the days of Luther, and that which France waged against Catholicism in the eighteenth century under the guidance of Voltaire, were influenced by the same motives. The case was the reverse. The struggle in Germany was one undertaken by *Spiritualism*, when she found that, though she indeed retained the name and title of power—the sovereignty *de jure*—*Sensualism* had quietly managed to get possession of the real sway, and reigned *de facto*. It was then that the indulgence-bearers were beaten out—the beautiful concubines of the priests replaced by sober wives—the charming

charming images of the Madonna broken—a real puritanism established in the land. On the contrary, the French assault upon Catholicism was a war undertaken by *Sensualism*, when, feeling herself to be fully sovereign *de facto*, it seemed no longer to be endurable that *Spiritualism* (a worn-out *de jure* potentate) should condemn all her proceedings as illegitimate, and be continually uttering proclamations against them as disgraceful and abominable; and so—in place of combating seriously and chastely as in Germany—they carried on this war by jokes and pleasantries—for the theological disputations of the north they had merry satires—the object of which was generally to point out the contradictions and absurdities into which *man* falls when he aspires to be all *spirit*. The stories of the Queen of Navarre had already opened this fruitful subject; but the most malicious arrow of the polemical quiver was perhaps the “*Tartuffe*” of Molière.’—p. 41.

The French, it seems, have never understood the difference of principle between Luther’s warfare and Voltaire’s;—but this was only because they had failed to perceive how the practical application of Luther’s principle was modified by the personal characteristics of the man.

‘People in France have conceived a totally false idea both of the German reformation and of the principal person that accomplished it. The chief cause of this misapprehension is, that *Luther* was not only the greatest man, but the most thoroughly German one, that has ever appeared in our annals; that his character united in perfection all the virtues and all the faults of the Germans—and that he is the living symbol of all the German *Marvellous*. He had, in fact, qualities which are so rarely conjoined, that we commonly consider them as incompatible with each other. He was at once a mystical dreamer and a man of action. His thoughts had not only wings but hands. He spoke and (rare occurrence!) he *did* too: he was both the tongue and the sword of his age. Luther was, at the same time, a cold scholastic, a splitter of words, and an inspired prophet, intoxicated with the influence of the Divinity. After having passed the day painfully in wearing out his mind with dogmatical discussions, when evening came he would take his lute, and gazing on the stars surrender himself to ecstatic musings of piety, and dissolve his soul in melody. The same man who could throttle his antagonists with the coarseness of a fishwoman, could also modulate himself to a tone of language soft and sweet as that of an amorous virgin. Full of the sacred terrors of the Lord, ready for all sacrifices to the Spirit, he could lift himself to the purest realms of heavenly contemplation; and yet he was perfectly acquainted with the magnificences of this earth, and appreciated them honestly, and from his mouth fell that famous proverb,

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weiber, und Gesang,

Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang—i. e.—

— *Who loves not women, wine, and song,*

Will be a fool his lifetime long.—

In short, he was a complete man. To call him a *spiritualist* would be

as absurd as to give him the title of a sensualist. What shall I say? there was something about him fresh, original, miraculous, inconceivable—that which all the *Providential men* have, a certain terrible simplicity, a rude and uncouth wisdom: he was sublime and narrow-minded. Little does it become us to complain of the narrowness of his views. The dwarf mounted on the giant's shoulders may, no doubt, see farther than him, *especially if he wears spectacles too—but with our high position we miss the lofty sentiment—the giant's heart which we cannot make our own.* Still less does it become us to speak harshly of his faults: they have been more useful to us than the virtues of thousands of others. The delicacy of Erasmus and the mildness of Melancthon would never have given us such an impulse as we owe to the brutality of Brother Martin.'—p. 51.

Brutality was, then, the best possible *pioneer* for the army of *Spiritualism*! The great triumph of Martin Luther, however, was the degradation of the saints, and the extirpation of the belief that miracles were still at the command of the church. Thanks to him—

'the saints are all *mediatized*—and there are no more miracles. Even the establishment of the new religion of St. Simonism has not produced a single miracle—except, indeed, the payment of a tailor's bill, which St. Simon himself had left undischarged, ten years after his death, by a subscription among his disciples. Methinks I have still before me the excellent Père Olinde, as he drew himself up with enthusiasm in the *Salle Taitbout*, and exhibited to the assembly in one hand the bill, in the other the receipt; and grocers gaped, and tailors began to believe.'—vol. i. p. 53.

M. Heine thus resumes his Lutheran pedigree of Pantheism.

'Nowhere, not even in old Greece, has the human mind expanded and developed itself more freely, than it did in Germany from the middle of the last century down to the date of the French revolution. In Prussia, above all, the liberty of thought was boundless. The Marquis of Brandenburg had comprehended that he who could only become a legitimate king in virtue of the great Protestant principle, that of liberty of thought, must of necessity maintain it. Since then things have altered, and the natural protector of our protestant freedom has come to an understanding with the ultramontane party: he has embraced the design to stifle it, and turned against us a weapon forged and used of old by the Popedom—the *censure of the press*. What a strange thing! We Germans are the most powerful and the most ingenious of the nations. Princes of our race are seated on all the thrones of Europe; our Rothschilds govern the exchanges of the world; our philosophers are at the head of all the sciences; we have invented gunpowder and printing—and yet if any one of us pulls the trigger of a pistol, he must pay a fine of three dollars—and if I insert in the *Hamburg Gazette* these lines, "I inform my friends and acquaintance that my wife has been safely delivered

delivered of a boy *beautiful as liberty*," Doctor Hoffman takes a red pencil and scratches out the last three words of my advertisement.* But can all this last much longer? I know not—but I well know that the liberty of the press, a question so violently debated at this time in Germany, is the first-born and dearest offspring of the liberty of thought—in other words, a *Protestant right*. I know that Germany has already shed her best blood for rights of that order, and I think it quite possible that *this same cause* may once more rouse her to the lists.

'The song with which Luther and his companions entered the cathedral of Worms was a true battle-song. The old cathedral trembled at its new sounds, and the old ravens were alarmed in their dark nests at the top of the towers. That hymn, the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation, has preserved to this day its energetic power, and, perhaps, in *similar combats* we may yet thunder again those old words, hard and sonorous as the iron heart of Luther,—

"Our God is a fortress, a sword, and a good shield;

The prince of this world shall not prevail against us."—p. 67.

And now we are afforded some hints of what the Lutheropanththeistic doctrine is to produce in the shape of practical results. It is, as we have seen, a deeper and nobler thing than the French materialism; and though it is to work so far in the same course, its ultimate effects are to outgo the warmest aspirations of even the Encyclopedists—their *children*, the English Utilitarians—or their as yet unfortunate *successors*, the St. Simonians.

'Materialism has fulfilled its mission in France. Perhaps it is at this moment accomplishing the same task in England—it is upon it, undoubtedly, that the Benthamists, the preachers of utilitarianism, have taken their stand. These are the potent spirits who have seized the true lever for rousing John Bull. John is born a materialist—his Christian spiritualism is made up of traditional hypocrisy, and a stupid resignation: his flesh resigns him to it, but his mind gives him no help in the business. It is far otherwise in Germany, and the German revolutionists are deplorably mistaken if they fancy that a mere materialist philosophy will favour their projects.'—p. 81.

'Mere Materialism' will not do—but still less will any modification of mere Spiritualism: indeed, in the following passages, we think 'mere Materialism' has found anything but a stern censor:—

'Our Protestant pietists are mystics without imagination: our orthodox Protestants are dogmatists without ability.'—p. 87. 'Vain efforts, lost labour all! Humanity sighs for more solid food. It smiles with compassion at the dreams of its early days, dreams which, in spite of all its painful exertions, it has never been able to realize.

* The German edition of this book was printed at Hamburg, and many of its most offensive pages were suppressed by the official *delete* of Dr. Hoffman—who, however, is an old victim of Heine's sarcasm. The French copy, issued under Heine's own superintendence, is that from which we translate throughout this article.

Humanity is now full grown and has practical views. Her sacrifices are now at the shrine of terrestrial utility: she thinks seriously of an establishment of household comfort—of a decently-ordered interior—of abundance and repose for our old days. The great thing, and the foremost, is to recover our health, for our limbs are still but feeble, so cruelly have the vampires of the middle ages sucked our precious blood. And then we owe to *Matter* great expiatory sacrifices, that our old offences against *her* may be pardoned. It would even be no harm to institute *sensual festivals* in order to indemnify *Matter* for her past sufferings: for Christianity, incapable of destroying her, has, on every occasion, outraged her shamefully—it has discountenanced the noblest enjoyments—it has reduced the senses to hypocrisy—and one heard everywhere of nothing but *sins*. *Our women in particular must be clad with new shifts and new sentiments—and we must pass all our opinions through the smoke of perfumes, as after the ravages of a plague.*

‘It is a mistake to suppose that the religion of Pantheism leads men to indifference. On the contrary, the sentiment of his own *divinity* will excite man to erect himself, and it is from that moment that true greatness and true heroism will appear to glorify this earth. The political revolution which rests on the principles of French materialism will find no adversaries in the Pantheists, but auxiliaries who have drawn their conviction from a profounder source. We, too, pursue the happiness of *matter*, the material good of the nations—but we do so not because we despise *spirit*, like the materialists, but because we know that the divinity of man displays itself *equally* in his corporeal form—that poverty and misery degrade the body, and that body cannot be degraded without pulling down mind along with it. We struggle not for the human rights of nations, but for the divine rights of humanity. And here, as on many other points, we separate ourselves from the men of that French revolution. We want neither *sans-culottes*, nor frugal citizens—nor modest presidents: we desire to found a democracy of terrestrial gods, all equals in happiness and in *holiness*. You ask simple raiment, austere manners, cheap pleasures—we, on the contrary, wish for nectar and ambrosia, mantles of purple, the voluptuousness of perfumes, the dancing of nymphs, music and comedies. Be not angry with us, virtuous republicans. We answer all your reproaches in the words of Shakspeare’s jester, “Do you think that, because you are virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?”

‘The St. Simonians seem to have understood and desired something analogous, but they appeared on an unfavourable scene, and the materialism which surrounded them has crushed them, at least for some time. They were better appreciated in Germany, for Germany is at present the fertile soil of Pantheism; that is the religion of all our greatest thinkers, of all our best artists—and *Deism* is already destroyed there in theory. You do not hear it spoken of—but every one knows it: Pantheism is the public secret of Germany. We have, in fact, outgrown *Deism*. We are free, and desire to have nothing to do with

with

with a *thundering despot*: we are of full age and need no longer the cares of a *father*: nor can we consent to regard ourselves as the works of a *great mechanician*. Deism is a good religion for slaves, for children, for Genevese, for watchmakers.

' Pantheism is the hidden religion of Germany; and this result was well foreseen by those German writers who fifty years ago let loose such a storm of fury against *Spinoza*. The most rabid of these was Jacobi, an old gossip disguised in the cloak of philosophy, whose eternal chant was, that *Reason* does not herself know whither she conducts us—that she leads man into a labyrinth of errors and contradictions, and that *Faith* alone is the sure guide. Mole who could not see that Reason, like the sun, as she advances clears her way by her own rays! Nothing like the pious rancour of the worthy Jacobi against *Spinoza*—"the great *Atheist*." It is curious to see what different parties have always conspired together against *Spinoza*. The aspect of the array is amusing: on one hand a swarm of monks, white and black, with their crosses and their censers—on the other a phalanx of Encyclopedists, all shooting also at "*the bold thinker*." Here is the Rabbi of the Amsterdam Synagogue with his holy ram's horn—there Arouet de Voltaire with his little flute of *persiflage*, which also must, as in duty bound, play its flourish in favour of Deism. In the midst creeps about the old woman Jacobi—the "*vivandière*" of the Army of the Faith!"—pp. 105, 106.

We think every one will trace in part to Mr. Heine's Jewish blood the last of these paragraphs; nor shall we stop to defend, against such coarse abuse, perhaps the most spotless and venerable name of which German literature can boast. We admit the wit and adroitness of our author—but we pause very seriously on the general effect of these passages. We presume we have quoted enough to give our readers a tolerable notion of what this pantheism means—and what the aspirations of its pious preachers amount to. We should blush to waste a word on the exposure of these blasphemous crudities—the English reader of no class whatever can be as yet prepared for listening to them with any other feelings than those of wonder and horror. But how to account for the fact that here they are displayed in a treatise designed for practical political objects by so able a writer as Heine? How to reconcile with any study of *Man*, either as history has painted him, or as we have him daily before our eyes, the notion—the fact—of its being seriously proposed to reform Man, and elevate his social character and position, by the establishment of a system of faith which *implies*, in each and all of its parts, the utter absence of any ground or source of virtuous obligation whatever!—the very essence of which is, that every member of our body is part and parcel of the Divinity of the world!—and that the gratification of our own senses is, in fact, the first species of *worship* which this inherent Creator-Creature demands!

We

We have seen that Heine resents the notion of pantheism leading to indifference. As little will he admit that there is anything in the peculiar composition of the modern German mind inconsistent with most vigorous displays of human passion in favour of pantheism, and the desired practical results of that doctrine, so soon as it shall once be generally established in the land of Luther.

‘ You have no idea, you French people, of what German hatred is. Even in that we are idealists. We do not distress ourselves for futile things, as you do, a scratch on one’s vanity, an epigram, the neglect of a visiting card. No; in our enemies we hate that which is the most essential, the most intimate, *the thought*. You are quick and superficial in hate as in love. Too honest, and perhaps too awkward, to avenge ourselves with the first perfidy that comes to hand, we hate each other quietly, steadily, on to the last breath. “ I know that *German calm*, Sir,” (said a lady the other day looking into me with all her eyes, and with an incredulous smile,) “ I know it well, Sir; I am aware that in your language the same word means both *to pardon* and *to poison*.” She was right: the word *vergeben* has this double sense.’ —p. 117.

We shall have to quote a longer passage on this head before we close our paper; but we now turn from the first part of this work, in which Heine labours his general thesis, to that in which he grapples with what we strongly suspect has been with himself the favourite branch of his undertaking;—namely, his deduction of the philosophical and literary history of Germany from the days of Frederick the Great, when French infidelity, along with other French tastes, took root in the North, down through the long succession of professors and poets, ending with his own immediate friends and enemies. His chapter on Frederick himself is particularly amusing—we can only afford room for its commencement.

‘ As to Frederick, (that crowned incarnation of materialism,) you have sufficient information. You know that he made French verses, played very well on the flute, gained the battle of Rosbach, took a great deal of snuff, and had no faith but in cannon. Some of you have, no doubt, visited Sans-Souci, and the old *invalid* who has charge of the chateau has shown you in the library some of those French novels which Frederick, when Prince Royal, had bound in black morocco, that when he read them in church his father might believe them to be our good books of Lutheran Hymns. You are, in short, well acquainted with that wise king whom you have styled the Solomon of the North. France, indeed, was the Ophir of that hyperborean Solomon, and it was thence that he drew his poets and philosophers, just as the Solomon of the South had in the old time drawn from the eastern Ophir, by help of his friend Hiram, whole cargoes of gold, silver, ivory, *poets, and philosophers*—as you may read

in

in the Book of Kings—" *Classis Regis per mare cum classe Hiram semel per tres annos ibat, deferens inde aurum et argentum et dentes elephantorum, et simias et pavos.*" This preference for foreign talents certainly prevented Frederick the Great from obtaining the influence he might otherwise have exerted over the mind of Germany; he offended and wounded the national pride: and, indeed, the contempt he showed for our national literature ought still to afflict us, the descendants of those writers. With the exception of old Gellert, not one of them was encouraged by his gracious benevolence. The conversation which took place between them is curious.—p. 122.

It is amusing enough; and it has, as far as we know, escaped all the king's biographers. Heine found it in the preface to an old edition of Gellert's poems. Coming to Leipsig, Frederick asked who was the most celebrated *savant* of the place—and the result of this inquiry was an immediate summons of Professor Gellert. Our old friend Major Quintus Icilius waited till the poet was shaved and equipped with a clean shirt, and then escorted him to the hotel, where the King forthwith received him. Gellert looked ill, and complained of his health. 'Poh!' said Frederick, 'get on horseback for two or three hours every day, and take a dose of rhubarb once a week, and I'll answer for your cure. I used to have the same symptoms myself in my studious youth.' 'The rhubarb may do,' replies the professor, 'but even if I had a horse I could not ride him.' 'In that case, doctor, you must take your airing in a carriage.' 'Please your majesty I can't afford that.' 'Aye, aye, doctor, that's always the real complaint of the learned—you must come back and see me sometimes;' and so the great king bowed out the poor poet—and he was never again honoured with any summons to his presence, or other token of his recognition.

We shall not dwell on Mr. Heine's chapter on Kant, who, he says, 'proved the utter worthlessness of all the usual arguments for the existence of a God;' and afterwards had what our author considers as the melancholy baseness to explain or retract this *chef-d'œuvre* of his genius. Heine assumes, then, that Kant, in his prime vigour of mind was an atheist; but we conceive that he does not state the case correctly. Kant in his first treatise asserted, and he thought no doubt that he had proved, the impossibility of man's establishing the existence of the Deity, without a revelation, by the mere power of his own intellect; and in his second treatise he withdrew from this position. But Heine has no right to overlook the fact that Kant might have adhered to his original doctrine, and been nevertheless a believer in revelation; nor is there, in our opinion, any evidence whatever that Kant at any period of his life disbelieved the existence of the Deity. We next
arrive

arrive at the second great name in this illustrious procession, that of *Fichte*—whose *atheism*, or whatever it is to be called, appears to shock in some degree the pious sensitiveness of our *pantheist*. M. Heine, who believes his own thumb to be a part of the Divinity, directs his pen as follows:—

‘We who believe in a real God, who reveals himself to our senses in the infinity of space, and to our spirits in the infinity of thought—we who adore a God visible in nature, and hear his sacred voice in our own souls—we are affected disagreeably by the cutting, and even ironical, tone in which Fichte declares our God to be a mere chimera. In fact, one can hardly be sure whether it is an irony or an extravagance, when Fichte strips God of all attributes soever, and refuses him even existence, “because existence is a sensible notion, and is only possible on that condition.” “The doctrine of science,” says he, “knows no mode of existence but a *sensible* one, and as we can only ascribe *being* to the objects of experience, that title can by no means be applicable to *God*.” Thus, the God of Fichte has no *existence*—he is not—he manifests himself only as a pure action, an order of occurrences—*ordo ordinans*—as the law of the universe. Thus idealism filtered away the deity until there remained of it just nothing.”—vol. i. p. 204.

Fichte’s lectures at Jena having excited the alarm of the government of Dresden—as well they might that of any government whose subjects were in the habit of sending their boys to a seat of education thus contaminated—a complaint was made to the Grand Duke of Weimar. Fichte would not comprehend that Goethe, then prime minister of this small state, was really desirous of sheltering him, and meant at the worst nothing more serious than a little admonition of greater prudence; the haughty professor would not understand anything of Goethe’s political management, but at the first hint of reprehension threw up his chair, and turned his back upon Jena. The poet (himself, according to Heine, a pantheist) was much blamed for what both Atheists and Pantheists in general considered as his unprincipled and illiberal conduct on this great occasion. But Heine for once vindicates the premier of Weimar:—

‘We can see nothing in Goethe’s conduct respecting Fichte to justify the bitter reproaches of so many of their contemporaries. They did not understand the gulf which separated the natures of these two men; and least of all did they appreciate the external position of Goethe. This giant was the minister of a dwarfish state, and his movements were not free. It was said of the seated Jupiter of Phidias, that if he happened to rise he would split the roof of the temple. Such was the position of Goethe at Weimar. If, desiring to emerge from his coiled up quietude, he had but once drawn himself up to his natural stature, he must either have burst the political ceiling,

ing, or, what is more likely, cracked his own skull. And why run such a risk for a doctrine which seemed to him not only erroneous but ridiculous? The German Jupiter remained seated quietly, and quietly submitted to let himself be be-hymned and be-incensed.—p. 201.

We shall find by and bye, that even the martyr *Fichte* did not quite maintain his ground in the good fight, as would have become him; but he was soon followed and surpassed in the original course of his theory by *Schelling*; and upon this third oracle our author dwells with greater enthusiasm than he had hitherto displayed: and why? Kant and Fichte are both dead and buried—and after all their several retractions of their primary doctrines were, he thinks, obscure, imperfect, and suspicious: but Schelling, he who far outwent Fichte in the elaboration of this mystery of iniquity—Schelling, from whose own lips Heine himself, in his earlier days, imbibed the manna of pantheism—Schelling has openly apostatised: he is still alive—nay, he may be conversed with any day in the year by any one who visits the enlightened capital of Bavaria. No wonder, then, that the chapter on Schelling should terminate in this solemn and melancholy strain:—

‘Let us conceal or disguise nothing; let no motive of piety or prudence engage us to be silent: the thinker who in former days developed more audaciously than any other in Germany the religion of pantheism—he who proclaimed the most loudly the sanctification of nature and the re-integration of man in his divine rights—this thinker has played apostate to his own thought; he has quitted the altar which himself had consecrated; he is at present a good catholic, and preaches an extra-mundane God, a personal deity, who has *had* the madness to create this world! The old believers may, if they please, ring their bells and chant *Te Deum* in honour of such a conversion; but it proves nothing in favour of their doctrine: it only proves that when a man is old and worn out, when his forces physical and spiritual are alike exhausted, and he can no longer either enjoy or think, he then naturally enough betakes himself to catholicism. How many freethinkers have been converted on their death-beds! But do not be too much lifted up on this account. At best these legends of conversion belong to the department of *pathology*. . . . Ballanche has said, “it is a law of nature, that initiators die so soon as they have accomplished their work of initiation.” Alas! my dear Ballanche, this is only in part true: I may maintain with better reason, that when the work of initiation is once accomplished, the initiator dies, or becomes an apostate. Schelling’s desertion of his own doctrine ought to be considered as only a consequence of a natural law, which has decreed that when a man has consecrated all his energies to the expression or the execution of one idea, that task once fulfilled, he falls exhausted either into the arms of death or into those of his former

adversaries. A similar explanation ought no doubt to be given to some other still more crying and afflicting phenomena of the time.

'I had rather praise the Schelling of former days than enter deeper on the man as he now is! The memory of *that* Schelling will blaze for ever in the annals of German thought. He re-established nature in her legitimate rights, he desired the reconciliation of spirit and matter, and sought to reunite both in the eternal soul of the world. He restored that grand Philosophy of Nature which we find among the ancient Greeks before Socrates. [!!!] He restored that magnificent philosophy of nature which, growing quietly out of the old Pantheistic religion of Germany, began as early as the days of Paracelsus to show some most beautiful flowers, but was afterwards choked by the introduction of Cartesianism. Alas! he ended by *restoring* things of a far different character. He was in consequence shamefully expelled from the throne of thought; his own *mayor of the palace*, Hegel, took his crown and gave him the tonsure, and since that time the dispossessed Schelling may be seen wandering about like a poor lay-brother among the monkery of Munich—or, to give the place its appropriate Latin name—in *Monacho Monachorum*. As for Hegel, he had himself crowned, and, I am sorry to say, something like anointed too, at Berlin.'—p. 230.

From the last sentence we infer that, like Kant and Fichte and Schelling, Hegel too has already begun to show symptoms of apostacy! What else means the hint about *anointed*? As for Schelling's conversion to Christianity being the result of intellectual exhaustion—it is sufficient to observe that his admirable exertions as a profound Naturalist belong to a subsequent period—and that his general reputation stands higher at this hour than it did at any former time.

And now for the fuller exposition which we promised our readers, of the style in which we may expect to see the results of the Kantish, Fichteish, Hegelish, and Heinisch doctrines ere long exhibit their fruits. We need not call attention to the writer's *admissions* respecting the Christianity which he abhors.

'The philosophy of Germany is an important affair which concerns the whole human race; and our great-grand-children alone will be in a position to decide whether we should have praise or blame for having worked out our philosophy in the first place—our revolution in the second. I think the order we have adopted was that worthy of a methodical people. Heads which philosophy has employed in meditation might have been mowed down at pleasure by revolution; but philosophy could have made no use of heads thus dealt with by revolution. But nevertheless, my dear countrymen, be in no distress: the German revolution will be neither the more gay nor the more mild, that it was preceded by the Critik of Kant, the transcendental Idealism of Fichte, and the Philosophy of Nature: these doctrines have developed revolutionary forces which now only wait the moment to explode and fill

fill the world with terror and admiration. Then will appear Kantists who will hear no more of *reverence* in the world of deeds than in the world of ideas, and who will turn up without pity, with axe and sword, the soil of our European life, in order to extirpate the last roots of the past. On the same scene will come armed Fichteans, whose fanaticism of *Will* can be mastered neither by fear nor by interest; for they live in spirit and despise matter. But the most fearful of all will be the Philosophers of Nature, when they take an active part in a German revolution, and identify themselves with the work of destruction; for if the hand of the Kantist strikes firmly and surely, because his heart is inaccessible to any traditional respect—if the Fichtean despises all dangers because they have for him no *real existence*—the Philosopher of Nature will be terrible indeed when he places himself in communication with the original powers of the earth, conjures up the hidden resources of tradition, evokes the whole force of the antique German Pantheism, and re-awakes that ardour of battle which the old Germans displayed—an ardour which had not for its object destruction nor even victory, but merely the pleasure of the combat itself. Christianity has softened to a certain extent that brutal rage of battle, but it has not been able to extinguish it, and soon as the Cross, the *restraining talisman*, is broken, you shall see let loose again all the ferocity and frenzied exaltation of the Berserkers, sung by the poets of the north. The old warlike divinities will rouse themselves from their fabulous tombs, and wipe the dust of ages from their eyelids: Thor will be stirring again with his gigantic hammer, and woe to the cathedrals! There will be performed a drama, compared to which the French Revolution was but an innocent idyll. The nations will group themselves around Germany as on the ascending benches of an amphitheatre, and great and terrible are the games that await their eyes.’—p. 238.

We now reach chapters in which the general English reader will find more to amuse, if not to instruct him, than in those devoted either to the Atheistical or Pantheistical doctors of the German universities—the chapters in which Heine gives us his views of the great and popular literary men, who have been in our day enlisted on both sides of this national controversy. Goethe, we have already been told, was a Pantheist—but Heine has to admit that he never took any decided or open part in favour of the doctrine. It only revealed itself, he says, in the multifarious character of the works of his art—in the absence throughout the series of any evidence of strong sympathy with any particular system of opinion on any subject whatever—and, lastly, in the sensual drift perceptible and progressive in all that he did as a poet.

Goethe’s indifference was the result of his pantheistic contemplation of the universe. If God be in every thing, it is a matter of absolute indifference about what thing we occupy ourselves, a cloud or an old relieve, a popular ballad or the carcase of an ape, men or comedians.’

We do not see that Heine makes any attempt to reconcile this

account of Goethe with his previous denegation of the natural tendency of Pantheism to produce indifference:—but he proceeds—

‘As Goethe rejected with scorn the enthusiasm of Christianity, which seemed to him a disgusting thing, so he would have nothing to do with the philosophical enthusiasm of our time, because he feared that, if he gave into *that*, he should be drawn from his mental tranquillity; so he considered all enthusiasm in a purely historical method, as a certain given material, a something which his art ought to make the best of. Spirit became matter in his hands, and he invested it with the most beautiful and agreeable of forms. It was thus that he became the greatest artist in our literature, and that every thing he wrote was a masterpiece marvellously finished. . . . It is remarkable (of his great works) that the *Divan* appeared the next after the *Faust*; the *Divan* was the last *phasis* of Goethe; and in writing it, the author, who had in the *Faust* expressed his repugnance for intellectual abstractions, and his desire of real enjoyments, openly threw himself, soul and body, into the arms of sensualism. . . . A. W. Schlegel called him bitterly, when this *Divan* appeared, “A pagan converted to Islamism.”’—vol. i. p. 324.

We have as yet received nothing like a fair view of Goethe’s personal character and history; but we are sorry to say that we think M. Heine has considerable grounds for including that extraordinary man, the greatest poet that Germany has ever produced, and about as feeble a reasoner as ever appeared anywhere, in the catalogue of his pantheistical heroes. He dismisses him in these words:—

‘The gods leave us. Goethe is dead. He died on the 22d day of the month of March, in the year 1832—that significant year in which our earth lost its greatest illustrations.* One would think that Death that year had become, all at once, aristocratic, and wished to distinguish the notabilities of the world by sending them together to the tomb. Perhaps her intention has been to found a peerage down below in the kingdom of the shades; and, in that case, the *batch* was well chosen. Or, on the other hand, was it Death’s intention to favour *democracy* in that fatal year, and to forward intellectual equality by burying out of our sight the great authorities? Was it respect, then, or insolence that made her spare the kings? Not a single king died that year. Gods leave us—but kings remain.’—vol. i. p. 328.

From the rest of these chapters we shall content ourselves with extracting some specimens of Heine’s elaborate diatribe against the Schlegels. He is far, indeed, from the views which have been lately expressed by one of the most profound and elegant of our own scholars respecting ‘those illustrious brothers, masters of nearly every species of literature, and throwing themselves, at will,

* The melancholy catalogue includes the names of Scott, Crabbe, Mackintosh, Cuvier, Rask, Remusat, Chaptal, Say, and—Goethe!

into the manner and feelings of almost every period of society, whose names form something like an epoch in the history of the human mind.* Mr. Mitchell speaks perhaps rather too loftily—but assuredly the tone of Heine is much more egregiously below the mark.

Frederick Schlegel was a man of superior talents to Augustus William; in fact, the latter only subsisted by the ideas of his brother, which he knew how to elaborate with the skill of an artist. Frederick was a deep thinker; he recognized all the splendours of the past, and was alive to all the sufferings of the present, but he did not comprehend the sacredness of those sufferings, and the necessity of them to the future salvation of the world. He saw the sun set, and contemplated with melancholy the place where it had disappeared, lamenting over the darkness which he observed spreading itself over him. He did not dream that the rays of a new day were already brightening the opposite side of the horizon. He has called a historian a prophet reversed; and he could not have given a better description of himself. The present was hateful to him, he dreaded the future, and recognized the good and the glorious in the past alone. The author of *Lucinda* had expended in his life an excess of presumption and gaiety which he thought blameable; he felt the necessity of expiating the sins of his youth and manhood, and in his advanced years became a Catholic. There is another romance, *Florentina*, which has often been ascribed to him, and it is in the same libidinous taste, but I believe it was written, not by him, but by his wife, the daughter of the celebrated Moses Mendelsohn, who eloped with him from her first husband, and with him in due season passed into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

I believe that Frederick Schlegel acted with good faith by Catholicism. I think this was the case with him, though not with many of his friends. But in such matters it is not easy to be sure of the truth. Hypocrisy is the twin sister of religion, and they are extremely like each other, so much so, that it is sometimes impossible to distinguish them. The features, the costume, the language are the same. The one, nevertheless, is more soft than the other in her method of speaking, and the word *love* is more frequently on her lips. Here, in France, the one of these sisters is dead, and the other is still in mourning for her.

Subsequently to the appearance of Madame de Staël's book, Frederick gratified the public with two great works, the best he ever wrote, and worthy of all honourable mention—I mean his *Essay on the Language and Wisdom of the Indians*, and his *Lectures on the History of Literature*.† By the first of these he at once introduced and

* We quote from the preface to Mr. Mitchell's edition of the *Wasps* of Aristophanes—the second of a series which we are not afraid to say will form, when completed, something like an epoch in the history of British scholarship.

† Heine is mistaken as to his dates. The first of these works appeared in 1808—the second early in 1812—both previous to the publication of Madame de Staël's *Germany*.

established among us the study of the Sanscrit, and became the Sir William Jones of Germany. But even this work was composed with a view to the interests of Catholicism. These clever people had discovered in the old Hindoo poetry not only all the mysteries of the Catholic religion, but even her hierarchy and her struggles with the temporal power. In the Mahabarata and the Ramayuna they found an elephantine middle-age, and when the Priest Wascepta contends with the King Wismamitra, they saw only another pope striving against another emperor, though the object was not, as in Europe, an investiture, but the cow Sabala. We may apply the same criticism to his Lectures on Literature. Frederick Schlegel has there examined all literatures from a lofty point of view—but this high position of his is always on the belfry of the Catholic Church, and whatever Schlegel says, you can't help hearing the bells jingle about him, and now and then the croaking of the ravens that haunt the old weather-cock. For me the incense of the mass rises to my nose whenever I open the book, and in the best passages I think I detect long files of tonsured thoughts. Yet, I know of no better book of the kind; and, indeed, I don't know where one can procure such a *complete* view of the literature of all nations, unless by putting together the multifarious lucubrations of Herder.'

We wish this last hint were taken. Herder's view of the literature and philosophy of England during the last century is, in particular, immeasurably superior to Schlegel's; *that is*, indeed, a wonderful performance—better than anything we as yet have on the subject in our own language—but the whole of the essays alluded to by Heine would richly repay the labour of an English translator. We cannot, in fact, but consider Herder as in criticism generally the leader and master of both the Schlegels—whom he, moreover, surpasses in masculine energy of style.

Our author proceeds—

'Frederick Schlegel died five years ago, in consequence, as is said, of a gastronomical excess. He was fifty-six years of age. His death occasioned some loathsome altercations of scandal. His friends the priests, who have their head-quarters at Munich, were enraged at the free manner in which the liberal press commented on the career which had just been closed—and they, in their turn, assaulted the German philosophers in no measured terms: still the priests could not say of any liberal among us all that he had carried off the wife of his host, and lived long afterwards on the alms of the outraged husband.'—vol. ii. p. 11.

We must hint our suspicion that Heine prefers Frederick Schlegel to his elder brother chiefly, if not solely, because the one is dead and the other living; but we are, nevertheless, by no means sure that Heine's arrangement of the two is wrong. Frederick was not, like Augustus William, a mere man of letters—he was engaged during the best years of his life in the active diplomatic

diplomatic service of Austria, and in his later days he held an official post of some importance at Vienna. Considering these circumstances, and the equally undoubted facts, that he did precede Augustus both in the general theory of criticism, and in the Sanscrit researches, and that none of the undisturbed professor's original lucubrations can be said to be more happily designed, or more exquisitely finished, than the busy secretary's Lectures on the History of Literature, we are inclined to think that the latter was, on the whole, the more extraordinary man of the two.

We are pleased to observe that even Heine seems disposed to give Frederick Schlegel credit for sincerity in his conversion to the faith of the Romish church: and, strange and melancholy as such an event in the history of such a man must always appear to us, we see much to account for, if not to excuse it, in the recent circumstances of the north of Germany—especially in the endless and hopeless labyrinth of idle controversies which, about the time when Schlegel's mind attained maturity, had reduced the *academic* protestantism of his country to a hardly-veiled *deism*. He found that those *soi-disant* disciples of Luther and Calvin had, in Hegel's not unjust phraseology, '*united on a basis of nullity*.' Everything lofty, and everything tender, was alike smoothed away and obliterated; and the Bible had become in the hands of these *Christian* commentators a mere *Minstrelsy of the Jewish Border*—a patchwork of wild old ballads, connected by extracts from barbarous chronicles, antiquarian notes, and editorial excursus. He turned with disgust from their false and presumptuous dogmatism—and sick and weary, and unable to find a true clue for himself, with the rashness of an imaginative man, he threw himself headlong and blindfold into the arms of the old unchanging church, for whose fanciful legends his long study of the middle ages had already inspired him with a regretful affection. We may lament all this—and it is indeed very lamentable—and its effects have been and continue to be most injurious—for such an example taught and still teaches too many of the German youth to conclude that there is in truth, for a sane mind, no middle point between absolute submission to the authority of Rome and the wanton license of the mock-rationalists;—but we can discover no ground for impeaching the sincerity of Frederick Schlegel, or of the many other eminent German authors and artists who have in these days taken the same or a similar course; among the rest Haller, Müller, Count Stolberg, and last not least, Schelling—who, as we have seen, flew to catholicism, not from perverted, and perplexed, and emasculated protestantism, but from the most audacious extreme of Heine's own pantheism.

As for the malicious anecdotes which Heine gives of Frederick's
own

own domestic life, we can only say that they are new to us; and that their introduction, even if they were true in fact, which we much doubt, could have added not one tittle to the strength of Heine's argument. In a biographical sketch prefixed to a very good translation of F. Schlegel's 'Lectures on the Philosophy of History,' which has just been published in London, and to which we may probably devote an article in a future Number, the closing scene of his life is described as having been eminently pious and serene—as remote as possible from what Heine insinuates. His dwelling at all upon a single licentious juvenile romance, when reviewing the career of a great author whose maturer writings were wholly free from such stains, appears to us scarcely less unworthy of Mr. Heine; and solely to be accounted for by his personal spleen against a man who never did him an injury—who very probably never heard of his name.

But Augustus William Schlegel is now, as on former occasions, the chief object of Heine's hatred; and it must be owned that he vituperates him in a style which carries one back to the fiercest feuds of the seventeenth century. We should like to know what the personal relations of these two literators had really been: it is obvious, we think, that there had been some early connexion of a friendly sort between them—how and when was it broken?

'I must now speak of the elder brother, Augustus William. If it were in Germany that I at this day undertook to discuss him, they would stare at me. Who speaks now in Paris of the giraffe?

'In reviewing his literary career, one ought to begin with his translations, for by these he really did us a great service. His version of Shakspeare is above all an incomparable masterpiece. Perhaps, with the exceptions of Gries and Count de Platen, Schlegel is the first metrist in Germany. In all his other labours it is impossible to assign him more than a second or even a third-rate place. In æsthetic criticism he wants a groundwork of philosophy, and in this field his contemporaries, especially Solger, have gone far beyond him. In the study of the old German language, Schlegel is infinitely below Jacob Grimm, who put an end, by his "Grammar," to those superficial theories by means of which the brothers explained the monuments of our tongue. Perhaps Schlegel might have gone farther in the study of our own old language if he had not been drawn off to the Sanscrit; but the ancient German was no longer in fashion, and the Sanscrit might excite a new sensation. Even in this, however, he remained a sort of dilettante—the initiative of his thoughts here also he owed to his brother Frederick; and whatever there appears of real and scientific in his Sanscrit researches, we owe, as all the world knows, to his learned colleague, Lassen. In historical science, Schlegel once tried to clamber up on the fame of Niebuhr, whom he attacked;

attacked; but to compare him with that great critic, with a Müller or a Heeren, or any one really worthy of the name of a historian, would now-a-days be too ridiculous.'

We are not likely to be surprised by any specimen, however extravagant, of our author's malice against Schlegel—but we cannot help being amused with this one. Anywhere out of Bonn, which little town was so long split into two parties, with Niebühr and Schlegel for their respective heads and watchwords,—anywhere beyond the narrow sphere of that poor village-bigotry, is it possible that a man of Heine's capacity can expect to be considered as speaking in good faith, when he gravely asserts the intellectual superiority of Niebühr over A. W. Schlegel? Their tempers and manners were very different, and their general political principles were also different—and it was a thousand pities that they could not live decently together as brother professors—and nothing could be more absurd than the extent to which the society about them allowed itself to be disturbed by their animosities. But now that Niebühr is gone, who can seriously deny that Schlegel's criticism on Niebühr's greatest work was an excellent performance, and forced the author himself to alter many of his original positions? As for talking of them as rival historians nothing can be more ridiculous. Neither of these learned men ever had any solid claim to that character. Niebühr was a clever and erudite critic and antiquarian, and he called a very able, but in many points rash and mistaken disquisition on the Roman Historians, by the name of a Roman History: but this was a gross misnomer. Schlegel, again, wrote another able disquisition on that of Niebühr, exposed many of his errors, and reduced his merits to their just dimensions; but he never published any work pretending either to the name or character of a history of any sort. Considered as scholars, the range of Niebühr was no doubt quite as extensive as that of Schlegel. Considered as authors, the former was dry, obscure, and sterile—the other will ever, as Heine himself is obliged to confess, be honoured as one of the most various, elegant, and clear writers of his mother-tongue.

'It remains to inquire what is his rank as a poet, and this point is hard to determine. The violin-player Salomons, who gave lessons to King George III. of England, said one day to his august pupil, "Fiddlers may be divided into three classes: to the first belong those who can't play at all; to the second those who play badly; and to the third those who play well. Your Majesty has already ascended to the second of these classes." Does A. W. Schlegel belong to the first or to the second class of poets? One set of critics maintain that he is no poet at all; another set are of opinion that he is a bad one. All I am sure of is, that he is no Paganini.'

We

We believe A. W. Schlegel himself attaches no great importance to his original verses: but had Heine no fear of a *tu quoque* when he penned the next paragraph?

'Augustus William Schlegel owed his celebrity to nothing but the unheard-of assurance with which he attacked the literary authorities then in vogue. He plucked off crowns of laurel which reposed upon old periwigs, and in the course of the operation made a good deal of powder fly into the eyes of the public. His Fame was a natural daughter of Scandal.'

And now for Schlegel as a critic:

'When we recover from the astonishment excited by the man's audacity, we are surprised at the absolute hollowness of his criticism. Thus, when he wishes to pull down the poet Bürger, he compares his ballads with the old English ones collected by Bishop Percy, and triumphantly points out how much more simple these are, how much more Gothic, by consequence how much more stamped with poetry. Schlegel has sufficiently understood the spirit of the past, above all of the middle ages, and he succeeds extremely well in tracing that spirit in ancient productions, and explaining their beauties in that point of view. But of all that belongs to the present, he could comprehend nothing—at least, he could only seize some exterior traits of the physiognomy of our own time, in general not the most beautiful ones; and, feeling nothing of the spirit which animates our modern life, he sees nothing in it but dull prosework. For the most part, it belongs only to a great poet to seize the poetry of the thought of the present time; that of a past age is divined more easily, and far more easily is it made sensible to others. And thus Schlegel succeeded in making the multitude admire and exalt the poetry of other days at the expense of that in which our modern epoch lives and breathes. The *Relics of Ancient Poetry* express the spirit of their time just as Bürger's poems do the spirit of his; and, if Schlegel had understood that spirit, he would never have mistaken the enthusiasm which bursts forth in the poetry of Bürger for the hoarse note of a rude schoolmaster, but have recognised the potent cry of sorrow put forth by a Titan who was groaning in torture beneath an aristocracy of provincial lordlings and the academic pedants of Hanover. Such was the hard fate of the poor author of *Lenora*, and of many another man of genius, who vegetated painfully at Göttingen in the functions of a petty professorship, and who died in indigence and destitution. How should the superb *Chevalier A. G. de Schlegel*, protected by superb patrons, a placeman, bebaroned and be-ribboned—how should he comprehend the verses in which Bürger exclaims, with rage and anger, "A man of honour, sooner than stoop for the favours of the great, will let himself be torn from this earth by hunger"?'—vol. ii. p. 16.

The truth is that Bürger, influenced very probably by the straitened circumstances of his own external position, was all over a discontented man, a spurner at the world and the world's law, and,

as far forth as any writer could venture in those days to express such views, a German revolutionist. The Essay in which Schlegel discussed Bürger made no allusion to the man's political predilections; but after doing, as we think, ample and generous justice to the beauty of many of his poems, it entered into a calm examination of those general principles of poetical criticism which were announced in Bürger's prefaces, and which principles were, no doubt, connected intimately with Bürger's fundamental *democratism*. Now Heine, in place of his fiery invective above quoted, ought, if he meddled with this affair at all, to have cited Schlegel's praise of Bürger's genius in the first place, and examined in his turn, not merely vituperated, the great critic's analysis of the poet's canons. But Heine, being himself a true and powerful, but by no means a 'popular poet' in Bürger's sense of that term, could not have performed this last office without finding himself obliged to part company with Bürger, and take the side of Schlegel. Bürger's axiom was that 'popularity of style,' which he explains as meaning 'perfect clearness and universal intelligibility,' is the 'proof of perfection;' and he asserted that 'all great poets have been (in this sense) *popular* poets, and that what they did not write *popularly* (still in the same sense) was almost forgotten in their lifetime, or never received into the imagination or memory of their readers.' Schlegel replied, that Bürger confounds the general requisites of poetry with those of that particular species of poetry in which he himself so successfully laboured; i. e., 'poetry expressly adapted for the lower and uninstructed classes;'—admitting that such poetry, being good of its kind, would of course be agreeable to readers of all classes, he maintained that this by no means disproved the possibility of far higher genius than Bürger's choosing to display itself in a style altogether incomprehensible to the common mass of mankind. 'What such a genius loses in quantity and effect will be amply compensated to him,' says Schlegel, 'by its quality. How narrow would be the sphere of poetry—what magnificent images would be rendered unavailable, were Bürger's position universally acknowledged!'—And, again, and going still deeper, 'Our existence,' says the critic, 'rests on the incomprehensible, and the aim of poetry, springing as it does out of this fathomless profound, cannot be to solve or get rid of all mysteries.' As to Bürger's historical assertion, Schlegel says, among other things, 'Daute and Petrarch, the two great fathers of modern poetry, are, in every sense of the word, by their knowledge and genius, as unpopular as it is possible to be; and Shakespeare and Cervantes appear to be popular only because they satisfy the many with strong emotions and bright images, and delude them with a superficial intelligibility, while the deeper sense, and

an infinity of delicate allusions, remain hidden from vulgar readers or spectators.* This was the language of philosophical criticism—and Heine well knows that it is unanswerable: but Bürger, sixty years ago, was a democrat, while Schlegel, to use Heine's phraseology, is an aristocrat of our own day; and it suits Heine's views to contrast the two men personally, in place of examining their dogmas. And after all, how absurd is this personal comparison even in itself? Bürger lived in the early days of German literature—Schlegel adorns its golden maturity. Had Schlegel written in the days of Bürger, he also would have lived and died in some paltry professorship, or, as his father did before him, in some village cure. Had Bürger produced Lenöre at Hanover in our time, who doubts that he would have been protected and patronized, and that the Duke of Cambridge would have been only too happy to give him a *von* before his name, and the Guelphic ribbon to boot, if such things had at all suited him?

Mixed up with much critical unfairness, and with a fierce personal spleen, which we might have illustrated by passages more disgraceful than any of the preceding, we find some literary views which really deserve attention; and in particular, we think, whatever may have been Heine's chief motive on this head, that he has justly and happily defended Racine against the disparaging views of Schlegel:—

'Racine was naturally the first poet whom Schlegel could not comprehend, for that great poet appears as the herald of modern times by the side of the great prince with whom the new æra commences. Racine was the first modern poet, as Louis XIV. was the first modern king. In Corneille, as in the Fronde, one hears the last sigh of the old chivalry of the middle age; and he has sometimes accordingly been called a *romantic* poet. But in Racine, the sentiment and the poetry of the middle age are quite lost; he stirs only new ideas—he is the organ of a new society.

'If Schlegel had confined himself to saying that Racine's mission had been accomplished, that the advance of time called for other poets, there might have been some foundation for his attacks; but nothing could be more baseless than these were, when he tried to demonstrate the weakness of Racine by instituting a comparison between him and the poets of antiquity. Not only does Schlegel divine nothing of the infinite grace, of the deep charm which there is in the conception of Racine, when he clothes his modern French heroes in antique costumes, thus mingling with the interest of modern passions that of a piquant masquerade—he has even been dull enough to take all these

* Mrs. Austin gives various exquisite fragments of A. W. Schlegel in her 'Specimens of German Genius:' why does this clear and beautiful translator not favour us with a larger collection from his Critical Miscellanies? Such a work would surely be as popular as the 'Lectures on the Drama' have been in their English dress. But we wish, above all, she would think of *Herder*.

delicious travesties in solemn earnest, to judge the Greeks of Versailles by the Greeks of Athens, and to compare the Phædra of Euripides with the Phædra of Racine. This manner of judging the present by the past is so deeply rooted in Schlegel, that it is always with the laurels of some old poet he whips a younger one; and when Euripides in his turn was to be humbled, he could find no better method than to compare him with Sophocles, or even with old Æschylus.

‘But perhaps I do M. Schlegel an undeserved honour, when I attribute to him sympathies and antipathies: it is possible that he has neither. In his youth he was a Hellenist; at a more advanced period he became a Romanticist. He became the Coryphæus of the new school—it took its name from his brother and him; and yet, perhaps, of all the school, there was no one who thought less seriously of the affair than he. He supported it by his talents, seconded it by his studies, so long as the thing went well he rejoiced in it; and when the school came to a bad end, he turned his researches into another channel.

‘But though the school is in ruins, the exertions of M. Schlegel had some good effects on our literature. Above all, he had succeeded in showing how scientific subjects might be treated in an elegant manner. Before this no German writer had ventured to write a scientific book in a clear and agreeable style; all was done in a dry and diffuse manner, which smelt fearfully of the tobacco-pipe and the tallow-candle. M. Schlegel is one of the few Germans who do not smoke—a virtue which he owes to the society of Madame de Staël. In fact, he owes altogether to that lady the polished exterior which he has known how to play off to so much advantage for himself in Germany. In this point of view, the death of the admirable Madame de Staël was a great loss for the learned German, who had found in her drawing-room so many opportunities of studying new fashions, and who, in his quality of her attendant through the different capitals of Europe, could see the fine world, and appropriate to himself the most graceful airs he observed among them. These habitudes were become so necessary to him, that after the death of his noble patroness, he had thoughts of offering himself to the celebrated Catalani as the companion of her travels.’

This last insinuation is obviously a mere joke—though a very malicious one. Heine thus concludes this extraordinary chapter:

‘As I have said, the propagation of elegance is the principal merit of M. Schlegel, and, thanks to him, a little civilization has now found its way into the life of the German literati. Goethe, no doubt, had already given an example full of influence; he had shown the possibility of being at once a poet and a gentleman.* In former days our German bards scorned all conventional forms, and the very name of a genius excited the most ignoble ideas. A poet in Germany then signified a man in a bare and tattered coat, who manufactured ballads for weddings and

* Surely Lessing, Wieland, and Herder had done so also.

christenings at a crown the piece—got drunk far from good company, into which he never dreamt of being admitted, and who might occasionally be descried in the evening, stretched on the benches of the street, and caressed sentimentally by the amorous rays of his “Phœbe.” When these creatures got old, they plunged deeper and deeper into distress. Their poverty, however, had no care about it—at least, the only care that accompanied it, was to know where one might get the most *schnaps* for the least money.

‘Such was the idea which I had always been used to form of a German poet. Conceive then how agreeably I was surprised, when, in the year 1819, quite young still, and visiting the university of Bonn, I had the honour to find myself, face to face, with poetical genius and the person of Mr. Augustus William Schlegel. After Napoleon it was the first great man I had seen, and never shall I forget that ineffable spectacle. I still to this hour recall the holy terror with which I found myself before his chair, and heard him speak. I wore in those days a frock of white frieze, a red cap, long yellow hair, and no gloves. But Mr. Augustus William Schlegel had new kid gloves, polished and resplendent—he was entirely dressed in the newest Parisian fashion—and smelt all over of the perfume of good company, and of the *eau de millefleurs*—which last he had used unsparingly on this occasion: it was elegance and gentility incarnate; and when he spoke of the Chancellor of England, he added, “my friend;” and close to one elbow stood a lackey in the baronial livery of the house of Schlegel, who took care of the wax-lights which were placed in massive silver candlesticks, and at the other side appeared a glass of *eau sucrée* upon a crystal salver. A lackey in livery! Wax-lights! Silver candlesticks! My friend, the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain! Kid gloves! *Eau sucrée*! What unheard-of phenomena in the class of a German professor! All this *éclat* dazzled us young folks not a little, and particularly myself; and I about that time composed three odes* to M. Schlegel, each commencing with the words “O thou, who, &c.” but it was only in poetry that I could have ventured to *thou* and *thee* a man of such distinction. His exterior was really very imposing: on his neat little head there sparkled but a few grey hairs, and his body was so meagre, so wasted, so transparent, that he seemed to be all mind, and might have passed for a symbol of spiritualism.

‘Here, at Paris, I had lately the pain of once more seeing Mr. A. W. Schlegel in person. I could not have fancied such a change possible. It was shortly after my arrival, and I was on my way to visit the house which had been inhabited by Molière; for I honour great poets, and explore every where with a religious reverence the traces of their earthly sojourn; it is a sort of worship. On my way out, not far from this consecrated mansion, I encountered a personage whose features struck me as having an indefinite resemblance to those of the William Schlegel of former days. I thought at first it was his spirit—but it was only his body; the spirit is dead—it

* We should like to know how these odes were received by Schlegel!

is the body which still haunts the earth—and that same body had considerably fattened since our last meeting. Flesh had grown upon those slim spiritual shanks, and one even perceived a rather preponderating paunch—whereupon there hung a huge multitude of ribbons and crosses. The little head, once so grizzled and besilvered, carried an airy *blonde* scratch wig. The man was still dressed in the style of 1818, the year in which Madame de Staël died. He smiled gaily, and gesticulated with a juvenile coquetry. In fact, a wonderful re-juvenescence had taken place in him; it was a pleasant second edition of his youth: he seemed to have come back to us in the blossom—and I even suspect that for the vermillion on his cheek, he was indebted not to art, but to a little sportive irony of nature. At that moment I thought I saw the defunct *Poquelin* at his window, pointing, with a smile, to this jovial and melancholy apparition; and I instantly comprehended the depth and breadth of that buffoonery, which unhappily there remained no Molière to bring on the French stage. No one but he could ever have done so; and Schlegel himself seems to have suspected something of the kind long ago. You are aware, that as Napoleon hated Tacitus, whom he accused of calumniating the Cæsars, so Schlegel pronounced Molière no poet, but only a buffoon.

‘Mr. A. W. Schlegel soon after quitted Paris, having been decorated during his brief stay with the order of the Legion of Honour. To this day, the *Moniteur* has hesitated about announcing this news officially; but Thalia, the muse of comedy, has inscribed it with alacrity on her mirthful tablets.’—vol. ii., p. 26—31.

These passages are by no means the worst—some parts of this chapter are really shocking. Nor have we extracted even these without hesitation; but it seemed, on the whole, well to give our readers *some* conception of the style in which German controversies are now carried on; and, whatever may be the trivial foibles of M. Schlegel, we are sure no one will take up any serious prejudice against his character either as a man or an author, from effusions, the chief immediate inspiration of which has so evidently been some bitter personal grudge.

We say the *chief* immediate inspiration; but we should be doing Heine injustice if we had said the only one, or even the principal one absolutely. It is our conviction, founded on a careful consideration both of this book, and of M. Heine’s previous polemical exertions, that his hatred of A. W. Schlegel was originally based in the main on the part which that eminent man has taken in the great scheme of the Prussian Government for the reform of the German Universities—begun, and hitherto admirably forwarded, by that government’s watchful care and superintendence of the old and new academical establishments within its own territory, but now developing its influence every day more and more largely in the aspect and condition of those in the adjoining states.

In

In this business Schlegel has been perhaps the most efficient instrument of the present King of Prussia—he might, we doubt not, have escaped all the deeper rancour of Heine, had he, in one thing more, followed the initiative of Frederick, and by lapsing into Catholicism, instead of remaining, as we believe him to be, a sound Protestant, rendered it impossible for himself to have a share in this great work. In a word, all these fierce sarcasms upon the personal appearance and manners of the great Bonn professor are but so many compliments to the zeal with which he has seconded his royal master's wishes to see the German universities civilised—the teachers brought out of their monastic isolation, and made amenable in thought and feeling to the general influences of polished society—the pupils deprived of their rude *burschen* existence and habits—a rational discipline introduced into those old haunts of insolence—above all, perhaps, the theological faculties drawn everywhere into an effective subordination to the Protestant Consistories—the legitimate centres of ecclesiastical authority.

In truth the most alarming features in the recent social state of northern Germany may almost all be traced to the barbarous independence and usurped power of the universities; but these, again, were the natural results of the unhappy manner in which the relations of church and state had been settled. From a variety of concurring causes—the jealousies and grasping ambition of the small sovereignties at the period of the Reformation—the poor and insufficient style in which the Protestant prelacy was endowed—the correspondently miserable scale on which the existence of the parochial clergy was regulated—the indifference with which the Protestant interest was regarded in several of the chief universities by Catholic princes—in others by avowedly infidel ones, especially the great Frederick of Prussia—the almost necessary paralyzation of the Protestant principle in the governments of other states whose population was made up, in nearly equal parts, of Papists, Lutherans, and Calvinists—from these and other causes, which it would take a volume to develop in detail, the Protestant church in those countries had come, as a church, to be divorced almost equally from the government on the one hand, and the universities on the other. A common professorship, among other results, was a better thing than any parochial cure: a leading professorship in a flourishing university was a station far superior in emolument, influence, and real dignity to a bishopric.* The ablest men never looked beyond the walls of the universities; the Superintendents and other dignitaries who assembled in the consistories felt themselves to be their inferiors, and gradually lost courage to take any measures for repressing that

* The reader will find many curious details on this subject in the excellent *Life of Herder*, by C. L. Ring. 1822.

license of academical speculation which was becoming from year to year more audacious, as each new doctor strove to attract attention and emolument to his own chair by outsoaring the flights of his predecessors and rivals. Well may Heine say, as he does with triumph and exultation, that 'the boldness of German theology belongs wholly to the universities.' It had never, we rejoice to believe, much lasting influence on those drawn from the universities to the humbler duties of the practical priesthood. A good man, planted in a country parish, whatever nonsense he might have opened his ears to at Halle or Heidelberg, was not likely to move among his people long without discovering the absurdity of expounding the history of the Patriarchs as a series of *myths*, and the Gospel of St. Luke as a mosaic-work of *folk's-lieder*, and reducing the Christian code of peasants to the dry abstraction of an utilitarian morality. The German Protestants remained as a people attached to the faith and worthy of the name of their fathers. But within the universities, infidelity, which Sir Walter Raleigh happily styled 'the wit of fools,' strode on more and more daringly; and the influence which they *could* diffuse around them was, year after year, more pernicious; and the efforts of the doctors to maintain and extend their own power took daily more and more the shape of a cunning zeal for that so-called *scholarlike* independence of all exterior (*Philistine*) authority, which it was so very easy to render popular with the raw hot-bloods congregated around their chairs.

To break down this system—to teach the young academicians that the citizen must at no period of life fancy himself alien to the general government of his country—to teach the professors that erudition is compatible with good manners—and, by raising the condition of the learned professions in general, but more especially of the theological profession, to offer fair objects of legitimate extra-academical ambition to both pupils and doctors—was the wise conception of the present enlightened and paternal sovereign of the chief state in Protestant Germany: it was begun to be put into operation *along with* that plan of universal parochial education which has already procured for him such honourable acknowledgment all over civilised Europe; and, however Heine and those of his school, obliged to admit the excellence of one branch of the great design, may wince and frown at the advancing progress of the other, we cannot doubt that both branches are alike to the credit of the government which has enforced their success. There is no doubt, however, that the plan as a whole is and was meant to be an attack on the monopoly of the old academical caste—for a caste it had come to be—and as little that it was dictated by a sense of the alarming results of a long and hourly widening

widening disruption between the scholastic and the proper ecclesiastical authorities of these northern states.

The exposition now afforded, imperfect as it is, of the connexion between the (so called) *Rationalism* and the avowed *Anti-Christianity* of the German universities—and the few hints which we have offered as to the real origin and objects of the personal controversy in which Heine has taken so distinguished a part—may not, perhaps, be considered as wholly without bearing on some points of our own present condition in England. We have no design to enter now upon a full application of these foreign circumstances: it is sufficient to observe, that the intention of our reformers avowedly is not to strengthen, but to break down and abolish, the connexion hitherto maintained between our universities and our national church, in the first place—between our church and our national government in the other.

In conclusion, we must once more express our deep regret for the mad misapplication of Mr. Heine's varied and brilliant talents—and let us add the expression of our fervent hope, that, like so many of his predecessors in this '*insana sapientia*,' this 'initiator' also may live to be 'an apostate.'

A work, with the Cockneyish title of 'AU DELA DU RHIN,' in two portly octavos, has been lately published by a M. Erminier, who writes himself 'Professeur du droit au Collège de France;' and we turned to it in the expectation that it might furnish some amusement, at least, to compare this Frenchman's views of Germany, her manners, science, literature, and politics, with those of such a German as Heine. But we were utterly disappointed. A more inane specimen of imbecility was never ushered into the world with more impudent pomposity. The author is from top to toe a most ignorant, empty, conceited coxcomb and charlatan. The little that he does know about the subjects that he handles, he owes to the French editions of Heine's books—his own, indeed, overflows with evidence that he cannot construe the simplest page of any German author—for such is the effrontery of the man, that he usually appends the original to what he produces as his translation. But we suspect that, on this head, he has been throughout hoaxed and mystified—by Heine, or some other wicked German, whose aid he had invoked in the getting up of his flutulent chapters.

- ART. II.—1. *Statement of the Provision for the Poor, and of the Condition of the Labouring Classes, in a considerable Portion of America and Europe.* By Nassau W. Senior, Esq. London. 8vo. 1835.
2. *Report of the English Poor-Law Commission.* Appendix (F), Foreign Communications. 1835.
3. *First Report from His Majesty's Commissioners for Inquiring into the Condition of the Poorer Classes in Ireland.* 8th July, 1835.

NATIONS, like individuals, wrapped in complacent self-importance, are slow to profit by the experience of others; and are often embarrassed for a length of time by difficulties from which a more extended observation of the history of the human race in similar circumstances would have enabled them to extricate themselves with ease and quickness. Perhaps John Bull, too, of all people, is the least inclined to look abroad either for examples or warnings by which to regulate his conduct, being thoroughly imbued with the pleasing conviction of his superiority on every point to the rest of the world, and that, though they would do well to take pattern after him, he can by possibility learn nothing useful from them.

But for this general prejudice it could hardly have happened that, during the discussions which for years past have occupied so much of the attention both of the press and the legislature of this country upon the state of the poor and the legal provision for their relief, so little reference has at any time been made to the pauperism or poor-laws of foreign countries. The questions at issue have been debated solely with reference to our own experience, or by the light of first principles and abstract theories. Nay, even mathematical formulas and geometric ratios have been employed for their solution. As was to be expected, the progress thereby made towards a correct appreciation of the subject has been little enough; while the practical experience of other nations in dealing with the same class of circumstances, which might naturally have been expected to throw so much light upon the doubtful points of our own policy, has been as utterly disregarded as if pauperism were supposed to be exclusively confined to Britain. Indeed, we believe that the general impression till very lately has been, that England stands alone among nations in the provision which her laws have made against destitution. Certainly, those who questioned the policy of this institution have continually inveighed against it as one of an extraordinary and unexampled nature; while its advocates have appeared to shrink from supporting their views (as they might have done) by any

reference to the fact, that its principle has long since been generally adopted by *all really civilised communities*.

For the truth is, that the establishment of a legal provision for the destitute poor, as the only means of securing society from the curse of unlimited mendicancy and vagrancy, so far from being, as many persons we believe are still erroneously persuaded, peculiar to British legislation, and an experiment introduced for the first time in the reign of Elizabeth, has existed in some shape or other from the very earliest period as a fundamental principle in the codes of nearly all European nations. We find it directly recognised in the Capitularies of Charlemagne—‘*Mendici per regionem non permittantur. Suos quæque civitas pauperes alito.*’ Here mendicancy is distinctly forbidden; and a municipal or parochial relief to the poor, embodying the principle of *settlement*, substituted in lieu of it. At the same period our own Saxon kings directed, in their ordinances, that ‘the poor be sustained by parsons, rectors, and their fellow-parishioners, so that none die for want of sustenance.’ It is probable that, as the monastic establishments grew into opulence by multiplied endowments, the support of the poor fell almost wholly upon them, and relief from municipal or parochial funds came into desuetude, as well in other countries as in this;—for we find the Emperor Charles V., in the year 1531, renewing the edict of Charlemagne, prohibiting begging and vagrancy throughout the Netherlands, under pain of imprisonment and whipping; and directing collections to be made in all places for their *settled* poor—the idlers and rogues to be *set to work*, poor women and children provided for; the latter put to school, and at a proper age placed out in service or trade*. Our statute of the 27 Henry VIII. c. 25, was enacted but four years after this, and attempted to provide a similar but imperfect remedy for the same state of things. The experience of the next half-century proved that an adequate maintenance could only be afforded to the poor, and mendicancy be effectually extirpated, by a *compulsory* assessment, to which the legislature of England was obliged to resort in the 14 Eliz. c. 5; afterwards expanded and remodelled in the celebrated 43 Eliz.—the fundamental statute by which the relief of the poor has been regulated in England up to the present day. The Scottish act of 1579—the groundwork of the present poor-law of Scotland—proves that a similar necessity was felt about the same time, and a similar step taken, by the legislature of that country likewise.

It would be an object of interesting research to trace the contemporaneous changes that during this long period marked the legislation of foreign countries upon this subject, but the materials

* Anderson's History of Commerce.

are wanting to us. At least, however, the general ignorance on the state of foreign pauperism *at the present time* has been satisfactorily cleared up by the researches instituted, at the request of the late Commission of Inquiry into the state of our own poor-laws, by our diplomatic agents abroad. The answers to these form the contents of a bulky volume, which has been lately printed for the House of Commons, in the shape of a Supplemental Appendix to the Report of the Commission. And though the information has arrived too late for the use of that defunct body, or to influence the decision of the legislature in the matter of the late Poor-Law Amendment Act, it constitutes a very valuable statistical document, being the fullest collection of reports on the existing laws for the relief of the poor throughout Europe and America ever made, and cannot fail to be of great service as a guide in all future corrective legislation on the subject.

The Reports are headed by a Preface drawn up by Mr. Senior, perhaps the most able and active member of the late commission, and to whom the merit, we believe, belongs of having both originated and directed the details of the inquiry itself. This was carried on chiefly by the circulation of a series of questions as to the customs or institutions of the different states, among his Majesty's foreign ministers throughout Europe and America—the answers to which compose the bulk of the volume before us. It contains, likewise, several private communications on the subject from intelligent foreigners or English travellers. We shall avail ourselves as well of Mr. Senior's work, which has been since published separately, as of the contents of the Appendix itself, in our endeavour to give our readers a brief outline of the legal provision made for the poor on the continent of Europe and in America.

Mr. Senior, we must observe, divides the states of Europe into two classes :—1. Those in which the principle of the English system exists; namely an acknowledgment of the *right* of every person to be rescued from destitution by the public; and—2. Those in which the applicant's *legal right* does not appear to be so distinctly acknowledged, but in which provision is nevertheless largely, and in general amply, made from public funds for their relief. We own, however, we hardly see in what the distinction consists, for the habitual relief of the poor from public funds must be considered a practical concession of their rightful claim to it. The former class, as enumerated by Mr. Senior, comprehends Norway, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, Mecklenburg, Prussia, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, the canton of Berne, and Saxony: the latter, Holland, the Hanseatic towns, Belgium, France, Portugal, the Sardinian states,

states, Frankfort, Austria, Venice, Greece, and Turkey. We will take them in the order in which they have been named.

NORWAY.—The Report from Norway is not so precise as could be desired, and in particular is silent on the date of the original institution. It appears that some discrepancy exists in the practice of different districts, and especially of the towns and the country; and a project of a poor-law code has been proposed by a government commission, appointed in 1829, for consolidating and assimilating the law on the subject for the whole kingdom. It is not clear whether or no this consolidation has yet taken effect. The ancient laws, however, are in principle alike, and differ very little from our own. The settlement is parochial. There are workhouses in the diocesan towns, and poor-houses in the market-towns, where the indolent poor are put to forced labour. Those willing to work, as well as the aged and helpless poor, are billeted out among the landholders in the country and the householders in the towns, who have the benefit of whatever they can do. The sick poor are either maintained in hospitals and district poor-houses, or relieved at home with food, clothing, medicine, or money. The children are educated at parish-schools. Every bailiwick has its medical officer appointed and paid by government. The poor-fund is derived partly from endowment, but chiefly from the produce of taxes locally levied for the purpose. Both the parents of illegitimate children are bound to maintain them. Mendicancy is prohibited under penalties, and vagrancy prevented by a passport system.

SWEDEN.—A full statement of the Swedish law is given by M. de Hartmansdorff, the Secretary of State for Ecclesiastical Affairs, and it appears to be similar in most points to that of Norway. Its principle is declared to be a compulsory assessment on *all property* for the relief of the infirm and helpless poor, and the employment of all that are able to work—the idle in workhouses, the willing by a billeting system. Settlement depends on residence, and strangers may be prevented from settling, and noticed to quit a parish, by the vestry. Every parish has its almshouse for the aged, sick, and infirm; and food, clothing, and money are distributed to out-door paupers. The incurably sick, and those afflicted with contagious diseases, are supported in public hospitals at the cost of their parish. The parish overseers are elected by the rate-payers. The clergyman presides at the board or vestry which administers the fund. The poor have an appeal from the vestry to the governor of the province, and thence to the king. Beggars are arrested and brought back to their parishes at the cost of the latter. Vagrants are employed on public works, or pressed
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into certain corps of the army, or set to work in houses of correction. Every one is considered a vagrant who cannot prove that he is earning an independent livelihood, or give security for a moderate time, during which he is allowed to seek for work. As in Norway, a reform of the poor-law seems to be contemplated in Sweden, with a view to the correction of several vices which have insensibly crept into its administration, and to securing a uniformity of system by means of a central superintending board.

DENMARK.—It appears that ordinances existed in Denmark from the beginning of the last century, requiring those in easy circumstances to provide for the indigent; but the existing law dates only from 1799. The kingdom is divided into poor districts, consisting of separate parishes in the country, in which relief is administered by a board consisting of the minister, magistrate, and a few respectable inhabitants elected to the office. A general board of directors presides over all. The curate examines into the wants of paupers. An overseer, serving for three years, acts as the relieving officer and agent of the board. The infirm and helpless poor are supplied with food, clothing, lodging, fuel, and medical attendance. Such as are capable of work are made to perform it in or out of workhouses. The children are educated until they can be apprenticed or provided for. The funds are chiefly levied by assessment. But while the Danish poor-law establishes the principle that the country is under the obligation to afford relief to its poor, it justly requires a return in labour from all those who are capable of work. The property of a pauper receiving relief is also put under sequestration for the benefit of the parish, until he shall have repaid the amount of relief advanced to him by way of loan. And paupers who shall subsequently to their relief acquire property, are held bound to repay whatever they may have received. The poor having been thus effectually provided for, and all excuse for mendicancy removed, begging is made punishable by confinement in the house of correction.

The poor-law system of Denmark being of comparatively recent origin, it becomes interesting to ascertain its results after the lapse of about a third of a century. Mr. Macgregor states the administration of the law to be defective, and to require amendment; but, in spite of this, the system itself, he says,

‘has answered an important object—that of checking the growth of pauperism. . . . There is a slight improvement in the value of land; idle persons are seldom found; and there is sufficient work in which to employ the labouring population. . . . Relief, or the expectation of it, has *not* been found to produce any sensible effect on the *industry* of

of the labourers generally, nor upon their *frugality*. Nor are the poor-laws instrumental in producing early marriages among the peasants.'

Another witness, the author of a very detailed account of the existing law, states, that

'before its introduction, the distress was much greater, and begging of the most importunate and rapacious kind was quite common: the beggars, when their demands were not satisfied, had recourse to insolence and threats, nay, even to acts of criminal vengeance.' [How accurate a picture of the present state of Ireland!] '*This is no longer the case.* It is a fact, that poverty now appears in less striking features than it did before the introduction of the poor-law system.'—*Senior's Statement*, p. 41.

The laws of MECKLENBURGH grant to every inhabitant a legal claim for assistance; to the able-bodied, for *work* and a dwelling—to the impotent poor, a dwelling, fuel, and a maintenance, in return for which they must give such work as they are capable of. Every inhabitant is rated to the relief of the poor.

RUSSIA.—In Russia *proper* the peasants on each estate are the property of its lord, but he is under obligation to provide them with the means of support, and in times of distress to relieve them. On the estates belonging to the Crown, which are enormous, and every day increasing, a methodical system of parochial relief is established, each parish being compelled to supply its destitute poor, in poor-houses, with fuel, food, and clothing. In Courland, Esthonia, and Livonia, a similar compulsory system is established, the landowners and farmers contributing in proportion to their occupations or rental, and the overseers being elected by the rate-payers. Public begging is forbidden, and vagrants set to work by the overseers. Even in *Siberia* 'the authorities are under legal obligation to prevent any individual of the people committed to their charge from suffering want, or remaining without assistance when in distress!' In the Russo-Polish provinces a similar system prevails as in Russia proper.

In PRUSSIA it is the duty of the police to see that every person in distress be supplied with needful assistance—if a stranger, from the 'provincial poor-fund'—if a native, by the commune, or lord of the estate to which he belongs. Repayment is required where it is possible, and work in all cases from those capable of it. Every province has a poor and workhouse. All children are compelled to attend the parish-school. In the towns the expense is defrayed out of the municipal funds, and the administration confided to a board. In the country the village

village authorities levy a contribution from the inhabitants, as well as the owner of the estate. The occasional sick are relieved on the same plan as the impotent through infirmity, children, and orphans. Settlement is acquired by residence, but unsettled poor are removable to their last place of settlement. The system is described as working well, and particularly as securing the constant industry of all the able-bodied inhabitants.

In SAXONY relief is administered by each parish to its poor through overseers. It would seem that the system of making up wages prevails there, for it is stated that a sum is fixed as necessary to support a man; if he cannot earn the whole, the difference is given him as relief. House-rents, too, are sometimes paid. Relations are compelled to assist, if they have the means. The report from this country is not very clear, but the system seems generally to coincide with that of Denmark.

WURTEMBERG.—The account from Wurtemberg is full and precise. Each parish is bound to support its own poor. The administration rests with the mayor and magistrates, who are elective. Settlement is hereditary or gained by birth. The aged and infirm alone are entitled to relief, there being ample work for all who are able and willing to labour. Every parish has its school, which every child is compelled to attend. The children of a labourer with a large family are taken from him if he cannot maintain them, and brought up by the parish or apprenticed. Sometimes, however, allowances are made on account of them to the parents. There is a regular scale of allowance in use for the purpose. Loans are made to deserving individuals, upon the parish security, from institutions of the nature of our savings-banks. The principle of the law is briefly summed up by Sir E. Disbrowe: 'It is this—no man can starve—but, if able to work, he must do so. He will be remunerated according to his work. If idle and dissolute, he finds his way to a poor-house, not to live there on clover, but where he is compelled to work, and from which he can be delivered by good conduct and industry alone.' The government, in times of general distress, assists the communes in finding work for their unemployed poor. These laws are represented as being of considerable antiquity. 'The kingdom of Wurtemberg,' Mr. Senior observes, 'appears to have been, as yet, eminently successful in reconciling a recognition of the right to relief with economy in its distribution.'

The law of BAVARIA requires each town, market-place, and village to support its poor. But villages may form unions for the purpose. The administration is confided to elective officers. Work is found for such as are in want of it. Relief is afforded
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in poor-houses to the helpless, in money to those who are in need of occasional help. The poor are also quartered among the householders as in Norway and Sweden. Severe restraints are imposed on the marriage of paupers, and the habits and character of the poor in general are closely scrutinized. Voluntary contributions, endowments, fines, and collections on various occasions go to the poor-fund, which is made up to the required amount by compulsory assessment. Lord Erskine, who furnishes the report from Bavaria, concludes it in language of distinct and sober approbation.

SWITZERLAND.—Every Canton of Switzerland appears to have its peculiar law with respect to the maintenance of the poor, and Mr. Morier has furnished the Commission with a report only as far as regards that of Berne. The institution dates, at least, from the sixteenth century. Its fundamental principle is the obligation imposed on every commune to support its poor, either from the public funds, or, if they are insufficient, from a taxation of land revenues and personal property. The administration seems to be unfortunately confided to an hereditary bourgeoisie, and abuses are the result, which bear a remarkable similarity to those of the English poor-law. Indeed, the very words employed in the official statement of Mr. Morier are precisely descriptive of the most prominent of the evils which the English Poor-Law Commission brought so glaringly into notice in our own system. The imperfect auditing of accounts—incapable or jobbing officers—profuse money-relief to non-resident paupers—want of co-operation between parishes—badly regulated poor-houses, without classification or superintendence—the roundsman system, and the auctioning of the poor to the lowest bidder—are all features in the poor-law practice of Berne, as in that of Sussex. No wonder that, as in Sussex, the rates have been continually on the increase, and that the government has taken alarm at the growing evil. A reform has consequently been commenced, and these vices, like our own, being purely those of mismanagement, and in no degree inherent in the principle of the law, there can be no reason to doubt that an active system of regulation and superintendence by some central authority will soon set matters to right there as it is rapidly doing here.

We have now gone through the list of those States of Europe in which a compulsory poor-law exists precisely similar in character to that of England, embodying its three great principles, namely, the relief of the infirm, the employment of the able-bodied, and the suppression of mendicancy and vagrancy. It will be observed, that these States comprehend the far larger half of Europe.

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Now what is the general result of the system as practised throughout this extensive range of territory, and among nations varying much in their manners, habits, and institutions? Mr. Senior observes—and we consider the admission a very valuable one, as coming from *him*—that

‘in no country, except perhaps the Canton de Berne, has compulsory relief produced evils resembling either in intensity or in extent those which we have experienced, and, in the majority of the nations which have adopted it, the existing system appears to work well.’

The reports from the other States of Europe exhibit a variety of systems established by law for the relief of the poor, but in which the claim of the pauper is not so directly recognized. There is, however, in practice, as we have already observed, little difference—the poor being, in fact, always relieved in case of necessity, and the funds being provided more or less by compulsory assessments.

THE HANSE TOWNS.—In *Hamburgh* a general institution for the poor is supported by endowment, voluntary contributions, and considerable advances from the state, that is, from the municipal taxes. The poor are registered, and receive weekly relief, sometimes as high as 3 dollars, or 10s. 6d. to a family. Soup, clothing, fuel, and bedding are likewise distributed. Medical assistance is afforded, and the children of the poor educated. The want of a workhouse for the employment of indolent paupers is severely felt. The regular out-door relief in money amounted in 1832 to very nearly 4s. a head on a population of 130,000. The poor-institutions of *Bremen* resemble those of *Hamburgh*, but appear to be better administered. The able-bodied poor are set to work in a house of industry. The same observation applies to *Lubeck* and *Frankfort*, where the burden is very slight, and pauperism but trifling.

HOLLAND.—The settlement of a pauper in *Holland* is the parish in which he has resided four consecutive years, paying taxes, and, in default, that of his birth. The charge of his relief rests with the parish-overseer of his religious sect; but when their means are insufficient, the local administration supplies the deficiency from municipal funds. In fact, therefore, except in the existence of very large endowments, and voluntary contributions from the members of the different religious sects and charitable societies, the system differs little from the compulsory communal law of relief in *Denmark* and the *German* states. It is remarkable that the attempt thus made in *Holland* to obviate the necessity of a poor-rate by the encouragement of voluntary charities has glaringly failed, since the average expenditure on the poor

poor for the last twelve years has amounted to 500,000*l.*, or about 4*s.* 4½*d.* per head on the total population—an expenditure not equal certainly to ours, but very large when compared with the average expenditure of Europe; while the number of paupers relieved has increased considerably beyond the ratio of increase of the population, and is at present proportionately higher than even in England. Dr. Chalmers, the eloquent advocate of the 'voluntary system' of poor relief, would do well to consider this example of the working of his principle.

BELGIUM.—The Belgian poor-law is chiefly grounded on the system established throughout the French empire by the Directory in 1796 and 1798. By this law, every commune is required to have at least one 'bureau de bienfaisance' for the relief of its poor. The funds arise from voluntary contributions and the receipts of public exhibitions—all deficiencies being made up by levies raised in the same manner as other local expenses. Other sources of revenue were subsequently added. Relief is given in poor-houses (hospices), or *à domicile* (out-door relief). Settlement is acquired by birth, or residence for a year as a rated inhabitant, or two years in service. Mendicity and vagrancy are subjected to heavy punishments in *depôts de mendicité*. The local authorities are required to employ their able-bodied poor on public works, at three-fourths of the average wages of the canton.

So far the poor-law of Belgium and of France is the same. Since their separation, the first has been modified in a slight degree, chiefly by the introduction of *poor-colonies* on the principle of those of Holland, in aid of the *depôts de mendicité*. It is remarkable that these *depôts*, which are simply workhouses, are bound to admit all applicants. It is therefore futile to assert that a legal right to relief is not established in Belgium as in the other northern states of Europe. Every town in Belgium has its hospital for the sick, which is likewise open to every applicant. The poor-colonies of Belgium seem not to have succeeded, having involved themselves in debt exceeding the amount of property created in them. The report of M. Dupécliaux is very unfavourable to these colonies; but, with the example of the Dutch in view, we may suspect that the fault is in Belgian management.

FRANCE.—We have already stated the general outline of the French establishments for the relief of the poor, consisting of hospices for the infirm, hospitals for the sick, *depôts de mendicité* for vagrants and beggars (constituting the in-doors relief), and bureaux de bienfaisance for the *secours à domicile*, or out-doors relief. The funds are partly provided by voluntary contributions, and collections in the churches, and the deficiency

ciency is supplied from the *octroi*, or municipal funds of the commune. These institutions seem to be in full operation only in the town districts. In the country the administration of relief is imperfectly organized, and great distress is occasionally felt, which would be intolerable were it not that, owing to the extreme dispersion and subdivision of landed property which has followed the sale of the church and émigré estates at the time of the Revolution, and the law of equal succession, there are few peasants in France who are not proprietors of land, and thus raised above want. No less than 20,000,000 out of the entire population of 32,000,000 belong to the class of landed proprietors! The government of France, in times of distress, comes likewise in aid of the communes, by employing large numbers of poor on public works, such as roads, canals, &c.

According to M. Chateaufieux, the population of the towns in which a system of relief is thoroughly organized amounts to 3,500,000 persons, and the cost of the relief annually distributed to 1,800,000*l.* sterling. This would bring the expenditure per head to nearly as much as in England. The proportion of the population in the receipt of relief is even greater. In Havre, with a population of 28,000, not less than 5000 receive occasional relief. In Caen there are six or seven thousand paupers to a population of 40,000. (Majendie, Appendix F., p. 42.)

A general inspection and supervision of these establishments, and of their accounts, is carried on by authorities appointed by the crown. The inspectors make their visits quite unexpectedly. In addition to this the Minister of the Interior issues annually his general ordonnances and instructions, which are equivalent to the general rules of our Poor-Law Commission. The conclusion of the ordinance of 1828, given by M. Majendie, exhibits the enlightened spirit that characterises the French system, in which the just medium is preserved between indiscriminate charity on one side, and extreme severity on the other. We would recommend the document to the study of our Malthusian ex-Lord Chancellor. He will there see that it is very possible for an enlightened government to recognize the claim upon society of those among its subjects who by force of circumstances are reduced to destitution—whether from sudden calamity, infirmity, or the impossibility of finding employment—without either encouraging idleness and improvidence by indiscriminate indulgence—or by a refusal of all help, risking the destruction of life, and endangering the peace and property of those upon whom, sooner than perish, the unrelieved poor will surely prey in some shape or other.

In the rural districts of France, the system of relief is, as has been said, very partial and irregular. In Brittany there appears
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to be none. Nantes and the other large towns have their regular establishments, but the rural communes neglect their poor, and are consequently infested with mendicants. Brittany is the poorest part of France, and the system of cultivation in very small farms, together with the number of beggars, produces a state of society somewhat resembling that of Ireland.

' Farms are small. Their average size does not exceed 14 acres. Some are as small as two acres. There are many of from four to eight. The largest in the neighbourhood of Brest is 36 acres. The farmers are poor, and live miserably; yet their wants being few and easily satisfied, they are comparatively happy. Their food consists of barley-bread, butter, buck-wheat (made into puddings, porridge, and cakes), soup composed of cabbage-water, a little grease or butter, and salt, poured on bread; potatoes; meat twice a week (always salt pork). A family of twelve, including servants and children, consumes annually about 700 pounds of pork, and 100 pounds of cow beef; the latter only on festivals.

' The class of daily labourers is almost unknown. The inmates of each farm, consisting of the farmer's family, and one, two, or three male, and as many female servants (according to the size of the farm), paid annual wages, and who live with the family, suffice for the general work. At harvest some additional hands are employed. These are generally persons who work two or three months in the year and beg during the remainder. Daily labourers and beggars may therefore, in the country, be classed under the same head. The conditions of the poorer farmers, daily labourers, and beggars are so near akin, that the passage from one state to the other is very frequent.

' Mendicity is not considered disgraceful in Brittany. Farmers allow their children to beg along the roads. On saints' days, especially the festivals of celebrated saints, whose shrines attract numerous votaries (all of whom give something, be it ever so little, to the poor), the aged, infirm, and children of poor farmers and labourers, turn out. Some small hamlets are even totally abandoned by their inhabitants for two or three days. All attend the festival to beg.

' The Bretons are hospitable. Charity and hospitality are considered religious duties. Food and shelter for a night are never refused.

' Several attempts to suppress mendicity have been unsuccessful. District asylums were established. No sooner were they filled than the vacancies in the beggar-stands were immediately replenished by fresh subjects from the country; it being a general feeling that it is much easier and more comfortable to live by alms than by labour.

' In towns where the police is well regulated, the only mendicants permitted to sojourn are paupers belonging to the parish. They are known by a tin badge for which they pay at the police-office.

' No such thing is known as a legal claim for assistance from public or private charities.

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'The principal cause of misery is inebriety; its frequency among the lower orders keeps them in poverty. The "cabaret" (wine and brandy shop) absorbs a great portion of their earnings. This vice is not confined to men; the women partake of it.'—*Senior*, p. 162.

We have quoted this passage at length to show the similarity of the state of things brought about by the absence of a public provision for the relief and employment of the poor in two countries, otherwise so unlike, as Brittany and Ireland. Though the above picture is a dark one, it but faintly resembles the blackness of Ireland. The 'misery' of Brittany would be unheard-of luxury there. 'Pork, beef, butter, soup, bread, puddings, and cakes,' are things unknown to the small farmer of Ireland, who cannot always procure a full meal even of the eternal dry potato.

It is probable that the system of relief which succeeds so well in the towns of France will, before long, be perfected in the country likewise by the union of communes under district boards.

AUSTRIAN STATES.—There are no returns from Vienna in the volume before us; nor is there any cause assigned for their absence. We have reason to believe that institutions exist in Austria proper and Hungary very similar to those of Prussia and Bavaria. That the effectual relief of the destitute is looked upon as a matter of prominent interest by that government, even in its Italian provinces, is proved by the large sums annually made over by it in Venice to supply the deficiency of local funds. Mr. Money's report from Venice is the only statement given in the Appendix as to the system of relief prevailing in any part of the Austrian dominions. It appears from this that a commission of public charity is organized there, whose duty it is to investigate and relieve all cases of real distress. The relief is usually afforded in weekly allowances of money. There are likewise houses of industry, where work of various descriptions is provided for the able-bodied. In winter relief is distributed in food and clothing. The funds at the disposal of the commission consist of charitable endowments, contributions from the commune, and from the government. In the last year, 42,705 individuals (*being very nearly one-half of the entire population*) received some relief; and the number in houses of industry and hospitals was 4667. The total expenditure may be taken to average 100,000*l.* sterling for the city of Venice alone, which now contains a population of 112,000. Of this sum the government contributes about one-half. Mendicity is strictly prohibited, and punished by the police. Every commune in the Venetian provinces (and the same law, we know, prevails through the Milanese) is bound to support the poor and indigent within its limits, whether they be natives of the commune or not; but they have a claim

claim for repayment on the parish to which the pauper belongs, which is that of his birth, unless he have gained a settlement elsewhere by *ten years'* residence.

We have now gone through nearly all the states of Europe, and found in each a methodical system of relief for the poor, embracing all the leading principles of the English system, and, with few exceptions, answering the object proposed, that, namely, of extirpating mendicity, preventing destitution, and removing that excuse for and provocative to crime which destitution necessarily affords.

There remain only the nations of the south of Europe, Spain and Portugal, southern Italy, Greece, and Turkey. The reports from some of these countries are wholly wanting. Where we have reports, the relief of the poor seems to be imperfectly organized, though considerable establishments of a charitable nature exist. In fact the monasteries themselves may be considered in these countries as supplying in a great degree the wants of the poor. We have no accounts from Spain, or the Roman or Neapolitan states. In *Portugal*, besides the monasteries, there are houses of refuge for the poor at various places, called 'Misericordias,' which are supported by royal gifts, bequests, and private donations. Other houses, called 'Recolhimentos,' take in a limited number of aged and infirm poor of both sexes, lodge, clothe, and feed them. These establishments are supported in part by *the municipalities*. There are also public hospitals in the towns where the sick poor are received and treated gratis. Foundling hospitals here, as throughout the south of Europe, and even France and Belgium, offer a ready refuge for illegitimate children and orphans. In most towns there are schools open for the education of poor children free of expense. The institutions for the poor in *the Azores* seem to be of a similar character. In the *Sardinian states* there are hospitals for the sick in every town and large village, and many charitable institutions; but there is no sufficient relief secured to the destitute, and, in consequence, the country swarms with mendicants, whom the law, however severe, cannot deter from following their disgusting and degrading avocation. Those who have travelled through that country must have been struck by the contrast it affords in this respect to other European states. In *Greece* and *Turkey* there are a few hospitals, charitable establishments of a religious nature, and khans, where vagrants are provided with shelter and food. In *Turkey*, schools are attached to the mosques, in which children of every description receive gratuitous instruction in reading and writing.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—The system of the United States was derived from that of England. It is, in fact, the

43rd of Elizabeth, modified in the different provinces by the exigencies of their local circumstances. The States have been much occupied of late, like ourselves, in reforming the administration of their poor-laws. The changes they have made consist principally in endeavouring to avoid giving relief out of the workhouse, and in making the workhouse an abode in which none but the destitute will remain. Compared with our own, the system is in general rigid. We need scarcely remark that this severity is perfectly proper in a country whose boundless margin of unappropriated land, of the first quality, offers a sure resource for every able-bodied person who is willing to live by his industry—while the same degree of severity would be unjustifiable in an over-peopled country possessing no such resource. Let England offer every able-bodied pauper a free conveyance to her Canadian provinces, and the more rigorous workhouse system of the United States may safely and justly be introduced here—but not till then. We hope this distinction will be borne in mind by our Poor-Law Commissioners, and that they will not be in a hurry to copy the severest regulations of the American system—such as the sale of every pauper's goods before relief is granted to him—the taking away of children from their parents—and their dispersion to different parts of the state beyond their reach or knowledge. The American poor-law fulfils perfectly the great object of the institution—the prevention of mendicancy, and the disorders which unrelieved destitution could not but occasion. Jonathan grumbles a little sometimes at the cost; and some writers there, as here, have argued, from the occasional abuse of the principle, against its use. But the universal establishment and maintenance of the law in every part of the Confederation is the best proof of its acknowledged utility.

Thus it appears that every state in the world professing to call itself civilized, whatever its form of government, whether monarchical or republican, possesses institutions established by positive legal enactments, for preventing destitution, by affording a certain relief to those who are on the verge of it—Ireland alone excepted! Even Siberia has its poor-law! The despotic government of Russia holds itself responsible for affording the means of existence to every one of its subjects. In Ireland alone is to be found a population abandoned to the mercy of the elements, of chance, or rather of the legal owners of the soil, who are protected by an armed police and a strong military garrison in the exaction of unheard-of pecuniary rents from a destitute tenantry—rents which are only paid by the exportation of the great bulk of the food

food raised in the country, leaving those who grow it a bare subsistence on a diet of potatoes; eked out occasionally by weeds!

There rests not so foul a blot, we fearlessly assert, on the character of any other government! The wretchedness of the mass of the people of Ireland has no parallel on the face of the globe in any nation, savage or civilized! A population of eight millions, left to live or die as it may happen! And what is the consequence of such neglect? Let the tremendous power exercised by base craft—power based on the misery of the people, and their despair of obtaining protection or relief from the established government and legislature—let this be our first, as it is the most obvious, answer to this question. But the first report of the Commission of Inquiry into the state of the poor in Ireland has just fallen into our hands, and we cannot devote our remaining space to any better purpose than that of giving an abstract of the appalling evidence with which that frightful volume teems of the condition to which neglect has reduced one-third of the population of the British Islands.

The volume we have before us embraces only the first part of the subject, namely, the condition of the poor of Ireland, and the imperfect modes of support to which they are driven from want of any legalized system. The inquiry has been carried on in a praiseworthy manner, apparently with perfect fairness and openness; and the result is given in a form which is not only easily accessible, but obviates all suspicion of management for the purpose of supporting particular views. Assistant commissioners were sent into different parts of the country. They held sittings in some one parish in *every* barony of *seventeen* different counties—in all, in upwards of one hundred parishes. At these meetings they obtained the attendance of persons of all classes, from the land-owner and magistrate to the mendicant himself, and by questions addressed to this assemblage, and which were suggested by lists furnished from the Central Board, they elicited answers elucidatory of all the different points of inquiry. These answers were written down in the words they were given in, and the minutes of the examination were forwarded immediately to the commission in Dublin. They are now printed as sent in, except that a division has been made of them under several distinct heads, with reference to the different classes of poor, *viz.*—1. Deserted and Orphan Children; 2. Illegitimate Children, and their Mothers; 3. Widows, with Families of Young Children; 4. the Impotent through Age or Infirmary; 5. the Sick Poor; 6. the Able-bodied out of Work; 7. Vagrants. This mode of treating the subject we consider a very judicious one. It brings the contents of this bulky volume under the eye in distinct masses,
each

each containing a separate subject, while the local arrangement being preserved throughout each, the reader is enabled to follow that order, if he prefer it. In the English inquiry, there was so great a variety in the modes of administering the poor-laws in different districts, that it became perhaps necessary to arrange the evidence under topographical heads. In Ireland, there is a striking uniformity in the wretched poverty of the people through every quarter of the country, varied only by the different characters of individual landlords or of their agents. The discrepancies that appear on the face of the evidence are not owing to the shifting of the scene from Leinster to Connaught, but from the estate of one noble lord to that of another—or to its being taken down from the mouth of a landlord or a farmer, a rich man or a poor one. Trifling variations of this nature are obvious throughout this volume; but a general admission runs through the whole of the almost intolerable evils of the present state of things.

We now present our readers with a brief abstract of the evidence under the several heads above mentioned; and, to avoid all charge of misrepresentation, we shall employ for the most part the very words either of the assistant commissioners themselves, or of the witnesses whom they examined in open courts, and in the presence of their neighbours of every grade in society.

1. *Deserted and Orphan Children.*—Deserted children are always supposed to be illegitimate. This is the only class of miserable objects for which the law of Ireland has made any provision whatever, being perhaps the only class that should have been excluded from such care, since the public support of foundlings is undoubtedly an inducement to the crime of their desertion. The churchwardens of every parish are bound to take charge of and provide for deserted children. But since the abolition of church cess there has been a difficulty in procuring the necessary funds, for which a presentment by the judge of assize is supposed to be required; and consequently this practice is much discontinued of late. Exposed children not unfrequently perish before they are discovered, and since the closing of the Foundling Hospital, and the increased reluctance of parishes to provide for deserted children, it is the opinion of not a few that ‘infanticide has taken the place of desertion.’—p. 17. ‘Children are often found dead under suspicious circumstances.’ ‘There are certainly many children buried in private burial-grounds in this and the neighbouring county, with no service performed, and no notice taken of them.’ (Mr. St. George, p. 49.) [The children are not always dead when so buried, as witness the case which occurred at the last spring assizes, where a mother was convicted and executed, for burying her infant *alive*!]

Orphans are very numerous, especially since the cholera swept off so many of the poor. There is no public provision for them. What becomes of them is scarcely known; some get shelter among friends or relatives: some support themselves imperfectly by beggary: others starve! Many cases are mentioned of families of orphans, three, four, or five together, the eldest not above eight or nine years old, without a friend to look after them, wandering from door to door, begging for food. 'In the county of Waterford, near Clonmel, two orphan children died about six years ago of starvation. They were about twelve years old. They perished by the road-side, having fainted away as they were way-faring.'—p. 31.

2. *Bastardy*. Illegitimate children seem to be numerous in most parishes, though their birth is concealed as much as possible, and they often disappear mysteriously. Mr. Nolan 'knows of three cases of infanticide in his parish (Tullow, county Carlow), in the last three years, and four besides of desertion.'—p. 61. Several cases are mentioned, in different parishes, of the bodies of children being found in canals, rivers, eelweirs, ditches, and bogs, or in dunghills, routed up and partly devoured by swine or dogs, &c. Many such cases must occur for one that is detected by the discovery of the infant's remains.

The mother of an illegitimate child may sue the father, by the Irish law, for *wages*, at petty or quarter sessions. The threat of this proceeding frequently (as in England, under the late law of affiliation) brings the father to agree to marriage. 'Nothing is so common as *husband-hunting* in this manner.'—p. 53. But threats of prosecutions for *rape* are almost as frequent for the same object. Mr. Lyons, P. P., is confident that 'nine cases out of ten of rape are *fictitious*, got up for the purpose of forcing marriage.'—p. 53. Prostitution and beggary are the only resources of mothers who are refused marriage, and cannot obtain *wages* from the father. They are generally shunned. 'Their children are brought up in vice and misery, and become pests to society, if, as *seldom happens*, they outlive the age of infancy.'—p. 77. So much for the boasted superiority in *morals* of the Irish peasantry over the English, whom a long receipt of parish relief is said to have depraved and corrupted.

3. *Widows with Children*.—A very numerous class. Out of one hundred families there appear to be usually from twelve to eighteen widows. They are generally described as living in a more wretched state than any other class—if there can be degrees where all seem on the verge of starvation. 'They are seldom half fed. One meal of potatoes a day the utmost they can expect, eked out often with unwholesome weeds.'—p. 141. Mr. Cotter, Rector of the

the parish of Templetrive, county Cork, says, 'I recollect a case which may give some idea of the state to which women of the labouring class are sometimes reduced. About five or six years ago, during a time of distress, I gave a kind of soup to some of them every evening. One evening they came before the soup was ready, and waited in the yard. Some cabbage-stumps that were thrown out of the kitchen were lying about: the pigs and fowls had picked them almost quite bare. I saw myself six or seven of the poor women turn their faces towards the wall and *eat the stumps the pigs had left.*'—p. 161. Little or no employment is open to this class. They occasionally earn a penny or two by spinning; but cannot possibly live on their earnings: frequently resort to the sale of illicit spirits, as a means of livelihood, being screened and countenanced in this, out of compassion, by the neighbours: widows of cottiers and farmers are almost invariably turned out of their holdings on the husband's death by the landlord, utterly unprovided for. 'The landlords find them troublesome.'—'They can seldom pay their rent.' The bailiff of a landlord in Mayo says, 'I have turned out many a widow. I *canted* (sold under distress for rent) all they had in the world, except perhaps the blanket and a bag of potatoes to set out with.' 'These unfortunate outcasts are sometimes suffered by the farmers to erect hovels on the skirts of bogs, or in a ditch by the way-side; such hovels being merely a few sticks leaning against a bank and covered with sods. The landlords, however, discountenance the practice, and, without considering what is to become of the wretched inmates, order the hovels to be pulled down.' If not ejected, their fate is little better. Widow M'Coy furnishes an example of the difficulties which, even under these more favourable circumstances, are to be encountered. She thus tells her own story:—

'I have been near two years a widow. I have five children. The eldest is seven years old. My husband held two acres of land, which I continue to hold, and for which I pay £1. 7s. 6d. rent; it is considered a bargain. My husband left me a cow of little value. I sold it to pay his funeral expenses. I have no means of support except the land. My friends and neighbours till it for me, planting it with potatoes. My cabin fell in soon after my husband's death. The neighbours built me a new one, but the rain comes through the roof, which is badly thatched, and beats in through the walls, which I had not the means of plastering. I sleep on the ground, which is almost constantly wet, and often have not so much straw as would fill a hat. On a wet night I must go to a neighbour's house with my infant-child, born after my husband's death. I have but a single fold of a blanket to cover my whole family. I have had it for eight years. My children are almost naked. I have myself a bad lump on the shoulder, for which I cannot procure medical assistance. It is getting worse through
the

the famishing I have had. I do not expect to hold on the land. My potato-crop this year was bad; it cannot last me many weeks. I stuck to the cabin while I could, but I have now nothing before me for the winter but to walk the world with my children; and they are so young, I must carry three of them.' 'It was agreed,' says the assistant commissioner, 'by all the by-standers, including two magistrates, two protestant rectors, and several catholic priests, farmers, and shopkeepers, that few widows of the smaller landholders, much less of labourers, *can be better* circumstanced than this woman, and that she affords a fair illustration of the common case of a widow sinking into beggary, and of the struggles she makes to hold herself above it.'

The gentry, the report says, scarcely ever assist these poor women;—but the labourers will often work a day or so for them gratis (Sundays) in getting in the crop of their little land, or building them a hovel; 'particularly if their husbands *have suffered in the cause of the country*,' i.e. been executed for shooting a rack-renting agent or a tithe-proctor.—p. 132.

Those who beg usually do so at first away from home: many are driven by distress to prostitution. Some have too much pride to beg, and pine in hopeless misery in some wretched cabin, subsisting on the precarious charity of their neighbours, who are little better off than themselves, till want and disease release them from a life of intolerable hardship. In the single parish of Killaloe, county Clare, the Roman Catholic priest speaks of sixty widows existing in this destitute state. The assistant commissioners visited some of them.

'The first was Mary Slattery. On asking for her at her own door, the decency of her appearance caused surprise, but her comfort was only apparent. "I am," she said, "the widow of a pensioner, and have not a single person on this earth to look to. I can get no employment, and," pointing to the fire, "I had not a sod of turf to warm a drink for my sick child, till a neighbour gave me what is in the grate. All I and my family have had to eat to-day was four cold potatoes, and now I have nothing for my supper. I pay one shilling a week rent for this cabin. I let that corner of it to a woman and her four children for one shilling and sixpence a week, and, though she pays me that, the rain comes down through the roof on her, and she never slept a wink last night, trying how she should keep her bed-clothes dry. As God knows my heart, where I spent the night myself was on the hearthstone, crying and praying that God would look down on me and my children."

This is but a sample of many similar scenes which the assistant commissioners themselves witnessed. It is universally admitted that it is utterly out of all question that a labourer should be able to lay by any provision for his wife and family in case of his sickness or death.

death. It will be seen shortly that it is more than he can do to maintain himself and them when in health and strength.

4. *The Impotent through Age.*—Labourers usually break down at the age of fifty-five or sixty, from the effects of scanty food and clothing, and exposure to the weather. The same is reported of mechanics. 'If there is a bridge to be built, there will not be a man above fifty-five upon it.' The cottiers and small holders decline from forty. 'Poverty bends their spirit and breaks them down.'—p. 203.

The aged have usually been supported by their children, who give them 'a corner, and a bit and sup.' 'If sickly, and in want of nicer food than potatoes, they may die,' for none other is to be had, and well were it had they enough of that to keep life in them.—'But the custom of supporting their parents, which used to be the pride of the Irish peasants, is decaying fast from the pressure of the times and incapacity.' 'Labourers supporting their parents are often reduced to one meal of dry potatoes a day. It comes sometimes to *counting the potatoes.*' Then, as the second family grows large, the daughter-in-law begins to grumble. She will not see her children starved to feed her husband's parents. 'Being always at home,' says one witness, 'she is apt to find her husband's father in the way, and you will see the old man cowering in a corner of the chimney, as if he was endeavouring to hide himself from her.'—p. 230. Domestic quarrels arise, the old people's lives are embittered, and they are at length driven out to beg. This is the common process. An old man says himself, 'The few potatoes, sir, I eat, cannot do me good, for I am afraid they are grudged me; and what is more, I grudge them to myself when I see so many young mouths opening for them.'—p. 189. One witness asserts that the turning out of the aged father is now so common, that 'the contrary is the exception.'—p. 198. Let this statement of *facts* teach us the true value of the sentimental declamations against a poor-law, as 'making children reckless of supporting their aged parents, and destroying every social virtue,' which Dr. Chalmers and others are so fond of repeating. The 'social virtues' are stifled in an atmosphere of misery; and selfishness—the instinct of self-preservation—overpowers every other feeling. When 'it comes to counting the potatoes,' it comes also to be a question with a man whether he would prefer seeing his parents or his children perish before his eyes! And is it to foster the 'social virtues' that we are to reduce our peasantry to the agonizing choice between such alternatives? Or do we not thereby rather unloose every social tie, and excite the outburst of the most savage, desperate, and demoniac passions?

When without children or relatives, the aged labourer, past his work,

work, is driven to mendicancy at once. When fairly entered on this trade, they generally live better than their sons, who work for their livelihood.—p. 235. The assistant commissioners remark, that the condition of the regular beggar is so far better than that of every description of labourer, that it is only astonishing that every man has not long since thrown away his spade and gone to beg.

When crippled, however, sick, or bedridden, the aged poor who have no relatives drag on a wretched life, upon a few cold potatoes brought them by kind neighbours, till death releases them. Few of the old people have clothes enough to cover them—still less bedding, or even a blanket. ‘One old woman, who had got a blanket given her by Mr. Ogilby, had been obliged to convert it first into a gown, and then into a petticoat: this was her only clothing by day and night.’—p. 282.

The *bashful poor* (*pauvres honteux*) will sometimes die rather than beg. The Rev. Mr. Gibson mentions the following case:

‘The wife and family of a man who had been respectable died here of want a short time since. They could not get anything to eat at times more than once in two days. They died rather than beg. I did not hear of the extremity of their distress till too late to save them.’—p. 224.

Cases of this nature are not uncommon. Mr. Riley says: ‘Two months ago I saw an old woman, eighty years of age, going over the bridge to beg her breakfast. When she got to the top she stopped to rest herself, and when I came up to her she was dead!’—p. 303. Dr. Walsh, the dispensary surgeon of Naas, county Kildare, states it as his decided and deliberate opinion, that many persons in his parish have of late actually died from want of the necessities of life.

When asked to give an opinion on the propriety of a legal provision for the aged, the farmers and shopkeepers generally approved of it, though the former are greatly alarmed at the idea of a ‘new tax.’ But if the landlords are to be made to pay a fair proportion, they surely must gain by the change, as the burden of supporting the poor now falls almost exclusively upon them. ‘The gentry never give to beggars. High walls surround their demesnes, and a dog is kept at the gates to prevent the entrance of a beggar.’ Absentees, even in times of dearth or infectious disease, send over no subscriptions. ‘They send nothing over but *latifats* and *ejectments*,’ says the Rev. Mr. Burke.—p. 222.

‘None of us recollect a single instance of an old tenant being supported by his landlord, or being permitted to hold the ground after he ceased to pay the rent. No matter how long a man, or his parents before him, may have held under a gentleman, when he fails of being able to pay the rent, he must walk away.’—p. 205. We

We hope these statements are too broad—but that they are substantially true, who can doubt?

5. *Sick Poor*.—No fund exists for the relief of the poor when sick or diseased. If the disease is not contagious, they are charitably tended by friends and neighbours of their own class, who will share their last potato with them. 'If the disease is contagious, they are either put out of the cabin into a temporary hut, or the rest of the family leave it and them. Any nourishment the neighbours may give is then left at the door, and the creatures crawl out and take it in.'—p. 288. The Rev. Mr. Flood states, 'I have often known whole families in fever, and not a soul would hand them a glass of water. Many have been disabled for life by scrambling out of bed to get what has been left for them at the door.'—p. 307. 'Many die from want of care and nourishment. They suffer from bad keeping and bad clothing, exposed to the cold and wet, without anything better than a dry potato.'

'The day before yesterday,' says a witness examined by the assistant commissioners, 'a woman from this town was coming from Galway, and took ill on the road. The neighbours thought she had the cholera, and refused to let her into their houses. Her daughter was with her all night. She lay by the side of the ditch, and died in the morning.'—p. 288. Mr. Hamilton has 'known whole families sink unattended, one after another, of disease, in huts erected for them by the road-side, which they were unable to leave; and he has known two cases of persons dying by the road-side, unsheltered, before such a hut could be erected for them.'—p. 292. Persons attacked with cholera constantly die without any help.—p. 290.

'I have known,' says Dr. Develin of Ballina (Galway), 'in one family, the mother, the three daughters (one of them married, pregnant), and the son, to be all lying ill of fever at the same time. Their only attendant was the father, an old man, above eighty years of age, who sat up watching them night after night. The only bed that was raised from the ground was given to the son, who was looked to as the future support of the family. The mother and daughters lay, two and two, on straw spread on the damp floor of the cabin, one beside the fire, the other beside the door, which was not nearly large enough to fill the entrance, and was of course almost useless for excluding the air. Outside the door stood the stagnant pool, sending forth the most unwholesome exhalations; there was no one to remove it. They were unable to procure the nourishment proper for their condition. In fact they were destitute of any food but that with which their poor neighbours supplied them, potatoes, and occasionally milk, which they left at the door, being afraid to enter the cabin. Of course the old man could render no efficient assistance. I found him one day kneeling toward the bed, crying over one of his daughters that was dying, while

while another was crawling along the floor to reach some relief to the third, who was lying with her in the same bed. Four died altogether out of this family; two before I saw them, and two afterwards. This is one case only out of many that I could mention equally deplorable.'

The same witness says, that though the poor in his district do not often die of actual starvation, through the aid mutually afforded to each other in extremity, 'death constantly ensues from complaints induced by insufficient or unwholesome food—owing to this, and the want of sufficient clothing, either by day or night, they are subject to complaints that at the age of forty inflict on them all the infirmities of sixty.'—pp. 290, 291.

Another medical witness (and we dwell upon such evidence as being not only the most experienced and enlightened, but the most impartial of all), Dr. Powell, says :

'I am quite sure many scores of sick perish every year for want of proper sustenance. *Our diseases themselves are evidently caused by cold, and hunger, and nakedness! The poor man regaining his appetite on recovering finds nothing to eat: a little food would restore him, but he sinks for want of it.*'—p. 296.

The dispensary-surgeons all unite in declaring that the larger proportion of the cases they attend are diseases of the stomach, scorbutic, dropsical, or pulmonary, brought on solely by insufficient or unwholesome food, and want of clothing and shelter from the weather. Dropsy from these causes is frequent among the young.

'Only last week,' says Dr. Longhead, 'I performed the operation of tapping on a girl of seventeen, whose disease was in my opinion solely occasioned by the long-continued want of a diet sufficiently nutritive; and some time since I tapped a man and his wife within the same hour, under similar circumstances. Indeed I scarcely know how to convey any adequate idea of the extreme destitution of the sick poor of this neighbourhood. In cases that I have attended as a midwife that required the use of the forceps, it has been no uncommon thing to be obliged to borrow the door of some neighbouring cabin, overlaying it with some little straw, as the only means (in the absence of anything like a bed) to raise the patient from the floor. I am at present attending the family of a poor labourer of the name of John Denison, whose sole means of subsistence are derived from the produce of one acre of bad rocky ground, for which (with the hovel they live in) he pays a rent of 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, and certainly has not more than an average of 1*s.* 6*d.* a week wages. He has a wife and eight children, and every one of the latter are now sick in scarlet fever.'—p. 297.

'Often,' say the medical men examined, one and all, 'do we administer medicine to the sick, when we well know that food and clothing are the real remedies wanted to rescue them from the grave'—

grave'—remedies indispensable, but not to be procured! Dr. Walsh says:

'In many instances when I have spoken of gruel as necessary for the patient, I have been told I might as well order them claret, because they had neither the materials nor the turf to boil it.' 'I have frequently found *the sick lying on the bare damp ground, and without any covering*, straw being considered a luxury which the pig only, who pays the rent, has the right to enjoy.'—p. 303.

The assistant commissioners visited some of the poor of Naas, county Kildare:—

'The first cabin entered was that of a woman who was labouring under the disease of water in the chest. She appeared as if she had but a short time to live, and stated, "I have only this morning been able to rise from that straw. I felt a sort of gnawing about my heart, and thought I could manage to eat a bit. The only thing I had was these few potatoes" (pointing to some on the ground between her and a little girl, who had, a few days before, recovered from the small-pox). "You see, Sir," she continued, "they are rotten the most of them, and all are wet; I tried, and find I can't eat them; and even if I was well I think it would be the same thing."—p. 303.

In some few places there are charitable loan-funds for relief of the sick, but with very scanty and inadequate funds—'*the gentry and landlords seldom subscribing*.' In others there are dispensaries supported partly by a rate, partly by voluntary subscription. But the dispensary-doctors, as mentioned above, can only distribute medicine, while the first thing wanted is generally food.

A short sickness is almost certain ruin to a labourer or a small farmer. He seldom gets over it. All his little goods, his cow, his pig, even his tools, are sold for food and medicine. He gets into arrear with his rent; and of this ejection (which is but another word for annihilation) is the certain consequence.

'They are often heard to cry "They are tired of life, and don't care how soon death seizes them." A man in this situation becomes reckless and desperate. Mr. Townsend, chief constable of police in county Longford, gives his opinion that "many are driven by destitution to become the ready instruments of political excesses in the hands of the disaffected." He goes on,—

'The other night my police went to execute a warrant against a man for *Whitefootism*, and on entering the house they found *twelve children and four women lying on some straw, scattered on a wet floor, with no covering but an old tarpaulin thrown over the sixteen persons*.'—p. 304.

Whitefootism, indeed! Ye who, full fed with every luxury, and reclining on silk-encased plumes, lift up your eyes and hands with indignation at the atrocity of the Whitefeet, say what would be
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your feelings, what your conduct, if your share of the blessings conferred by civilization, order, and a paternal government, amounted to no more than a leaky shed for shelter, rotten straw to lie on, a tarpaulin for a covering to you and fifteen others, and what dry potatoes you could beg or steal to stave off the gnawings of famine? The wonder, surely, is not that men become monsters under such circumstances—that they make war upon the world and the world's law, which neglects and oppresses them—that, being left to the destitution of the savage, they exhibit his disposition, adopt his system of self-preservation, and disregard the first principles of society—No!—the wonder is, that *philosophers* are found audacious enough to maintain that sufferings such as those we have related *should remain unrelieved*, in order to keep up the charitable sympathies of the poor for each other, and to preserve a wholesome *moral* feeling among them, uncontaminated by the 'odious interferences' of a legal provision for the destitute; or *British senators* who, like Lord Westmeath (p. 308), declare that 'a poor-law can in no shape be levied in Ireland without an atrocious violation of the rights of property!' What are his lordship's notions of the rights of life? are they protected by the law of Ireland? or are they so subordinate to the rights of property, that hundreds must be tortured out of existence to enable a single peer to levy the last farthing of his extortionate rental?

6. *Able-bodied out of work.*—Throughout the whole of Ireland it appears that employment is not only scarce, but is hardly to be obtained by any for a part of the year varying from four to six months—being the interval between the last sowing and the gathering in of the crops, or from June to August, and again from December to February. Thus, in the parish of Boyle, county Roscommon,—

'There are 188 resident labourers in the town and suburbs, out of whom *only* 11 are in constant employment!' 'The labourers are frequently, during the summer months, reduced to one meal a-day, and that of dry potatoes, and no milk.'—p. 388.

In the parish of Ballymont, county Sligo, John Scanlan says:

'I live in a village in which there are 19 farmers. There are 23 families besides, who have no ground, and are dependent on the wages they can get from us. We cannot give them *more than four weeks' work in the year*. They strive to have some con-acre besides.'—p. 391.

Con-acre is the usual resource of the labouring man, whose earnings would not in general support him and his family for a third of the year. By this term is meant the obtaining permission from the farmer to take a crop of potatoes off a few perches of land, which the poor man either manures himself with the dung of his pig, or rents at an exorbitant price, varying from eight to twelve guineas per acre.

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'The sort of potato generally used is the "*lumper*," as it grows more abundantly, and requires less manure than other descriptions. Doyle says, "If it were not for the plentiful produce of this potato, the scarcity of the summer that has just passed would have been starvation. The poverty of the people is bringing it into general use. It is of a soft, watery quality, and is both unwholesome and unpalatable food; pigs will not thrive upon it." Mr. Stoney, Mr. Hughes, Captain Stewart, &c. agree "That in *ordinary seasons* there is one-fifth of the population who have *not a sufficiency even of this unwholesome food*; and years of scarcity are so frequent, that they must enter largely into any calculation of the general condition of the people." Mr. Hughes says, "In the year 1831, a cargo of potatoes arrived in this port (Burrischoole, county Mayo). On opening the hatches, the stench proceeding from them was so great, and evinced such a state of decay, that they were thrown overboard as unfit for use. The people crowded to the beach, and plunged up to their middle in the water to gather them, and the rottenness might be seen oozing through the sacks in which they carried them away. Numbers were taken sick from using them, and I have been told that even the fowls that ate them died. This was mere hunger, and I cannot give you a better idea of the want that prevailed here this year (1834), when it was not heard of beyond our parish, than by telling you I am confident that numbers would have been glad to have had the same opportunity of procuring such food again." John Cornfield (a small farmer) says: "I knew last summer (1834), in my village, a family of nine to be trusting to eight stone of potatoes for the week;—[if not stinted they would consume upwards of three stone in the day]—and it is not of one family or one village that I speak; but I know 60 families in the same state."—p. 373. "I think one-half of the *landholders* and *labourers* are supported by the other half during the scanty season."—p. 355. "I have often gone into a labourer's house, and saw the children crying for food; the father was there, but had nothing to give them, and could get no work." p. 408. "I am certain," says the Rev. Mr. O'Kean, "that very many die of bad food, cold at night, and hardships. I knew two landholders of three acres each, who, last year, had but one meal of potatoes a day for the whole summer."—p. 529. "Many a man has cut his only blanket in two, and sold one-half of it for food, rather than beg."—p. 376. "Half the labourers have no bedstead, but lie on straw spread on the ground." And they find great difficulty in getting enough of this for occasional change. "As to bed-clothes, in many houses the inmates have nothing to cover them at night beyond the garments which they have worn by day, and many must lie down in their day-clothes, although they should be dripping wet."

Hugh O'Malley was examined by the commissioners in Ennis, county Mayo. His case presents a fair specimen, they say, of that great class which is part landholder and part labourer. He says:

'I have a wife and four children. I hold three-quarters of an acre of land, for which I pay 1*l.* taken out in labour. This generally gives

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me and my family potatoes for five or six months of the year. I get an occasional day's labour. I have often taken 3d. a day rather than sit idle. My wife may earn 1½d. on a day she is employed to spin; but if she is employed one day, she may not be employed again for a month. She has been sickly for the last seven years.' [Mr. Lyons says her complaint is one of those that are common here, arising from the nature of the food used by the poor, which is such, that if a person used to wholesome diet were reduced to subsist on it, he would not be alive in a month.] 'During the past summer I had not enough, nor anything like enough, of potatoes for myself and my family. It will be worse next summer. My potato crop has failed this year. The cause was that I had no proper seed. My crop used to last till May—now I am bare in November. I have got a month's stock of potatoes. When these are gone, as I expect no employment, I do not know how we are to live afterwards, but *go upon God*.' 'My family never begged but twice, once for three weeks, and again for a month; but I will not be able to keep them from it this winter. . . . I have not worn shoes for ten years. I have had no stockings but such as you see; the legs of stockings a neighbour gave me when he had worn out the feet of them. I have not got a new coat this five years. This is an old one a neighbour gave me six months ago; you see it is nothing but rags. There is a son of mine (putting forward a half-naked boy about eleven or twelve years old), he never wore breeches, he never had one; this is a borrowed coat he has on him (a man's coat all rags, dangling and trailing about him). You see he has nothing else covering him but his shirt. That shirt is the only stitch of clothing he has of his own. . . . We lie on straw that we get from some neighbour in charity; we do not change it; we do not part with it at all, but as it wastes away the neighbours give us a wisp to add to it. (O'Donoghoe says, "When persons of his class cannot procure straw, they pull the rushes that grow on the sand-banks, and shake the sand from the roots, and spread them as a bed for themselves, just as they would litter pigs.") All the bed-clothes we have is the single fold of a blanket and a sheet. My wife and I use the blanket; the children all lie together, and have no covering but the sheet. There are numbers in the parish as badly or worse off than I am.

Mr. Lyons adds—'That man is as fair a sample of his class as could be produced to you, or rather a *favourable sample*, as he is an honest fellow, well known, and befriended by his neighbours.'—p. 395. He continues—'According to a census which I made two years ago, there were then in this parish 751 men who had no shoes, and were unable to procure them; out of a population of 9000 there were 3136 persons, male and female, who within five years had not purchased any important article of clothing, as a gown, a coat, &c. As to night covering, of 1618 families, the entire population, 1011 have only one blanket each, such as it is; 299 families have *no blanket at all*. Until I made this census, I had no idea that there were families in the parish who lay without a blanket; and even when on inquiry I was told they had

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none, I could scarce believe they meant more than that they had not sufficient; but I ascertained that they were literally destitute of any. This may serve to show how little the poverty of the people can be understood by persons viewing it at a distance; when I, their parish priest, living among them, was ignorant of its extent until I made the most scrutinizing personal inquiry. The people would hide their poverty even from me.'

In the same parish Mr. Meredith, chief constable of police, relates that he searched last year fifteen houses for some offenders guilty of an outrage, the object of which was to compel the farmers to lower the price of potatoes during a scarcity. In the whole he found only a few stone of potatoes in the corner of a box. In one instance, on removing a bundle of weeds which stopped a hole, the only entrance to a hovel, and creeping in, he found the man he was in search of lying on bare straw by the side of his pregnant wife. He had to take him from her side, he says, 'to be transported for an offence to which it was evident the fear of impending starvation had driven him.'—p. 387.

But we should never have done were we to continue quoting the scenes of misery which we meet with one after the other as we turn over the leaves of this terrific volume. Every page teems with such as those we have extracted at random. Nor have we yet mentioned half the forms of wretchedness exhibited by the able-bodied labourer of Ireland. In the dearth of proper food the substitutes resorted to are various. They 'lie in bed all day "to stifle the hunger."' Unwholesome shell-fish, weeds, especially the wild mustard or 'pressagh,' a coarse plant which grows amongst the corn, and which 'turns their skin to a yellow colour' (p. 362), and boiled nettles, are commonly eaten in lieu of, or to eke out an insufficient stock of potatoes. They *bleed the cattle*, and eat the boiled blood (p. 379). They dig their potatoes before the crop is half ripe, when they get but one stone for three they would have if they could wait till it ripened. Nay, they are even 'seen, in the beginning of summer, madly pulling up the potato-stalks to get, not the young unformed root, but the old rotten potato that the plant is growing from.'—p. 374.

There is no want of industry among this class, as all the witnesses declare. But when they get work, they are often unequal to it from the weakness caused by previous want. Waldron, a Connaught farmer, says,—

'The poor are willing to work, but there is no one to employ them. Most of them have so much hunger in their faces, that no one would give them their food for all the work they could do. They are under a compliment of life to any man, and under the lash of the world.'—p. 369. 'I wanted a labouring man for a day lately, and his wife had to come in the morning for the price of his breakfast beforehand, or he

he could have done no work that day. . . . They want and hope for nothing but employment. Hundreds would think it good wages to be made sure of *one good meal* of potatoes a day to themselves and their families in return for their labour.'—p. 485. 'A *spring-well, if it were all ink*,' (says one of the witnesses examined, seeing the Commissioners taking notes,) 'would not write for you all the miseries they suffer.'—p. 368.

As might be expected, CRIME is occasioned by such fearful want. It is only wonderful that any respect is preserved for property amid such a wholesale, though gradual, destruction of *life*—of life, which the law of Ireland seems to think beneath its notice. The habit of pilfering potatoes, chiefly from the pits, which are necessarily exposed, is common. Wool is plucked from the sheep's back. Turf is frequently stolen, and cabbages and turnips where they are grown; though the certainty of suffering from such depredations very generally prevents their being raised.—p. 383-6. 'The sufferers under these petty thefts 'do not think of prosecuting the offenders, knowing it is famine drives them to it.'—p. 360. 'It would be a relief to one-half of them to be transported.' The governor of the gaol of the county of Westmeath gave the assistant commissioners the names of twenty-five individuals, mostly young persons of both sexes, who, within the last twelve months, had committed minor offences, chiefly, as he believed, to obtain the shelter and food of the prison.—p. 411. 'If there was plenty of work, there would be no Terry Alts.'—p. 361. 'When a man has nothing to eat, and nothing to do but think of his misery, strange thoughts are apt to come into his head, and it is hard for him to keep them out,' says one of the class.—p. 367. Mr. Nolan knew forty-two families dispossessed of their holdings in the Queen's County, and consequently without resources, five of whom had combined to murder the landlord and his agent, who were to pass by that night. Mr. Nolan went to the wood where they were hid, and persuaded them to give up their fire-arms, or they would certainly have committed the murder. The same witness mentioned another case in which he prevented a man, who was rendered desperate, from shooting his landlord, in a similar way. The labourers constantly, he asserts, through destitution become reckless, and commit crimes of violence.—p. 397.

It has been sometimes asked, if labourers who hold land cannot get employment, why do they not employ themselves in the improvement of their own lands? The answer is thus given:—'If we showed we were getting better, so much would be immediately added to our rent.' They will not even mend the bye-roads that lead up to their dwellings; they say, if they did, 'the agent *would drive his gig up to the door and raise the rent*.' Instances of this spirit

spirit of exaction among the landowners, depressing all exertion in their tenantry, are frequent. M'Cue, a labourer of Erris (Mayo), says, 'I got the promise of a piece of wild mountain for two years rent free. I built a hovel on it, and reclaimed a part, planting it with potatoes, and my children begged till they were fit to dig. We have now got notice to quit, or to pay 30s. rent. We cannot do this out of the land, and must go.'—p. 307. The crop of con-acre is often not worth the rent due upon the land. 'In this case the crop is seized, and the tenant *processed for the balance*,'—so that he not only loses his labour and seed, but finds himself in debt besides. A bailiff declares he has, after seizing and selling the crop on account of others, been often obliged to sue for the balance. His words are, 'A thousand times I have done it.'—p. 377.

The rent of con-acre is paid out of the earnings of the labourer in harvest, chiefly in England. While away, the wife and children subsist by begging. Many desert their families altogether, finding it utterly impossible to maintain them, and emigrate to England or to America.—p. 401.

The scarcity of employment is daily increasing through the rapidly increasing numbers of the poorer classes. No fact is more universally admitted throughout this Inquiry than that which we have so often urged in opposition to the Malthuses and Martineaus, namely, that early marriages are caused by extreme misery. The *uniform* answer to the query of the commissioner was, that those who are most wretched marry soonest, as 'knowing they cannot be worse off than they are.' Indeed, no economical fallacy was ever more completely opposed to fact, as well as reasoning, than that which induced so humane a man as the late Mr. Malthus to preach the revolting doctrine that the poor should be left to starve, lest they should propagate their numbers too rapidly. Ireland incontestably demonstrates that it is when they are on the verge of starvation that they multiply the fastest.

It is quite clear that society suffers, at present, in the various ways we have mentioned, far more than it could from any assessment for the relief and employment of the destitute. This seems to be becoming, at last, a general opinion even in Ireland itself. But one of the worst forms of evil engendered by the total neglect of the claims of the poor is yet to be described, viz.—

7. *Mendicancy and Vagrancy*.—From what precedes it will have been seen that all the poorer classes in Ireland are occasionally driven by destitution to beg. Widows and orphans—the unfortunate mothers of bastard children—the aged, cripples, and the sick—the labourer, the mechanic, and even the farmer in times of distress—all are occasionally beggars in turn; and *therefore* all give alms to beggars, as long as they have anything, lest they may

be refused themselves when their turn comes. *THIS* is the source of the so-much-vaunted sympathies of the poor of Ireland for one another. 'The rich, not being ever pinched with hunger, do not feel the distress of others.' 'They shut their gates, and escape the beggar's importunities.' The burden falls upon the lower and middle classes—the farmers and shopkeepers—but chiefly upon the very poor themselves. 'The farmers are in general very liberal, yet those who rank lower are in truth more charitable: the farmer *does not feel the hunger so often sticking to him* as the poor man does.' 'The relief of the poor falls on us, *the real poor*.'—p. 522. The poor give away what they are sure to want very shortly themselves. 'Every one who has a potato will share it.' The very beggar often divides the contents of his wallet with one whose bag is empty. There is an old saying current, 'Beg from a beggar.' A fear of 'the beggar's curse,' or the wish for his blessing, are some of the motives to this general almsgiving; but the more usual and strongest is the sympathy of the poor for each other, and a sense of the necessity of maintaining the practice for their own sake, against the time when they may be driven to 'take to the bag.'

Those who are driven to beg occasionally rarely do so, through shame, in the neighbourhood where they are known. They go to a distance, and become therefore *vagrants*, or wandering mendicants. 'The number of these at all times strolling through the country is immense.' 'One hundred and twenty beggars will call at my house in a day,' says Mr. D'Arcy. In small towns, from two to three hundred beggars are spoken of as being constantly about the streets. Mendicancy is everywhere described as being much on the increase, owing to the ruin brought on farmers by the low prices of produce, and the numerous ejections which have happened of late years. The tax actually levied in this way must be enormous, though not easily calculated. No one ever thinks of reckoning or considering the quantity he gives away. Meal and potatoes are given by the handful to every one who asks. Most farmers certainly give away what would well maintain an additional labourer through the year. It seems the general opinion, that a farmer, holding ten acres of land, gives away from half a stone to a stone of potatoes a day on the average of the year. The average value of a stone is 3*d.*, so that if this proportion were preserved through Ireland, where there are twelve millions of acres under cultivation, the poor-tax actually paid *by the landholders alone*, at present, (not to reckon the shopkeepers and middle classes in towns, nor the gentry,) would reach to *three millions* sterling a year!—at which sum, indeed, it was calculated long since by Sir R. Wilmot Horton. In towns, to which the beggars naturally

naturally flock from the country, the burthen falls heavily on the shopkeepers. In the little town of Ballina, county Mayo, the witnesses concurred in estimating the cost of relieving the importunate beggars that crowd round their doors 'to be an average of 5*l.* per annum—many less than that, but some 7*l.* or 10*l.*' Mr. Loftus knows 'more than one that it must cost from 20*l.* to 30*l.* a year.'—p. 496. Is it not evident from all this, that a tax methodically raised and prudently administered would be infinitely less burdensome than the wholesale tribute which is now exacted in so painful, disgusting, and pernicious a manner?

As an example of the mode of life of a labourer's family forced from want of employment to subsist by mendicancy, we extract the story told by Mary Hanley, which the witnesses present agreed might be taken as illustrative of the condition of the class:—

'My husband is a labourer, but does not get sufficient employment to support his family, so I must beg with my children for the most part of the year. I have six children, and have been fifteen years married. I have been begging for eleven of them. My husband never begged himself. The days he is employed we never beg: he gives me his wages to buy food for the family. The days he has no work (and that is most days) I and the children go out and beg for ourselves and him. We live in a deserted cabin, shifting our bed from side to side according as the wind blows, or as the rain falls from the roof; and that sort of lying has left my eldest child, a girl fourteen years old, a cripple that she cannot stir out; she was a healthy child at first; but from the damp and cold she took pains in her arms and legs, and she is a cripple to-day. Myself and my children are so naked, that when we go out to beg, I must take the blanket out to cover us; the wetter the day the more we want it, and when we come home at night we have nothing else to lie under. We would use three stone of potatoes a-day if we could get them. I am seldom able to get more than a stone and a half by begging. I get nothing else but a drop of broth perhaps, seldom any milk, and perhaps three halfpence or twopence a-week in halfpence; often no halfpence at all. In summer, when potatoes are scarce, I have often been days that I did not gather half a stone a-day. Where would we get it all of us that are looking for it then? *I have often made five parts of a potato to divide it with my children.* I am relieved principally by the shopkeepers, and I have often got potatoes from the labourer that has been forced to send his own family to beg the week afterwards. That man beyond,' (pointing to Walsh, a labourer present,) 'has often brought my children the potatoes, boiled and raw, when he was buying them himself, and had not the employment to buy enough of them for himself.' ['I did,' says Walsh, 'divide my dinner with her, and remain hungry myself; I would rather do it than that her children should go to bed without food.' 'And she herself,' says Fitzstephen, a broken-down labourer, likewise present, 'has given me, when I went into

her house, part of the potatoes she has gathered for her family. *No one feels for the poor person who has a helpless family like one who has a helpless family himself.*] 'I do not go to the country gentlemen's houses; they do not like to see people like me coming about their houses at all. I would not be let inside the gate. If there were a house of industry in the parish I would be happy to go into it. Would I not be happy to take my six children into such a house, where they would get enough to eat—they that have often to fight for a potato?'

Another female mendicant, examined at the same time, sixty-three years old, says,—

'I had no blanket of any sort, till a few days ago I got, as alms, this piece of *old carpet* that I wear round me by day, and if I can bring it in dry at night, throw it over myself and grandchildren. But it often happens that in the cold wet weather, when we want covering most, it has been wet during the day, and we cannot use it. The children have no clothes but as you see them now.'

The Assistant Commissioners remark—

'It was a cold wet day in the latter end of November; she and her grandchildren had been brought in off the street as they were passing, begging from door to door. The children's bodies were partially covered by a single woollen covering frittered to rags. Their heads and feet, arms and legs, were perfectly naked. They stood shrinking from the cold, and endeavouring to shelter themselves under the ragged ends of the piece of worn carpeting that hung from the old woman, who was little better protected from the cold than themselves. In passing through the town we observed a great number of beggars' children in the same condition.'—p. 497.

Besides the occasional beggars who still retain the desire of earning an independent livelihood if possible, and would eagerly accept the offer of emigration or the workhouse, there is an order of professed beggars, into which, however, the former class are found passing as the habit of living by alms grows upon them. People of this stamp are called 'boccoughs,' or fair-beggars, from their frequenting all the fairs and markets of the country. These are often idle impostors, who have a peculiar dress for their trade, of course as ragged as possible; they keep up and exhibit disgusting sores and deformities for the purpose of exciting compassion. Some borrow children for the same object, whom they dress, or rather undress, for effect. Others lead about a maniac or idiot, or deformed child; and this last is a source of great profit to them from the strong feeling of pity entertained among the lower classes of Ireland, as elsewhere, for such unfortunates. Such beggars often gather a great deal more of potatoes, &c., than they can consume. The surplus they exchange for tobacco, or *whisky*. The professed vagrant is usually far better off than the labourer.—p. 517. 'One of the fair-beggars lately, who pretended to be blind, counted the

the money he got on one fair-day in this town. It came to 10s.; besides this he got bread and other matters; and this he called a *bad day*.' 'All the *prayer-hawkers* (beggars who go about reciting long prayers in every house into which they force their way) drink.' 'You may often see the *prayer-rhymers* drunk.'—p. 486. Professed beggars often die with gold about their persons. Many such cases occur in the evidence. One is stated to have given his daughter a marriage-portion of *eighty guineas*, which, in Ireland, where a lamb, a calf, a bedstead, or a blanket, nay, even 'the promise of a pig before the sow is in farrow,' given with a daughter, is quite enough to induce a youth of eighteen or twenty to marry her (p. 386), may be reckoned a 'pretty considerable' fortune.

Infectious diseases are of course spread by wandering beggars, to whom the poor householder, cottier, or labourer never refuses a night's lodging. The cottier often admits the beggar readily in the hope of sharing the contents of his bag. Typhus fever, scrofula, and the itch are thus propagated and preserved through the country. Cleanliness is out of all question; and immorality and bad habits must be equally communicated.

No punishment can be inflicted in the present state of things on the vagrant or professed beggar. Not that there are not laws—and those very severe ones—against mendicancy; but that it is quite impossible to enforce them, as contrary to the universal feeling of the country, which, so long as there is no other resource open to the destitute, will of necessity countenance this, however offensive, burdensome, and pernicious. Indeed, if beggars were to be imprisoned, the prisons must be large indeed, since at present one half of the population is engaged in begging from the other half.

The Supplement to the Appendix from which we have been quoting contains the answers from the magistrates, or parish priests, of several hundred different parishes to nine queries that were transmitted to them by the commissioners. The answers are not so distinct or full as to enable us to give a satisfactory analysis of them; and indeed the substance of most of them has been reported in the foregoing pages. There is one query, the last, the answers to which are strongly indicative of the dreadful extremity to which large numbers of the poor of Ireland are occasionally reduced. The question is, 'Are any persons known to have died of *actual destitution* in your parish within the last three years?' After what has been shown of the extreme sympathy of the poor for each other, it will be obvious that, so long as there is a potato left in any parish, it is difficult to suppose any human being will be allowed to starve outright for want of it. Consequently, the answer generally given is 'None.' But in several instances cases of actual starvation are mentioned, as having occurred within the knowledge
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of the party answering, particularly in the year 1831. Several, for example, in the parish of Ballynakill (Galway). Some in those of Achnagower, Balla, Drum, Kilcommon, and Westport, in county Mayo; twelve in Killmeen, county Cork; twelve in Strokes Town, Roscommon, last October, while the cholera prevailed in it; several in Leighlin Bridge, county Carlow; one in Ballyshehan, Tipperary. Ten are mentioned by Mr. Massy, J. P., as having died in the parishes of Mahoonagh and Feehoo-nagh, 'for want of medical aid and the necessaries of life' (p. 238), with many others. It is, however, obvious that the query has been universally understood as referring to sudden death by sheer starvation, which, for the reason already given, can rarely occur. Had the question been supposed to include deaths of a lingering nature, the result of continued want of the first necessities of life, food, clothing, and shelter, it would have been answered, we fear, in almost every parish, in the affirmative. As it is, a very large number of the answers contain some short statement to this effect:—

'I believe the deaths of many, very many, may be traced to destitution.' 'Many have died of *gradual starvation*.' 'Great numbers have died from diseases generated by the want of sufficient clothing, shelter, and food.' 'Premature deaths from want are of every-day occurrence.' 'The lives of many have been shortened by destitution and privation.' 'Many, who died, would have recovered, had they possessed the common necessities of life.' 'It is a *progressive famine*.' '*They die by inches*.' 'Many die for want of nourishment and attendance in sickness.' 'Cold, nakedness, and bad diet, often cause a premature and languid death.' 'Several I know to have died from gradual inanition, arising from scantiness of food, clothing, and bedding.' 'I have known and attended the death-beds of many who have died of *actual destitution*, but still, on account of the alms of their neighbours, I could not say they died of *hunger*.'—*Supplement to Appendix, passim*.

From these representations of the magistrates and clergy of Ireland, as well as from the uniform statements of the medical practitioners examined by the commissioners, the appalling fact is now therefore ascertained beyond dispute, that a very large proportion of the poorer classes of that country *die of destitution*—of diseases brought on, or prematurely hastened to a fatal termination, by want of the common necessities of life—of even the coarsest kind of food, clothing, or shelter. We make no comment on this fact, or on the other harrowing statements we have thought it our duty, though with disgust and horror, to extract as specimens of the mass of similar descriptions which composes the greater part of the evidence collected by the commissioners. We may remark, however, that the picture of the state of Ireland is not yet complete.

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We hope shortly to have the evidence, not yet printed, on *the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland*; in which will be found, if we mistake not, the main cause of the misery of the Irish people, viz. the exaction of exorbitant rents as the condition of cultivating the land, the sole means of livelihood in that country, by those on whom the law has conferred its *unconditional* ownership, and who collect their rents from a famishing tenantry by help of an English army and an armed police. Nothing but the presence of this overwhelming force, and the extraordinary patience of that long-suffering people, could have admitted of their endurance up to this time of a state of misery unparalleled in any other age or country. Even that patience, however, must have limits, and perhaps they are not far off. Mr. Potter says, (p. 505,) 'I have heard many men declare, that unless something were done for them, it would come to this, that every man should seize whatever he could lay hands on.'

The result of the exposure now officially taking place, after careful and deliberate investigation, cannot but be the speedy enactment of a legal provision for all classes of the destitute poor of Ireland. We say of all classes, because the impossibility of leaving *any one* class in their present condition, after it has been publicly made known, is obvious—because the able-bodied labourer out of work, to whose relief the greatest objection is usually made, appears from the evidence to be generally the most pitiable object of any—because it would be ridiculous to attempt to draw any distinction between *the claims of a man sick from disease, and of one sick from hunger* through the impossibility of procuring work, or between the perishing families of the one and of the other—because the horrible evils of general mendicancy, which disgrace, disturb, and ruin Ireland, can be put a stop to by no measure which shall fall short of securing every well-conducted inhabitant of Ireland from absolute destitution—the able-bodied by employment, the infirm by judiciously administered relief.

Such of the landlords of Ireland as oppose the introduction of poor-laws—(and happy we are to know that many, very many, are in favour of it)—are led to do so, if we believe their ablest advocates, not from any regard to their own interests—not from any fears of the poor-tax falling (as unquestionably it ought to be made to fall) upon *them*, the rich—Oh, no! they think not, disinterested souls! of themselves—but from their excessive regard for *the condition and morals of the poor*, which they are convinced will be dreadfully deteriorated and contaminated by any system of legal relief.* We have shown what the moral and physical con-

* See the Speeches of Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Limerick, and, Mr. O'Connell *passim*.

dition of the Irish poor is at present in the absence of a poor-law. We ask the Right Honourable Chancellor of the Exchequer, *can any thing make it worse?* Show us, we say, in any of the civilized states of the world, all of which (as we have proved from official documents) provide by legal enactments against the destitution of their poor, a picture of *physical* wretchedness half as frightful as that of Ireland, and we will listen with composure to the paradoxical argument which is intended to prove that a law to save the poor from dying of want is an injury to the poor themselves—that to secure food, clothing and shelter to the starving, the naked, and the houseless, is to aggravate their misery! Show us, in any country *cursed* with a poor-law, a state of *moral* feeling at all comparable in its mischief to that existing in Ireland—where the best sympathies of human nature are perverted to the keeping up a mass of disgusting and wasteful mendicancy, covering the whole country with filth, disease, and wretchedness, as with a leprosy, and to the encouragement of outrages of the most savage character—where even the commission of *murder* is a recognized title to popular sympathy, gratitude, and protection*—then, Mr. Rice, and not till then, shall we begin to doubt that a legal security against destitution is an essential element of social organization that ought to accompany the establishment of the right to property of any description—but, above all, of land—the common

* We have quoted from the Report proofs of the peculiar sympathy shown by the peasantry to the orphans of those who have suffered for 'agrarian' offences. But we have reason to know that evidence of a still stronger character will appear in the forthcoming Report. It is notorious that, while the crowd of farmers and labourers at a fair or market in Ireland will aid readily in the apprehension of a *thief*, they will close in and hinder the civil authorities from pursuing a *murderer*. One instance is mentioned of its having come to the ears of the police in one of the western counties that a stranger, lately arrived, had given out privately that he had murdered an agent in a neighbouring county. The man was arrested, and an inquiry instituted, the result of which was that *no such crime had been committed, the character of a runaway assassin having been falsely assumed by the man for the purpose, in which he had been successful, of securing employment, countenance, and support in the neighbourhood where he had come to settle!* The passive participation of crowds in agrarian murders is a fact with which the courts of justice and police annals are perfectly familiar; as well as the almost total impossibility of obtaining evidence of such a deed though witnessed by hundreds, and the universal concurrence of the neighbourhood in screening the assassin. This general sympathy of a people in crimes the most revolting to human nature can only proceed from the extremity of their sufferings; by which they are compelled in the instinct of self-preservation to protect their own lives at all sacrifices. The truth is, that the peasantry of Ireland are united in a secret league against the law which oppresses them, and have substituted for it a law of their own, which has its tribunals, its convictions, its sentences, and its executioners! This law (we have the distinct confession of that able and honest magistrate, the late Lord-Lieutenant for the fact) is stronger and more powerful than the law of the land, and will continue so until the latter is put in harmony with the first principles of natural justice, by providing the peasantry of Ireland with some other resource than crime for maintaining themselves in existence.

gift

gift of God to the people He has brought into existence on its surface.

If ever the will of the Creator was manifested in His works, it is in Ireland, where the soil teems with natural fertility, only needing the labour of its ample and industriously inclined population to produce abundance of every comfort in life for all. God's will, we say, is manifest. HE has filled the earth with plenteousness, that the people he has planted there might enjoy it in return for their labour. How has man perverted his obvious intention! A third of the rich soil lies yet uncultivated; the rest but half-tilled by a dispirited, starved, naked, beggarly, and discontented people, the bulk of the produce of whose industry, such as it is, is swept off to other lands to be sold for the exclusive benefit of a handful of men, whom the law invests with the unconditional ownership of this fair portion of God's earth, and with the power, if they so choose, of absolutely starving *all* its inhabitants! And this law, we wisely expect this unhappy population to cherish, venerate, and implicitly obey!

Shame! shame! we repeat, on that State which of all the civilized world shall be *the last* to recognize the claim of the orphan and the widow, the sick, the aged, and the crippled, on the charity of their wealthy neighbours—the *right* of every peaceable and obedient member of society to the means of existence—the duty which every government owes to the meanest of its subjects—to afford that security to the lives of the many which it lavishes on the property of the few! Shame on the past government of Ireland! Shame on those loud declaimers upon her wrongs, and professed champions of her rights, who have hitherto either openly opposed, or cunningly delayed and frustrated, that all-important measure of simple justice, the denial of which renders Ireland a spectacle of compassion and horror to the civilized world!*

* We remark that Mr. O'Connell has, with his usual versatility, turned once more into an advocate for an Irish poor-law, after virulently opposing it for three years past. We hail the reluctant change, as a sure indication of the general favour which the proposal meets with in Ireland, and to which the all-but omnipotent agitator himself must bow. His speech, to be sure, in the late session, on the second reading of Sir R. Musgrave's Bill, was a repetition of all the fallacies which have been constantly produced *against* the measure for which he on the same day voted! But on his return to Ireland, we find him once more renewing his promise to bring forward a poor-law! *Him!* It is now some years since we warned the British Government, that by delaying to bring forward this necessary measure, while Mr. O'Connell was obstinately opposed to it, they would give him the opportunity of eventually claiming and carrying off all the credit and popularity of it himself, and thus confirm his supremacy. Our anticipation is verified.

ART. III.—1. *African Sketches*. By Thomas Pringle. 12mo. London. 1834.

2. *Ten Years in South Africa, including a particular Description of the Wild Sports of that Country*. By Lieut. J. W. D. Moodie, 21st Fusileers. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1835.

THESE are interesting books, containing the history of experiments in South African colonization, made by two respectable persons, both excellently qualified for describing human manners and natural scenery, though neither of them, we suspect, so well fitted for the practical tasks which circumstances had induced them to undertake. We are sorry to say that one of the authors, Mr. Thomas Pringle, died not long after his 'Sketches' were published. He was a man of great worth and of very considerable literary talents: an honest, warm-hearted man, in whom woeful physical deformities had been unable to chill the natural current of the benevolent affections—kind, generous, and high of spirit—an enthusiastic philanthropist—in the purest sense of the all-comprehensive word, a Christian. No one can consider either his earliest or his latest publications without feeling that he had in him some sparks of true genius; and yet such is the hurry and tumult of competition in these our days, that we fear his name, too, may soon be buried and forgotten. We discharge a pleasing duty in endeavouring, so far as in us lies, to keep the grass from his tombstone.

His father was a small farmer in Roxburghshire, who contrived, with the noble ambition so usual among that class of men, to give the youth, hopelessly lame from infancy in both his nether limbs, such an education as might qualify him for holding a place in some respectable sedentary profession. He passed through his academical studies with credit, and on their completion obtained what no doubt seemed to his friends a situation adequate to all his reasonable hopes—that of a parochial schoolmaster in his native district. Here, however, he soon wrote some poetical pieces, among the rest his 'Scenes in Teviotdale,' which attracted considerable notice, as they well deserved to do; and in a particular manner interested one ever watchful to encourage rising ability—the "Great Minstrel of the Border." Elevated by such approbation, Mr. Pringle began to look on his position as unworthy of him. He removed to Edinburgh, devoted himself to literature as a profession—a step never taken, in this country at least, by any man who did not live to repent it—and, among other adventures, became successively the editor of two magazines. The first of these—that which afterwards took the name of its proprietor, the late Mr. Blackwood—did not remain long in his hands;

hands; the active and acute bookseller found him little fitted for the practical details of such a business—we suppose the two men soon discovered, moreover, that their feelings on political subjects were irreconcilable. On this rupture, Mr. Pringle assumed the management of a rival journal in the same city, which did not prosper under his superintendence, and has since been abandoned altogether. He, in short, became thoroughly disgusted with Edinburgh and with magazines, and was ready to embrace any prospect that might present itself of transferring his energies to a new country and a different species of occupation. In 1819 the government resolved to send out some 5000 new settlers to the Cape of Good Hope, and parliament voted 50,000*l.* to defray the charges of their conveyance. Mr. Pringle's father, though an old man, still in vigour, and perplexed with the difficulty of providing for half a dozen sons, all of whom, except Thomas, had been educated for agriculture only, was one of not a few heads of families in his condition of life who determined to take part in this enterprise. Thomas readily offered himself to accompany his kindred; and his abilities and attainments soon pointed him out as the natural *intellectual* leader and captain of the emigrant band to which these exiles of Teviotdale attached themselves.

His description of the whole party, as they appeared when their disembarkation took place, is very good. Here they are on the beach, waiting for their *route* from the authorities of Cape-Town. Besides his own Scottish friends, he says:—

‘There were respectable tradesmen and jolly farmers, with every appearance of substance and snug English comfort about them. There were watermen, fishermen, and sailors, from the Thames and English sea-ports, with the reckless and weather-beaten look usual in persons of their perilous and precarious professions. There were numerous groups of pale-visaged artisans and operative manufacturers, from London and other large towns—of whom, doubtless, a certain proportion were persons of highly reputable character and steady habits; but a far larger portion were squalid in their aspect, slovenly in their attire and domestic arrangements, and discontented and uncourteous in their demeanour. Lastly, there were parties of pauper agricultural labourers, sent out by the aid of their respective parishes—healthier perhaps than the class just mentioned, but not apparently happier in mind, nor less generally demoralised by the untoward influence of their former social condition. On the whole, they formed a motley and unprepossessing collection of people. I should say that probably about a third part were persons of real respectability of character, and possessed of some worldly substance; but that the remaining two-thirds were composed of individuals of a very unpromising description—persons who had hung loose upon society—low in morals or desperate in circumstances. Enterprise many of these doubtlessly possessed

possessed in an eminent degree; but too many appeared to be idle, insolent, and drunken, and mutinously disposed towards their masters and superiors. And with such qualities it was not possible to augur very favourably of their future conduct and destiny, or of the welfare of those who had collected them in England, and whose success in occupying the country depended entirely on their steady industry."—pp. 130, 131.

This band, the first detachment of the 5000, arrived in the colony early in 1820; and the 'African Sketches' give a lively and picturesque narrative of the fortunes of Mr. Pringle and his immediate connexions down to 1827, when he returned to England. The volume affords, moreover, a great deal of curious and highly-interesting information concerning the state of society and manners, with many beautiful transcripts both in prose and in verse of external scenery, in the wild and remote district where the author found his allotted dwelling-place, and which it would have been happy for him if he had never abandoned.

The Teviotdale detachment presently had their location assigned them,—and with Pringle in the van, after a fatiguing journey of several hundred miles, they at length reached it in safety:—

'At length, after extraordinary exertions and hair-breadth escapes—the breaking down of two waggons and the partial damage of others—we got through the last *poort* of the glen, and found ourselves on the summit of an elevated ridge, commanding a view of the extremity of the valley. "And now, mynheer," said the Dutch-African field-cornet who commanded our escort, "*daar leg uwe veld*—there lies your country." Looking in the direction where he pointed, we beheld, extending to the northward, a beautiful vale, about six or seven miles in length, and varying from one to two in breadth. It appeared like a verdant basin, or *cul de sac*, surrounded on all sides by an amphitheatre of steep and sterile mountains, rising in the background into sharp cuneiform ridges of very considerable elevation—their summits being at this season covered with snow, and estimated to be from 4000 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The lower declivities were sprinkled over, though somewhat scantily, with grass and bushes. But the bottom of the valley, through which the infant river meandered, presented a warm, pleasant, and secluded aspect—spreading itself into verdant meadows, sheltered and embellished, without being encumbered, with groves of mimosa trees, among which we observed in the distance herds of wild animals—antelopes and quaggas—pasturing in undisturbed quietude. "Sae that's the lot o' our inheritance, then?" quoth one of the party. "Aweel, now that we've really got till't, I maun say the place looks no sae mickle amiss, and may suit our purpose no that ill, provided thae haughs turn out to be gude deep land for the pleugh, and we can but contrive to find a decent road out o' this queer hieland glen into the lowlands—like ony other Christian country."—p. 152.

It was on a Saturday evening that they first *outspanned* (i. e. unyoked) on the turf of the valley to which Pringle gave the name of Glen-Lynden. The account of the next day is in our author's best manner.

'Having selected one of the hymns of our national church, all united in singing it to one of the old pathetic melodies with which it is usually conjoined in the sabbath worship of our native land. The day was bright and still, and the voice of psalms rose with a sweet and touching solemnity among those wild mountains, where the praise of the true God had never, in all human probability, been sung before. The words of the hymn (composed by Logan) were appropriate to our situation, and affected some of our congregation very sensibly:—
 "O God of Bethel! by whose hand thy people still are fed;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led:
 Through each perplexing path of life our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us each day our daily bread, and raiment fit provide:—
 O! spread thy covering wings around, till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode our souls arrive in peace."

'While we were singing, an antelope (*oribi*), which appeared to have wandered down the valley without observing us, stood for a little while on the opposite side of the rivulet, gazing at us in innocent amazement, as if yet unacquainted with man, the great destroyer. On this day of peace it was, of course, permitted to depart unmolested.'—pp. 156, 157.

Such was their first peaceful Sunday,—now for the night that followed:—

'The night was extremely dark, and the rain fell so heavily that, in spite of the abundant supply of dry firewood which we had luckily provided, it was not without difficulty that we could keep one watch-fire burning. Having appointed our watch for the night, (a service which all the male adults, masters as well as servants, agreed to undertake in rotation,) we had retired to rest, and, excepting our sentinels, were all buried in sleep, when about midnight we were suddenly roused by the roar of a lion close to our tents: it was so loud and tremendous, that for a moment I actually thought a thunder-storm had burst upon us. But the peculiar *expression* of the sound—the voice of fury as well as of power—instantly undeceived me; and instinctively snatching my loaded gun from the tent pole, I hurried out, fancying that the savage beast was about to break into our camp. Most of our men had sprung to their arms, and were hastening to the watch-fire with a similar apprehension. But all around was utter darkness; and scarcely two of us were agreed as to the quarter whence the voice had issued. This uncertainty was occasioned partly perhaps by the peculiar mode this animal often has of placing his mouth near the ground when he roars—so that the voice rolls, as it were, like a breaker along the earth: partly, also, to the echo from a mountain-rock which rose abruptly on the opposite bank of the river;

river; and, more than all, to the confusion of our senses in being thus hurriedly and fearfully aroused from our slumbers. Had any one retained self-possession sufficient to have quietly noticed our looks on this occasion, I suspect he would have seen a laughable array of pale or startled visages. The reader who has only heard the roar of the lion at the Zoological Gardens, can have but a faint conception of the same animal's voice in his state of freedom and uncontrolled power. Novelty in our case, no doubt, gave it double effect on our thus hearing it for the first time in the heart of the wilderness. However, we resolved to give the enemy a warm reception; and having fired several volleys in all directions round our encampment, we roused up the half-extinguished fire to a roaring blaze, and then flung the flaming brands among the surrounding trees and bushes. And this unwonted display probably daunted our grim visiter, for he gave us no further disturbance that night.'—pp. 158, 159.

The party, being mostly composed of expert and sturdy sheep-farmers, were well qualified for encountering the difficulties of their new position. At first they were sorely annoyed by the wild beasts, and still more so by the predatory visits of Caffres and Bushmen; but brave hearts and strenuous hands eventually triumphed over these and all other enemies. As for Thomas Pringle himself, he was the schoolmaster, the account-keeper, the lay-chaplain,—and moreover he was the chief carpenter and upholsterer of Glen-Lynden.

'I found employments to occupy my leisure time agreeably. I had brought out a little assortment of carpenter's tools, the use of which, when a boy, had been one of my favourite amusements. I was therefore not altogether unprepared to act the Robinson Crusoe in a small way; and, besides commodiously *furnishing* my own cabin, I succeeded in manufacturing a rustic arm-chair and table for my father—an achievement of which I was not a little proud. But my *chef d'œuvre* at this time was the construction of an oven—which I contrived to scoop out of a huge ant-hill, that happened to stand under an old mimosa-tree at the head of my garden. After being properly plastered and paved within, it proved an excellent oven, and served all the hamlet to bake their household bread in for a couple of years.'—pp. 167.

He again alludes to this oven in some pleasing verses, entitled 'The Emigrant's Cabin,' which present us with a by no means unsavoury bill of fare:—

'First, here's our broad-tail'd mutton, small and fine,
The dish on which nine days in ten we dine;
Next, roasted springbok, spiced and larded well;
A haunch of hartbeest from Hyndhope Fell;
A paauw, which beats your Norfolk turkey hollow;
Korhaan, and Guinea-fowl, and pheasant follow;

Kid

Kid carbonadjes, à-la-Hottentot,
 Broil'd on a forked twig ; and, pepper'd hot
 With Chili pods, a dish called Caffer-stew ;
 Smoked ham of porcupine, and tongue of gnu.
 This fine white household bread (of Margaret's baking)
 Comes from an oven too of my own making.
 Scoop'd from an ant-hill. Did I ask before
 If you would taste this brawn of forest-boar ?

' Our fruits, I must confess, make no great show :
 Trees, grafts, and layers must have time to grow.
 But here's green roasted maize, and pumpkin pie,
 And wild asparagus. Or will you try
 A slice of water-melon—fine for drouth,
 Like sugar'd ices melting in the mouth— ?

' But come, let's crown the banquet with some wine.
 What will you drink ? Champagne ? Port ? Claret ? Stein ?
 Well, not to teaze you with a thirsty jest,
 Lo, there our *only* vintage stands confest,
 In that half-aum upon the spigot-rack ;
 And, certes, though it keeps the old *Kaap smaa*k,
 The wine is light and racy ; so we learn,
 In laughing mood, to call it Cape Sauterne.'

Pringle, in a word, was the chief man of the settlement—and, whenever there was no particular pressure of business, he could mount his horse, and give still more pleasure than he received by making a progress among his hospitable British neighbours, missionaries, and others, of this picturesque frontier ; and his accounts, both of his life at home, and his frequent excursions, convey the impression, throughout several chapters, of a mind variously stimulated, active, and happy. Thus occupied and amused, thus esteemed and honoured, why might not this amiable man have continued all his earthly days at Glen-Lynden ? But no—all these things, after a season, lost their relish—once more Pringle became discontented and ready for any change. Persons born and reared in a humble class of society, who attract any notice beyond that sphere by their literary attainments, may be easily excused if they come to take rather too high an estimate of their own importance. Acquirements and performances which, however meritorious, would not in a higher circle of life excite anything like astonishment, are in their case regarded at home, and by all the immediate personal observers, as things almost out of the usual course of nature. The fatal word 'genius' is rung about the village, and the clearest head and the humblest heart run a great risk of being dazzled and inflated. Such had been the fate of Pringle in his Roxburghshire valley, and such

was

was once more his misfortune among the simple hinds and rude boors of his Cafferland exile. He grew weary of the pastoral life, and primitive society, which his own pages have so sweetly described, and quitted 'Glen-Lynden' in the hope of finding a sphere more worthy of his talents in the capital of the colony.

The Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, to whom at his first coming Mr. Pringle had been warmly recommended by Sir Walter Scott, and who had consequently favoured him and his friends very bountifully as respected their 'location,' was now well disposed to remember that introduction—and his lordship, when Pringle reached Cape Town, gave him the appointment of librarian to the public library, and moreover promised to patronize him strenuously in the school which he had resolved to set up. Pringle accepted the librarianship, of which the duties were light, and the emoluments not inconsiderable, and his school, under such protection, thrived and prospered for a season. He was again, and for the third time, in possession of that chance which mostly comes but once to any man in our busy and bustling age; but once more poor Pringle was visited by the demon of restless ambition, and once more he threw the chance away. He set up first a magazine and then a newspaper, in which, by degrees, his well-meant but narrow-minded views of colonial policy began to show themselves, so as to displease and even alarm the local government. He attacked the slave-system of the Cape, which wanted indeed improvement, but which the circumstances of the colony rendered extremely unfit to be the weekly and monthly theme of such discussion on the spot; nay, these journals began to develope views of a far more dangerous description still, hinting perpetually, if not openly announcing the belief, that no real good need be looked for at the Cape until the population should be represented fairly in a free South-African parliament. Any man who from a distance contemplates the past history of that colony, the recent date of its acquisition by us, and the utter want of all sympathy and cohesion down to this hour between the various classes of its population, aboriginal, Dutch, and English, will smile at such a scheme; he will consider it as only less wild and ridiculous than that which has since been put into agitation for a free parliament (an upper house, we suppose, included) at Botany Bay. But Mr. Pringle had eyes for none of these difficulties; or rather, we suspect, certain cunning local intriguers, whose views went far beyond his, were able to blind him by flattery. He persisted; lost his librarianship; found his school dwindle to nothing; grew more bitter, and infused hourly increasing rancour into his newspaper, until that was at length summarily suppressed. He then, considering himself as the pure

martyr

martyr of philanthropy and freedom, returned to this country, and claimed compensation from the Colonial Office for what he called the tyrannical injustice of Lord Charles Somerset's proceedings. He alleged that the breaking up of his paper had stripped him of property worth 1000*l*.

The late Lord Bathurst, then Colonial Secretary, appears to have dealt kindly by Mr. Pringle. He understood well the views and tempers of colonial adventurers of all classes; and respecting the intentions of the man, was little disposed to think harshly of his imprudences. He did as much for Pringle as he could have done without actual injustice to the much-calumniated Governor, who would fain have continued to be Pringle's benefactor. In a word, the Earl very intelligibly signified, that if he chose to return to the Cape, resume his position at Glen-Lynden, and remain there quietly for a time, the government at home would keep him in mind, and embrace some early opportunity of serving him. But this did not satisfy Pringle: he remained in London—piled memorial on memorial, all in vain—and at length found an establishment in the city as Secretary to one of the Anti-Slavery Societies. Devoted to the duties of this new office, it was only in connexion with them that for some years he had ever been heard of, until shortly before his death these 'Sketches' were published. We presume their appearance followed immediately the dissolution of the Anti-Slavery Society, which again threw him on his literature for daily support. But he was, by this time, less than ever qualified for the anxious existence of a mere literary adventurer in a great capital. His health, never strong, began to give way; he sickened and died—we believe in about the forty-fifth year of his age—early in the spring of this year; and it is at once sad and pleasing to have to relate that his long illness was relieved of much misery that must otherwise have overclouded it, by the ever-ready bountifulness of that admirable institution, *The Literary Fund of London*. A gentler or kinder heart has not often been stilled. His history abounds in matter of encouragement for persons of his original class, but not less surely in matter of warning.

He wrote many verses while in Africa,—and by these he will be, at all events, remembered among the colonists; but he little deserves to be forgotten elsewhere. What strikes us as most remarkable in Pringle's poetry is its almost constant elegance. Nothing could be more remote from the image of conventional elegance than the appearance, the manners, the spoken language even, of the man himself: yet there is rarely in his prose, and almost never in his verse, anything with which the most fastidious reader can have the smallest right to be offended. We think the following lines in their style almost faultless:—

'The sultry summer-noon is past;
And mellow evening comes at last,
With a low and languid breeze
Fanning the mimosa trees
That cluster o'er the yellow vale,
And oft perfume the panting gale
With fragrance faint: it seems to tell
Of primrose-tufts in Scottish dell,
Peeping forth in tender spring
When the blithe lark begins to sing.

'But soon, amidst our Libyan vale,
Such soothing recollections fail;
Soon we raise the eye to range
O'er prospects wild, grotesque, and
strange;
Sterile mountains, rough and steep,
That bound abrupt the valley deep,
Heaving to the clear blue sky
Their ribs of granite, bare and dry,
And ridges, by the torrents worn,
Thinly streaked with scraggy thorn,
Which fringes Nature's savage dress,
Yet scarce relieves her nakedness.

'But where the Vale winds deep below,
The landscape hath a warmer glow:
There the spekboom spreads its bowers
Of light-green leaves and lilac flowers;
And the aloe rears her crimson crest,
Like stately queen for gala dress;
And the bright-blossomed bean-tree
shakes
Its coral-tufts above the brakes,
Brilliant as the glancing plumes
Of sugar-birds among its blooms,
With the deep-green verdure blending,
In the stream of light descending.

'And now, along the grassy meads,
Where the skipping reebok feeds,
Let me through the mazes rove
Of the light acacia grove;
Now while yet the honey-bee
Hums around the blossomed tree;
And the turtles softly chide
Woingly on every side;
And the clucking pheasant calls
To his mate at intervals;
And the duiker at my tread
Sudden lifts his startled head,
Then dives affrighted in the brake,
Like wild-duck in the reedy lake.

'My wonted seat receives me now—
This cliff with myrtle-tufted brow,
Towering high o'er grove and stream,
As if to greet the parting gleam.
With shattered rocks besprinkled o'er,
Behind ascends the mountain hoar,
Whose crest o'erhangs the Bushman's
Cave,
(His fortress once, and now his grave,)
Where

Where the grim satyr-faced baboon
Sits gibbering to the rising moon,
Or chides with hoarse and angry cry
The herdsman as he wanders by.

'Spread out below in sun and shade,
The shaggy Glen lies full displayed—
Its sheltered nooks, its sylvan bowers,
Its meadows flushed with purple flowers;
And through it like a dragon spread,
I trace the river's tortuous bed.
Lo there the Chaldee-willow weeps,
Drooping o'er the headlong steeps,
Where the torrent in his wrath
Hath rifted him a rugged path,
Like fissure cleft by earthquake's shock,
Through mead and jungle, mound and
rock.

But the swollen water's wasteful sway,
Like tyrant's rage, hath passed away;
And left the ravage of its course
Memorial of its frantic force.
—Now o'er its shrunk and slimy bed
Rank weeds and withered wrack are
spread,

With the faint rill just oozing through,
And vanishing again from view;
Save where the guana's glassy pool
Holds to some cliff its mirror cool,
Girt by the palmito's leafy screen,
Or graceful rock-ash, tall and green,
Whose slender sprays above the flood
Suspend the loxia's callow brood
In cradle-nests, with porch below,
Secure from winged or creeping foe—
Weasel or hawk, or writhing snake;
Light swinging, as the breezes wake,
Like the ripe fruit we love to see
Upon the rich pomegranate-tree.

'But lo, the sun's descending ear
Sinks o'er Mount-Dunio's peaks afar;
And now along the dusky vale
The homeward herds and flocks I hail,
Returning from their pastures dry
Amid the stony uplands high.
First, the brown Herder with his flock
Comes winding round my hermit-rock;
His mien and gait and vesture tell,
No shepherd he from Scottish fell;
For crook the guardian gun he bears,
For plaid the sheep-skin mantle wears;
Sauntering languidly along,
Nor flute has he, nor merry song,
Nor book, nor tale, nor rustic lay,
To cheer him through his listless day.
His look is dull, his soul is dark;
He feels not hope's electric spark;
But, born the White Man's servile thrall,
Knows that he cannot lower fall.

'Next the stout Neat-herd passes by,
With bolder step and blither eye;
Humming

Humming low his tuneless song,
Or whistling to the horned throng.
From the destroying foeman fled,
He serves the Colonist for bread:
Yet this poor heathen Bechuan
Bears on his brow the port of man:
A naked, homeless exile he,
But not debased by Slavery.

‘ Now, wizard-like, slow Twilight sails
With soundless wing adown the vales,
Waving with his shadowy rod
The owl and bat to come abroad,
With things that hate the garish sun,
To frolic now when day is done.
Now along the meadows damp
The enamoured fire-fly lights his lamp;
Link-boy be of woodland green,
To light fair Avon’s Elfin Queen;

Here, I ween, more wont to shine
To light the thievish porcupine,
Plundering my melon-bed,—
Or villain lynx, whose stealthy tread
Rouses not the wakeful hound
As he creeps the folds around.

‘ But lo! the night-bird’s boding
scream

Breaks abrupt my twilight dream;
And warns me it is time to haste
My homeward walk across the waste,
Lest my rash tread provoke the wrath
Of adder coiled upon the path,
Or tempt the lion from the wood,
That soon will prowl, athirst for blood.
Thus, murmuring my thoughtful strain,
I seek our wattled cot again.’

pp. 21-27.

Pringle, however, could sound a more stirring note. No one who ever conversed with him but must have been struck with the sudden fire which could occasionally flash from his soft, large, benignant eye; never was a countenance more indicative of manly mettle than his, when there was anything to call forth such expression. But we really could have formed no notion, until we read these Sketches, of the gallant and heroic daring of which Pringle, in his own feeble person, was capable, when thrown among scenes of excitement and peril; or how well his verse could keep pace with such ardours. Small, weak, and distorted as he was, utterly helpless in case of the most trivial accident to the horse he mounted, Pringle could never be kept from taking his fair share in those most hazardous expeditions after elephants and lions which formed the most lively feature in the life of the Glen-Lynden settlers. We have not room for his prose sketches of such doings, though they are extremely good, but must not pass over the following lyric, in which, we think, every one will agree with us that Pringle has caught and transferred to a far different scene not a little of the old Border fire:—

‘ MOUNT—mount for the hunting—with musket and spear!

Call our friends to the field, for the Lion is near!

Call Arend and Ekhard and Groepe to the spoor;

Call Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Tuur.

‘ Ride up Eildon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bugle:

Call Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal;

And George with the elephant-gun on his shoulder,—

In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

‘ In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,

And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland’s breed;

But mount, my brave boys! if our rifles prove true,

We’ll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

‘ Ho!

- 'Ho! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—
To his den in the desert we'll follow him back;
But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.
- 'Through the rough rocky kloof into grey Huntly-Glen,
Past the wild olive-clump where the wolf has his den,
By the black eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,
We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.
- 'Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds are howling;
And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder growling;
'Tis his lair—'tis his voice!—from your saddles aligh;
He's at bay in the brushwood, preparing for fight.
- 'Leave the horses behind—and be still every man:
Let the Mullers and Rennies advance in the van:
Keep fast in your ranks;—by the yell of yon hound,
The savage, I guess, will be out with a bound.
- 'He comes! the tall jungle before him loud crashing,
His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing;
With a roar of disdain, he leaps forth in his wrath,
To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.
- 'He couches—ay now we'll see mischief, I dread:
Quick—level your rifles—and aim at his head:
Thrust forward the spears, and unsheath every knife—
St. George! he's upon us!—Now fire, lads, for life!
- 'He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he falls—
Hah! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—
Now, Diederik! Christian! right in the brain
Plant each man his bullet—Hurra! he is slain!
- 'Bezuidenhout—up, man!—'tis only a scratch—
(You were always a scamp, and have met with your match!)
What a glorious lion!—what sinews—what claws—
And seven-feet-ten from the rump to the jaws!
- 'His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,
With the spoils of the leopard and buffalo bull,
We'll send to Sir Walter.—Now, boys, let us dine,
And talk of our deeds o'er a flask of old wine.'—pp. 28-31.

We subjoin the last paragraph of this interesting volume—it gives us the author's general view of the Glen-Lynden settlement:—

'Under the blessing of Providence, its prosperity has been steadily progressive. The friends whom I left there, though they have not escaped some occasional trials and disappointments—such as all men are exposed to in this uncertain world—have yet enjoyed a goodly share of "health, competence, and peace." As regards the first of these blessings, one fact may suffice: Out of twenty-three souls who accompanied me to Glen-Lynden fourteen years ago, there had not, up to the 24th of January last, occurred (so far as I know) a single death—

death—except one, namely, that of Mr. Peter Rennie, who was unfortunately killed by the bursting of a gun, in 1825. My father, at the patriarchal age of eighty years, enjoys the mild sunset of life in the midst of his children and grand-children: the latter, of whom there is a large and rapidly increasing number, having been, with a few exceptions, all born in South Africa. The party have more than doubled their original numbers, by births alone, during the last twelve years. Several additional families of relatives, and of old acquaintance, have also lately joined them.

‘Without having any pretensions to wealth, and with very little money among them, the Glen-Lynden settlers may be said to be in a thriving, and, on the whole, in a very enviable condition. They are no longer molested by either predatory Bushmen or Caffers;—they have abundance of all that life requires for competence and for comfort; and they have few causes of anxiety about the future. Some of them, who have now acquired considerable flocks of merino sheep, have even a fair prospect of attaining by degrees to moderate wealth. They have excellent means of education for their children; they have a well-selected subscription library of about four hundred volumes; and, what is still more important, they have the public ordinances of religion duly and purely maintained among them. They have now a parish minister (the Rev. Alexander Welsh, a clergyman of the Scottish Church) established in the valley of Glen-Lynden, with a decent stipend from the Government, augmented by their own voluntary contributions.

‘On the whole, I have great cause to bless God, both as regards the prosperity of my father’s house, and in many respects also as regards my own career in life, (whatever may be my future worldly fortunes,) that His good Providence directed our emigrant course fourteen years ago to the wilds of Southern Africa.’—p. 498.

With these words this amiable man closes his volume. He had, before his last illness overtook him, resolved on making his way back to Glen-Lynden, never again to be tempted out of that dear retirement; and we believe his wife and children are ere now on their way to rejoin there the affectionate kindred whose remote descendants will honour the name of Thomas Pringle.

We now come to the work of Lieutenant Moodie, of the 21st Fusileers, who, like Pringle, left this country for the Cape in 1819, and, like him, abandoned the colony after a residence and struggle of ten years. This gentleman, however, had no immediate connexion with the Government scheme for which 50,000*l.* were granted by Parliament in the year above-mentioned. His attempt was dependent on the isolated experiment of the family to which he belongs—a family which had for ages held a high station among the gentry of the Orkney Islands.

The lieutenant informs us, that, soon after the peace of 1815, his family

family found their resources so straitened by the pressure of debts, that they were obliged to make up their minds to part with the extensive property in that remote region which had descended to them from the period of Norse dominion. But how the debts and difficulties had accumulated to this grievous extent he does not explain, nor had we any particular right to expect that he should do so. We know nothing from any other source of the particular case; but we are but too well acquainted with the causes of the ruin that about that time overtook many of the most ancient and distinguished families in the Hebridean and Orkney Islands, as well as on the other Highland coasts of Scotland, and the kindred shores of Connaught and Ulster. The high price of *kelp* during the war swelled their rentals to an amount of which their forefathers never had had the remotest anticipation. The rise was of the same kind with that in agricultural rentals throughout the kingdom generally, but far more extravagant. Like the other landlords of the time, these gentlemen accommodated their modes of living to this extraordinary change; but the imprudence was more than usually absurd on their part, in consequence of the obviously frail tenure on which the increased annual income depended. When the peace disturbed their fragile monopoly, they did not at once comprehend that it was in reality gone for ever, at least for their lifetime; and they continued to live on as they had done during the war, in the vain hope of better days coming back to them. But, indeed, it would not have been easy, even for the most prudent persons in their situation, to change their habits suddenly. A young generation, unaccustomed to the frugal manners of the old time, had grown up—new houses had been built, on the scale of great English mansions—the whole arrangements of every domain, as well as household, had been framed according to the luxurious style of modern English life. It cost years of struggling and shifting before the stern hand of necessity was able to enforce its painful lessons; and in numerous and notorious instances the ancient property in the soil had at last to be abandoned altogether. Such, or nearly similar, was, in all likelihood, the fate of the Moodies of Mailsetter—a name familiar to every one who has visited, or read any books about, the bleak Archipelago of the Udalers—

‘By *stack*, and by *sherry*, by *noup*, and by *voe*,

By *air*, and by *wick*, and by *helyer*, and *gio*,

And by every wild shore which the northern winds know.’*

The young laird of Mailsetter, his land having been disposed of, determined on removing to the Cape colony; and he assembled about him some two hundred Scotch families of the common sort, who were willing to place themselves under his guidance, and who

* *Pirate*, vol. i. p. 344.

entered into regular indentures, by which, in return for the expenses of their exportation and outfit, they bound themselves to work for Mr. Moodie on a certain fixed rate of wages, during a certain number of years after their arrival in South Africa, or to buy up their indentures at a reasonable rate, also fixed and determined beforehand. The ex-laird, however, made a sad mistake in this matter, or rather a whole heap of mistakes. First of all, these people were not from his own part of Scotland, but from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh; and thus, neither had they that attachment and respect for his person which he would probably have found in a similar congregation of Orcadians, nor had he that intimate acquaintance with their manners and habits of industry which is so desirable in the leader of a colonial settlement. Moreover, while they had no habitual veneration for him, they were closely allied with each other—he was like the foreign captain of a troop raised all in the same village. Mr. Moodie relied implicitly on the solemn contracts entered into with these people—he had been careful in admitting none who could not produce certificates of good character, and would not suspect that, once removed from the eyes of all neighbours and connexions, except those who were exposed to exactly the same temptation with himself, the austere and sanctimonious presbyterian could make up his mind to a deliberate fraud—indeed, a plain theft and robbery. Such, however, was, in all but a very few cases, the result.

Mr. Moodie had not been long in South Africa before the great majority of his people broke all their contracts, abandoned him for ever, and scattered themselves over the vast colony—wherever they could get good wages—without the least regard to his interests, and in such a manner as to baffle him and his agents most completely. The laird, however, was not wholly out of his element as the master of a huge grazing district, in whatever part of the world it might be placed: *some* of his people did keep their faith, and by their assistance, and that of Hottentots hired in the room of the fraudulent fugitives, he by degrees overcame the worst difficulties of his new position. His country education and previous habits were in no small degree adapted to the colonial existence—his old experience as a justice of peace was found valuable—and he seems, ere he had been many years in South Africa, to have earned for himself great personal consideration among all classes of his neighbours. So much for the laird.

His two younger brothers—the one a naval, the other a military officer—had both been reduced to half-pay about the same time when his rental sustained its cruel reduction. These gentlemen no sooner heard of his African scheme than, from opposite points of the compass, they both hastened to join him in his new location of the penates; and the soldier it is whose narrative now lies before us.

The

The laird was near enough failing : we have noticed some of the circumstances to which he owed his escape ; but perhaps the main secret, after all, was that, however reduced, he had still some considerable capital at his back. The cadets wanted this important ally, as well as his habits of rural life and practical acquaintance with farming and grazing operations. Under such circumstances, one would naturally expect to find them placing themselves under the elder brother's experienced eye, and as near him as possible ; but though the whole book seems full of proofs of strong fraternal affection among the three Moodies, such was not the case. Even the soldier and sailor, though they pitched their tents together for a time, soon parted company also. The latter is now, it appears, settled in a respectable station in the civil service of the colony—we infer that, in some way or other, all his farming attempts had failed before he solicited such employment. As for our author, the gallant Fusileer, his book contains a very full and particular account of all his ups and downs ; but we must be contented with mentioning two of the leading occurrences.

First, then, the grant of land which he originally obtained, and on which he built his house and settled his establishment, had been marked out for him at the time when Sir Rufane Donkin filled the situation of acting-governor in the absence of Lord Charles Somerset ; and when Lord Charles returned to the colony, he found that his deputy had made a serious blunder—the said grant, and a great number of grants besides, being within a district which the English Government had, by treaty, recognised as *neutral*—which, in short, had never been ceded. Lord Charles considered that faith had been broken, though of course undesignedly, and would not continue to protect these new settlers. He withdrew the troops which had been stationed for their defence against the forays of the indignant Caffres, and they were soon obliged to abandon their houses and farms entirely. We certainly think that, as the acting-governor could have been guilty of nothing worse than an oversight, he ought to have been reprimanded indeed, but the poor settlers, who had laid out time and money in reliance on his geographical and official authority, should have been compensated in some way for the losses thus sustained. Lieutenant Moodie, however, says, that all their petitions to this effect were fruitless. Lord Charles thought they might have taken the trouble to examine the map before cutting out their farms and erecting their houses ; and they were left to select new settlements for themselves, at their own discretion, and on the usual terms. The lieutenant chose a very beautiful place, by a fine stream, and not far from the sea-coast, though on a remote part of the colony ; and he hired some servants, and reared a cottage, and for a time his herds multiplied about him, and all seemed to go well. But

But presently the distance and solitude of the location became distasteful to his servants, and one by one they all left him. For some weeks the poor gentleman remained *actually alone* in the midst of the woods and wilds, with *five hundred head* of cattle to take care of. Under such circumstances, the courage even of a Fusileer might pardonably give way; and though a lucky accident brought him help and company, and he once more resumed his efforts, yet he seems never to have quite recovered the shock of his Robinson Crusoe desertion, and to have, in short, contracted a fixed disgust for the very name of Southern Africa. The lieutenant sold his lot and stock—came over to England, and wrote his book—but before it could be published he was already on his way to Upper Canada. We sincerely hope he may have better luck there than at the Cape, but there seems some reason to fear that he is of an unsettling disposition. We doubt if he will reclaim any considerable section of the Canadian forests; but he will, if his views are moderate, find his half pay a very comfortable income, and certainly he will be at no loss either for hearty cheer or jolly company, if he chooses to locate himself within dining distance of that epicurean of the woods, Dr. Dunlop.*

We must now give a specimen or two of Lieutenant Moodie's descriptions and anecdotes; of his historical and philosophical disquisitions the less that is said the better: it is enough to mention, as to the former department, that he opens a paragraph with a statement that 'Egypt was indebted for the first germs of her improvement to *Judæa*' (p. 301)—and as to the latter, any one may see that before he entered the Fusileers he must have been unfortunate enough to attend at Aberdeen or elsewhere some of those dreary drivellings which Sir James Mackintosh's friend Dunbar used to call lectures on *ethics*, so luxuriantly does he flourish about 'the hunter and shepherd state,' &c. &c. &c. His account of one of the great Dutch graziers of the interior, a neighbour of his brother the laird, seems to us the best thing that ever was published on the subject of these greasy barbarians.

* Among the neighbours whom we visited in the course of our rides in the vicinity of Groot Vaders Bosch was an old man of the name of Botha. His house stood in a plain, surrounded on all sides by high hills; and in front, towards the mountains, a scene met the eye which for wild and savage magnificence could hardly be exceeded in nature.

* We allude to the author of 'Notes by a Backwoodsman,' published two or three years ago—in which he gives some specimens of a cookery book that might have found favour with Polyphemus, and records sundry post-prandial exertitions on a corresponding scale. We are far, however, from wishing to speak lightly of the work as a whole. On the contrary, the doctor's ludicrous anecdotes, and the broad humour of his own style throughout, only set off to more advantage the sterling sense and shrewdness of his advice to emigrants on the most interesting subjects.

A river pent up among the mountains had in the lapse of ages worn a perpendicular chasm through the centre of a naked precipice several hundred feet in height. The stream, being obstructed in its course by a ledge of rocks at the mouth of this superb portal, formed a pool, which extended some hundred yards between the perpendicular sides of the chasm, overhung by trees and shrubs which had taken root in the crevices of the rocks; but, by climbing along the projecting shelves, access could with difficulty be gained to the source of the river, in a deep and woody amphitheatre among the mountains. The sides of this valley are so high and steep, that the only way the valuable timber it contains can be got out is, by rolling the logs into the bed of the stream, where they remain until they are floated out when the river is swelled into a torrent after heavy rains.

‘Never was a man less alive to the enjoyment of such scenery than Martinus Botha; nor could he conceive what pleasure we experienced in its contemplation. All that he knew or cared for was, that he had a constant run of water for his mill; but whether it came from a romantic chasm, or from a muddy lake, was to him a matter of the greatest indifference. I am rather inclined to think that he had a secret suspicion that he himself was the object of my frequent visits to his abode. He was one of those monsters of obesity who are so often to be seen in this colony, and of whose appearance we can form but a faint conception from any common instance of the kind in England. He was literally a martyr to corpulence, his prodigious powers of digestion having nearly destroyed the exercise of his mental faculties.

‘For several years Martinus Botha had not been able to lie down in his bed for fear of suffocation, and the only way he could get any sleep was by leaning his head on the table before him: in this manner he could procure a little rest, which was only for a few minutes at a time. It is difficult to describe his person, for shape he had hardly any. A huge bag of fat hung below his chin, and the flesh of his ankles hung down till it touched his shoes. Notwithstanding his enormous size, he was a great *gourmand*, and thought little of devouring several pounds of mutton at a meal, after which he could sometimes drink a bottle of brandy without being affected by it. He was at this period beginning to feel some alarm at his increasing dimensions, and took from time to time a journey in his waggon to Swellendam to consult the medical practitioner on his case. On these occasions, he would call on his way at Groot Vaders Bosch; but the doctor, who had killed many men without intending it, could not succeed by any means in checking the growth of his unwieldy patient, who began to fancy that he was afflicted with dropsy; and he was confirmed in the idea by the opinions of his family and neighbours.

‘In a country where it is found most convenient to bury the dead as speedily as possible, it is common for elderly people to keep a coffin in their houses ready for their own use, or to lend to any of their neighbours who may chance to die before them. In travelling through this

this part of the colony, if you cast your eyes upwards in a "boer's" house, this rather melancholy object may be often seen lying across the beams; and so far from exciting any unpleasant feelings, it has often been pointed out to me by the old farmers with great self-complacency, as a proof of their good management in being beforehand with time.

'Our bulky friend arrived one day at Groot Vaders Bosch in his waggon, accompanied by two of his sons. After sitting for some time and drinking a glass of brandy, he informed us that he had come to get a coffin made for his own use, as he had the "water," and did not expect to live long, and had moreover grown to such a size that none of his neighbours had any large enough to hold him. "That's true, father, what you say," replied one of the young men, without altering a muscle of his countenance.

'My brother had two carpenters in an adjoining outhouse employed in making up various articles of furniture for sale among the farmers; and to their workshop I accompanied our visiter. Jamie Learmouth, a little sly drunken body, was hard at work at his bench, and singing one of our favourite Scotch songs, in a manner that showed he was more occupied with the words and the recollections to which they gave rise than the modulation of his notes. He had just come to

"We twa hae paidled in the burn,"

when we entered his shop. Observing the lusty customer who darkened his door, Jamie quitted his plane, and addressed him, with a sly twinkle, in a jargon in which Dutch and broad Scotch were curiously intermingled. "Goe'n dag, Mynheer Botha; hoo faar you the day?"—"I come," answered Botha in his own language, "to have a coffin made."—"I can shune do that for ye," replied Jamie: "but is't for yoursel'?"—"Yes, certainly."—"Faith, ye'll need a gude big ane," said the carpenter; "but if ye'll joost lay yersel' oot on the bed there, I'll shune tak yer measure."

'Jamie cast a sly look at me as he made this proposal; for he knew it was easier said than done. However, with the assistance of his sons, the old farmer, who had seated himself on the side of the bed, was gradually lowered down on his back, to the great danger of the conscious bedstead, which uttered sundry discontented creaks at the unusual weight imposed on it, which seemed to excite Jamie's fears not a little for his hastily-constructed couch. Poor Botha's sufferings in this position were so great, that if the carpenter had not completed his measurements with expedition, he must infallibly have died of suffocation on the spot. His respiration ceased almost entirely as long as he lay in a horizontal position; and it was not until he was again raised up that the air pent up in his lungs found a passage, when it rushed out like the blowing of a porpoise when he comes to the surface of the water. When Martinus could collect his thoughts, he again addressed the workman. "Hear, James, you must make my coffin roomy enough, for I'll swell up very much when I am dead."

'While he was retiring to his waggon, his son took Jamie by the arm,

arm, and begged him to make the coffin close in the joints; "for," he added, "father will perhaps *run out* after he is dead." The perfect apathy and *sang-froid* with which these serious arrangements were made were highly characteristic of the people.—vol. i. p. 152.

Mr. Moodie says elsewhere, and we can well believe every word of it,—

'Of all people I have ever seen, the Cape-Dutch are the coarsest and least polished in their manners. The conversation of both sexes is marked by an almost total absence of common decency: the most disgusting oaths are used on all occasions by the men; and the women do not even feel ashamed to talk on the most indelicate subjects, hardly condescending to use any circumlocution. In this respect, indeed, they are even less refined than the Hottentots.'

The gallant Fusileer was, of course, an active partaker in the 'Wild Sports of the South:' his descriptions of lion and elephant hunting are really quite admirable. One passage must suffice, and that we tried to curtail, but found it impossible to do so without diminishing the effect. It includes the account of one of the most remarkable escapes that ever mortal man owed, under Providence, to cool self-possession; and the whole story is told with a manly simplicity which commands implicit credence.

'The beautiful stream called by the Kaffres the Gualana, after leaving the village, took its course through an extensive wood or jungle, and again made its appearance in an open meadow, running close under the high hills on one side of the valley for several hundred yards, when it again entered a long strip of jungle. In consequence of losing my way in the jungle, I could not overtake the hunters until they had driven the elephants from their first station.

'On getting out of the wood I was proceeding through the meadow to a kloof, or ravine, where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger by loud cries of "Pas op," (look out,) coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and, at the same moment, heard the cracking of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and their angry screams resounding among the precipitous banks of the river.

'Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught should I fire in this position and my shot not take effect.

'I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken; for, on looking back, I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and

and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and, turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with the view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe.

'Before I got within fifty yards of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned by the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head.

'Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her trunk or not. She then made a thrust at me with her tusk. Fortunately for me she had only one, which, still more luckily, missed its mark. Seizing me with her trunk by the middle, she threw me beneath her fore-feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space; I was scarcely in a condition to compute the time very accurately, but, judging from my feelings, it appeared an intolerably long one, and I had great reason to complain of the "leaden-footed" minutes, which seemed to be hours in my uncomfortable situation.

'Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force that I felt the bones bending under the weight; and then she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. *During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world; but, owing to the roundness of her foot, I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread.*

'While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, of the Royal African Corps, and Diedrick, a Hottentot, fired several shots at her from the side of a neighbouring hill, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions retiring and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind feet in passing. I rose, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow me; but, observing that she turned round, as if meditating a second attempt on my life before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

'On reaching the top of the hill I met my brother, who had not been at this day's hunt, but had ran out on being told by one of the men, "Sir, I saw somebody killed by the elephant just now; I don't know whether it was your brother or Mr. Chisholm; but killed he was, for I saw his brains." He afterwards heard from others he met on the way that I was the unlucky person, and was of course not a little surprised at seeing me with whole bones, though plastered with

with mud from head to foot. My face was a little scratched, indeed, by the elephant's feet, which were none of the smoothest; my ribs ached, and my right arm was blackened with the squeeze of it; but these were trifling injuries considering the ordeal I had gone through.

'While my brother and I were yet talking of the adventure, an unlucky soldier of the Royal African Corps, of the name of M'Clare, attracted the attention of a large male elephant. The ferocious animal, which, like that I had just escaped from, had been infuriated by the numerous wounds he had received, instantly gave chase, and caught him under the height where we were standing—carried him some distance in his trunk—then threw him down, and, bringing his fore-feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till life was extinct. Leaving the body for a while, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and, kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore-legs. Then, seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it upon the top of a high bush. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the rocky hill and fired at the furious animal: but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man.

'On the present occasion, the hunters derived some security from their numbers, for, as soon as the elephant gave them chase, they retreated as fast as their legs would carry them up the side of the hills, and the animal, seemingly puzzled which to wreak his vengeance on, after pursuing them for two or three hundred yards, would stop short, and return to the wood for security. Woe betide the luckless wight who lags too far behind the rest! It happened thus to the poor fellow whose fate I have recorded. Getting tired of the sport, he gave his firelock to another of the party, with the intention of returning to the village, just at the moment when the male elephant was making a charge on his pursuers. Instead of following the others in their flight, he turned in the opposite direction, and, being without his coat and waist-coat, his white shirt immediately attracted the animal's attention, when he was about to retreat to the wood, and he caught him as I have related.

'Shortly after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the people broke this male elephant's left fore-leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion, we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity which deserves to be related, as it so well illustrates the character of this noble animal.* Seeing the distress of her mate, the female from which I so narrowly escaped, regardless of her own danger, quitting her shelter in the wood, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and still returning to his side and caressing him. Whenever he attempted

* We are told by another recent traveller, that the Caffres, while engaged in a conflict with the elephant, always keep addressing him as 'Mighty Lord,' 'High Chief,' 'Illustrious Noble,' and so forth;—and that, when one is slain, none of the Caffre chiefs partake in the banquet of elephant steaks, because the animal is considered as of their own rank

to walk, she placed her flank or her shoulder to his wounded side, and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour, until the female received a severe wound from Mr. C. Mackenzie, of the Royal African Corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood; and the male soon afterwards received a mortal wound from the same officer.'—vol. ii. p. 79-87.

Here we close our extracts from one of the most amusing books we have lately met with. We are always shy of depending, as to serious colonial questions, on the opinions of persons who have been unfortunate in their own *locations*; and therefore we shall not quote any of Mr. Moodie's severe strictures, either on the missionaries among the Hottentots, whose little settlements are, according to him, so many focuses of hypocrisy and disaffection,—or on the growth of dissenting chapels in the various towns of the Cape Colony, which he ascribes to the 'decidedly republican principles of all our countrymen of the middling and lower orders.' The Lieutenant's refractory Hottentot servants seem to have found, on various occasions, shelter and protection at missionary stations; and we have seen how severely the elder Moodie suffered by the unprincipled desertion of the long-faced artizans who formed the bulk of his followers from Scotland. To these, and other personal circumstances, the Lieutenant's bitter diatribes must no doubt be mainly ascribed. On the other hand, from considerations of a different sort, which we need not waste time in expounding, we set little value on the pro-missionary and pro-methodist statements of Mr. Pringle. We can accept neither of these writers as a safe authority on subjects of this kind.

With regard to the general question of South African Colonization, we think the two books lead, on the whole, to exactly the same conclusion—namely, that a family in middle life whose habits have been agricultural, who have some little capital at command, and who are willing to sacrifice everything in the likeness of civilized society, beyond the pale of their own settlement,—cannot in any of our colonies find a situation where they might be more sure of a coarse abundance *soon*, and by-and-bye of accumulated wealth: while there is a vast and daily increasing demand for mere labour of every sort, so that individuals of the working order, whether in town or country, who can manage to pay the passage to the Cape, and will serve steadily for a very few years, may count to a perfect certainty on realizing property enough to elevate them in their turn to the class of landed yeomen. Even at *Albany*, for instance, according to the latest accounts we have seen, mechanics were receiving at least 5s. a-day; farm labourers 3s. 9d. a-day; and house servants, besides food and lodging, from 20l. to 30l. per annum. We confess that, were we called on to advise any individual

dual in either of these classes, when hesitating between the Cape and Canada, we should feel it very difficult to decide. But assuredly we should much prefer either the Cape or Canada to any of the Australian colonies.

Two other new books on South Africa have reached us—the ‘Wanderings’ of Mr. Steedman, in 2 vols. 8vo., and the ‘Researches in Caffraria’ of the Rev. Stephen Kay, a missionary, 1 vol. 12mo. We cannot say much for either of them—quotations from their pages after Pringle and Moodie would hardly be endurable. Still any one thinking of settling in those regions will do well to possess himself of these works also. They both contain some details which such a reader will esteem valuable. One fact, of real moment, we owe to the missionary;—namely, that the system of *Artesian wells* has recently been introduced by some of the English emigrants in the district of Albany, and being attended with signal success, and already adopted eagerly by the more intelligent of the Dutch farmers in that neighbourhood, bids fair to extend, ere long, over the colony, and thus relieve South African agriculture of what has hitherto been its chief impediment, namely, the want of water for the purposes of irrigation. (Kay, p. 440.) May we not anticipate advantages beyond all price, for the African continent in general, from the ultimate systematic application of this invention? *

ART. IV.—*An Account of the Rev. John Flamsteed, the First Astronomer Royal; compiled from his own Manuscripts and other authentic Documents, never before published.* By Francis Baily, Esq., F.R.S., &c. &c. London, 1835. 4to. pp. 672.

WE have risen from the perusal of this important volume with mingled feelings of sorrow and satisfaction—of deep regret for its disclosures derogatory to that high reputation in which certain names have deservedly been enrolled in the annals of science and philosophy—above all, ONE immortal name, which had hitherto been handed down unsullied by a single blot—that of Sir Isaac Newton. On the other side, the book has its gratifying features—for it has completely rescued the memory of Newton’s coadjutor, not only from neglect, but from a cloud of misrepresentations, sufficient to have overwhelmed for ever any character less strongly armed with honesty than that of Flamsteed.

We are well assured that all men of science, both at home and abroad, will duly appreciate the zeal and ability of Mr. Baily,

* See on this subject a very luminous chapter in Sir Francis Head’s recent *Life of Abyssinian Bruce*.

the Vice-President of the Astronomical Society, to whose gratuitous labours, and they have not been light, we are indebted for the production of the work before us; into better hands, we may safely assert, its valuable materials could not have fallen: his profound knowledge of mathematics and astronomy pointed him out, in a particular manner, for the task of Editor; and he has performed it with that clearness of elucidation, feeling, and judgment which might have been expected from one of his correct and business-like habits. The expensive work has been brought out, in a limited impression, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, with the view of supplying copies of it to astronomical observatories, celebrated astronomers, public libraries, literary and scientific institutions, and to individuals distinguished for general science, whether at home or abroad.

To Mr. Baily also is due the sole merit of having rescued from oblivion the largest portion of the highly-interesting documents which this volume includes. He says,—

‘During the year 1832 I was informed that an opposite neighbour of mine (Edward Giles, Esq. No. 5, Tavistock Place) was in possession of a large collection of original manuscript letters, written by the celebrated Mr. John Flamsteed to his friend Mr. Abraham Sharp, formerly his assistant at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, who at that time resided at Little Horton, in Yorkshire, where he lived a very secluded life, passing most of his time in astronomical calculations. These letters were found some years ago, at Mr. Sharp’s house, in a box deposited in a garret, filled with various books and papers; and Mr. Giles was good enough to send them over to me for my perusal. I immediately recognized the hand-writing of Flamsteed, and found that they contained much interesting and original matter, connected with his astronomical labours.’—*Preface*, pp. xiii.

Among the variety of matters which this correspondence embraces, ‘the principal, the most novel, and the most interesting, are the account of the repeated difficulties and impediments which delayed, and almost prevented, the publication of the *Historia Cælestis*, and the new light which it throws, not only on the history of that transaction, but also on the whole of Flamsteed’s labours in the infancy, as it may be called, of the science of astronomy.’ But Mr. Baily did not stop short on making this valuable and unlooked-for discovery.

‘Having recollected to have formerly seen, at the Royal Observatory, some manuscript papers originally belonging to Mr. Flamsteed, I proceeded thither to examine them more minutely, in order to see if any additional information could be obtained on this point; the Astronomer Royal kindly affording me every assistance in the pursuit of my inquiries. To my great surprise and delight, I found there a vast mass of MS. books, papers and letters belonging to

Flamsteed, which had been lying on the shelves of the library for the last sixty years, unnoticed and unknown. These manuscripts were purchased by the late Board of Longitude in 1771, for the sum of 100*l.* at the suggestion or recommendation of the Royal Society. At the time that I discovered them, they were in great confusion and disorder: the major part of the books had lost their covers, most of the letters and papers were loose and scattered about, and those which were pasted into guard-books were very ill-arranged, and moreover fastened with such a *mass* of paste, that they were literally mouldering away. Amongst the confused heap, I was fortunate enough to find a *catalogue* of these manuscripts, apparently in the handwriting of the late Dr. Maskelyne, or compiled under his superintendence.

‘My first object was to detach the letters from the guard-books, and to free them from the injurious effects of the paste, which was visibly destroying the colour of the ink and the texture of the paper; then, having arranged them according to their subjects and their dates, I caused them to be neatly bound, in order that they might be conveniently referred to hereafter. The other parts of the manuscripts (that were loose) were treated in a similar manner, and bound up in different volumes according to their contents; the books also were repaired; and the whole collection lettered and numbered in regular order, agreeably to the *Catalogue* which will be found at the end of this Preface. In this manner the several volumes may be readily and conveniently consulted at any future time; and it is in this manner, and according to this arrangement, that I have referred to them in the several quotations that I have found it necessary to make in the progress of the present work.’—*Preface*, pp. xiv. xv.

The labour thus bestowed, in securing the preservation of these valuable papers from destruction, exhibits an instance of disinterestedness, and of feeling for future Astronomers Royal, which we are compelled to say ought not to have been neglected by those who have held that high and important office. He thus proceeds:—

‘Having minutely examined the whole of these manuscripts, I soon found that the character of Flamsteed had not been fully developed by his biographers; that these documents opened a new view of the great obligations which are due to him for his unparalleled exertions in the cause of astronomy, in the midst of vexations and difficulties that would have weighed down a mind of a less powerful temperament; and that they exhibited him in a light very different from that in which he has been generally viewed. Instead of the mere selfish and indolent Observer, pursuing his observations at his own ease and for his own amusement, regardless of his fame, and unwilling to communicate the result of his labours to others, as some of his contemporaries and even his more recent biographers have too incautiously represented or insinuated him to have been, we find him not only actively employed in making and dividing his own instruments, with his own hands, and at his own expense, but also devoting his spare hours to the investigation

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tion of the lunar and planetary theories, suggesting remedies for the various anomalies that he too frequently met with, forming tables for the more accurate computation of their places, and communicating the result of his inquiries with the greatest readiness to those who were prosecuting the same studies; at the same time struggling, not merely with illness, but with difficulties and obstructions of various kinds.'—pp. xvi. xvii.

Nor did Mr. Baily's researches end here. He had recourse to all the documents bearing on the subject which the British Museum affords—to the several libraries of Oxford—the collection of Sir Isaac Newton's letters in that of Trinity College, Cambridge—and the Newtonian manuscripts belonging to the Earl of Portsmouth. In short he was determined, as far as possible, to clear up the apparently strange and perverse proceedings of Newton and Halley, and the origin and nature of the quarrel between Flamsteed and his two distinguished contemporaries.

The volume opens with a neat, lucid, and well-written preface by Mr. Baily, in fifty-eight pages;—Flamsteed's *History of his own Life and Labours*, compiled from original manuscripts in his own hand-writing, together with an Appendix of Correspondence, consisting of three hundred letters nearly, extends to three hundred and sixty-four pages;—and, lastly, the '*British Catalogue*' of Flamsteed, corrected and enlarged, with an *Introduction* by the Editor, and Notes, occupy about three hundred pages. The number of stars in the Catalogue amounts to 3310.

The autobiography of Flamsteed is incomplete, but the correspondence carries it on till his demise. It is divided chronologically into seven parts. He commences by saying—'I was born at Denby, in Derbyshire, in the year 1646, on the 19th day of August, at 7h. 16m. afternoon; my father, named Stephen, was the third son of Mr. William Flamsteed, of Little Hallam, and my mother, Mary, was the daughter of Mr. John Spateman, of Derby, ironmonger. From these two I derived my beginning, whose parents were of known integrity, honesty, and fortune, as they were of equal extraction and ingenuity.' He was tenderly educated 'by reason of his natural weakness, which required more than ordinary care,' till he was three years old, when his mother died. His first ten years, he says, were spent in such employments as children use to pass away their time with; he was given to reading 'ranting stories of romances,' but at twelve left off the wild ones and confined himself to the better and 'more probable' sort; 'as reason increased' he took to 'real histories,' and by the time he was fifteen years old, he had read Plutarch's *Lives*, Appian, Tacitus, Holingshed, Davies's *Life of Queen Elizabeth*, Sanderson's *King Charles I.*, Heyling's *Geography*, &c.

He tells us, that in the year 1661 it pleased God to afflict him with a weakness in his knees and joints. He had been bathing with some of his school-fellows, but found no inconvenience. Next morning, however, 'his body, thighs, and legs were all so swelled, that they would not admit him to get his usual clothes upon them.' In 1662 his illness had increased upon him, and he was hardly able to go to school. When he left it, his father, on account of his natural weakness, he supposes, declined sending him to the university, which he seems to regret—having been, from early life, of a very pious and religious turn of mind.

'My desires (he says) have always been for learning and *divinity*: and though I have been accidentally put from it by God's providence, yet I have always thought myself *more qualified for it than for any other employment*; because my bodily weakness will not permit me action, and *my mind has always been fitted for the contemplation of God and his works.*' 'All his letters (adds Mr. Baily) breathe a spirit of piety and resignation to the will of Heaven; and even amongst his private memorandums and documents, written when no eye could witness the workings of his mind, we meet with constant expressions of gratitude to the Deity for the blessings which he enjoyed.'—*Preface*, pp. xxi. xxii.

At the age of sixteen he commenced a system of study and observation in astronomy and mathematics, which he never ceased to pursue till the time of his death. Self-taught and unassisted, he had made such progress as to enable him, in a very short time, to calculate an eclipse with accuracy. He was also, about this time, employed in mechanical exercises; having once seen a quadrant, he set about framing one himself, of which, he says, 'he was not meanly joyful.' He constructed a set of tables of the sun's altitudes at all hours, and all his places in the ecliptic, and other artificial tables, calculated chiefly for the latitude of Derby. He was desirous, he says, to essay all sorts of mathematical knowledge; bought books, tables, canons, &c., which were his only assistants. At eighteen he set about calculating the true places of the planets to a given time by his own tables, and busied himself, he tells us, in writing an *Almanac Burlesque* for the year 1666, but did not print it. We have in our days a *Comic Almanac* by that comical genius Cruikshank, but Flamsteed's must have been something very different from this.

'I had now,' he says, 'completed eighteen years, when the winter came on, and thrust me again into the chimney.' In the spring he applied to a new physician, 'but his prescriptions were without any apparent recruit of strength.' Recourse was, therefore, had to another expedient:—

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of the comet; and this was much celebrated by the report of the cures done in Ireland by Mr. Valentine Greatrackes, by the stroke of his hands, without the application of any medicine. At first, we supposed this to be only a fiction; but when the report was confirmed by a particular relation of several strange cures effected, my father resolved to send me over into Ireland, to try if I might, by God's blessing, receive my strength again.'—pp. 12, 13.

In the month of August he set out from Derby, by way of Liverpool, with one Clement Spicer, who we suppose was his father's servant: the two crossed over to Dublin, and proceeded all the way, *en croupe*, to Cappoquin near Youghall, on the Black-water river. On their arrival there,—

'We heard that Mr. Greatrackes used to cure on the Lord's-day, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, of course; and that the people who lodged at that place when we alighted were gone, expecting to be touched after sermon. Therefore, having refreshed ourselves, we went on foot to the Assaune, about a mile or more distant from Cappoquin, and entering into his house, we saw him touch several; some whereof were nearly cured, others on the mending hand, and some on whom his strokes had no effect,—of whom I might have said more, but that he hath been since in England; and so both his person, cures, and carriage are well enough known amongst us. And though some seem to asperse him each way, for my part I think his gift was of God; and for the course of his cures, I dare fully acquiesce with what Dr. Stubbs hath written of him. For though I am an eye-witness of several of his cures, yet am not able to remember or fitted to write them out as I saw them.

'I was touched by him on my legs this afternoon (Sept. 11), but found not my disease to stir. Next morning I came again towards his house, and found him in his own yard, looking at his cattle. He had a kind of majestical, yet affable, presence, a lusty body, and a composed carriage. I desired the privilege of his touch, and was granted it presently; and saying to him I would not have been so hasty, had not our horse (which was a gentleman's courtesy to us) been on so bad a pasture, he very freely bade me bring him down to his house—he should have good feeding, and I should pay no more than I was to pay to my former host. I did so, and saw him put into a good pasture. And now I was stroked by him all over my body; but found, as yet, no amends in anything but what I had before I came to Cappoquin.'—p. 16.

His journey homewards is told with great simplicity: the following mode of protecting one's hide from being galled when riding, must, we presume, be peculiar to the Emerald Island:—

'Being returned, I was visited by my friends, I being so discomposed by my journey that I was not very fit to appear at church that day. Yet had I not been so ill, but that riding on a dull horse (who trotted hard) betwixt Holmeschapel and Congleton, I was a little galled.

galled. For I would not use that practice which an Irish gentleman reported, who had his horse's back galled always when he was ridden by one of his boys; at which wondering, he by chance meets his said boy, who was a natural Irishman, riding upon his galled horse with his breeches hanging buttoned about his neck; of which inquiring of him the reason, he answered it was because the horse should not gall him: but by that means the rider escapes and the horse is galled himself. This story I could not omit, because such passages are not usual amongst the English.'—p. 20.

About the time when writing his *Almanac Burlesque*, he says, 'I also busied myself very much in calculating the nativities of several of my friends and acquaintances, which I have since corrected.' Judicial astrology was fashionable in those days—but a short time after, we find him noting down that 'astrology gives generally strong conjectural hints, but not perfect declarations.' In the course of a few years afterwards, he seems to have abandoned astrology altogether, for he says, 'In this year I wrote an Ephemeris, wherein I showed the falsity of astrology, and the ignorance of those who pretended to it.' Mr. Baily found, among his papers, the horoscope of the heavens, drawn by Flamsteed, at the moment of laying the foundation of the Royal Observatory in August, 1675—this, however, would appear to have been done for mere amusement, as in the interior of it was written, in pencil, *Risum teneatis amici?*—But we are proceeding too fast.

After his return from Ireland, his affliction of severe head-ache, pains, and weakness in the limbs, and other distempers still continued, notwithstanding which he says, 'I followed my mathematical studies closer, but kept no special account of my proficiency;' and this went on till the end of 1669, when he produced an almanac for the following year, containing the calculation of an eclipse of the sun, and five appulses of the moon to fixed stars; but his almanac, we are told, was rejected and returned to him, 'as beyond the capacity of the vulgar.' He therefore took out the eclipses and the appulses, and addressed them, with some astronomical speculations, to the Royal Society—to whom he thus writes:—

'Excuse, I pray you, this juvenile heat for the concerns of science, and want of better language from one who, from the sixteenth year of his age, to this instant, hath only served one bare apprenticeship in these arts, under the discouragement of friends, the want of health, and all other instructors except his better genius. I crave the liberty to conceal my name, not to suppress it. I have composed the letters of it in Latin, in this sentence, *In Mathesi a sole fundes*. I had many materials to add; but they would have swelled my letter beyond its prescribed limits. If I may understand that you accept of these, or think them worthy your notice, you shall ere long hear more from yours, J. F.'—p. 28.

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In return to this communication, Flamsteed received a most complimentary letter from Mr. Oldenburg, the Secretary, which thus commences,—‘Although you did what you could to hide your name from us, yet your ingenious and useful labours for the advancement of astronomy did soon discover you to us, upon our solicitous inquiries after their worthy author,’ &c., urging him with an assurance that he can do the Society no greater kindness than to continue his industrious studies from year to year. From this period he carried on a scientific correspondence with Mr. Oldenburg, Mr. Collins, and other learned men of that day:—

‘From this time,’ he says, ‘I began to have accounts sent me of all the mathematical books that were published either at home or abroad. In June, 1670, my father, taking notice of my correspondence with them and some other ingenious men whom I had never seen, would needs have me take a journey up to London, that I might be personally acquainted with them: that being the time of the year when his affairs would allow me liberty. I embraced the offer gladly, and there became first acquainted with Sir Jonas Moore [His Majesty’s Surveyor of the Ordnance], who presented me with Mr. Townley’s micrometer, and undertook to furnish me with telescope glasses at moderate rates. I left monies in Mr. Collins’s hands to pay for them: and in my return visited Dr. Barrow, and Mr. Newton, the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge; and Dr. Wroe, then a fellow of Jesus College there, with whom I corresponded frequently the four following years. Entered myself at Cambridge in Jesus College.’—pp. 28, 29.

We stop for a moment at this auspicious period of our autobiographer’s career, to advert to a circumstance noticed by Mr. Baily, which, had it been true, and not, as it is, most palpably false, must have arrested for ever the progress of this remarkable man. The story is briefly this. He stands accused by Mr. William Hutton, in his *History of Derby*, published in 1791, of having some time previous to the period of his life we have now arrived at, (say from sixteen to twenty years of age,) committed a *high-way robbery*, for which, the writer continues, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged! Mr. Hutton’s words are:—

‘John Flamsteed, the great mathematician, was a native of Derby. He was born in 1646, and continued in Derby till 1670. The first rudiments of his extensive learning he acquired at the free-school in St. Peter’s churchyard. Amongst the early follies of his youth he was accused, with some degenerate companions, as being concerned in a highway robbery, for which he was tried and condemned. Circumstances and friends appearing in his favour, the Royal pardon was procured from Charles II. This piece of discredit was not generally known in after life. The bent of his own mind being then pursued, he became one of the greatest ornaments of man. He discovered new worlds

worlds in the heavens, which he communicated to posterity. Instead of pursuing unjustly the things of this world, he followed with applause those of others. He died in 1719, at the age of seventy-three, leaving a most amiable character. Among his papers the pardon was found. John Webb, who was an intimate acquaintance of his, and afterwards of mine, gave me the anecdote.'

Mr. Baily went down to Derby to see whether the books at the free-school would throw any light on this subject; but there were no books of so early a date in existence; nor had any such circumstance ever been heard of at Derby. There, however, Flamsteed was born and bred—there his name has always been remembered with pride and interest—and there, if ever such a *rumour* even had existed, it must undoubtedly have left its traces. We cannot express our disgust at the rashness of Hutton in publishing such a story of such a man, after such a lapse of time, in the absence of any testimony whatever except what seems to have been the jesting gossip of a drivelling octogenarian to himself when 'a stocking-weaver's apprentice of nineteen'! Mr. Baily examined most minutely all the papers, both public and private, from which the account of Flamsteed's life and labours has been compiled, but no allusion to any such story is found in his or his friends' correspondence, nor does the name of Webb appear anywhere. 'There remained,' says Mr. Baily, 'one source of information to which I could appeal with confidence.' If any such pardon was granted, it must have been by Charles II., and would be found among the public records in the State Paper Office. The late excellent Mr. Lemon instantly undertook to go through a strict search *himself*. The result was such as might be anticipated, and such as must give complete satisfaction to all. 'I have' (says Mr. Lemon) '*myself* made a careful search through the whole of our warrant-books, petitions, references, reports, and domestic correspondence, from 1660 to 1670 inclusive, and *can state in the most explicit manner* that there is no trace of any grant of pardon to the celebrated John Flamsteed to be found in them; nor do I believe that any such ever existed: if it had, it *must* have been entered among our warrants or petitions, the series of which, at that period, in my custody, is *particularly perfect*.' This calumny and its refutation ought to afford a lesson to all 'anecdote' hunters: the idea of attributing a *highway robbery* to a laborious young student of respectable station, and afflicted with such grievous bodily infirmities—appears to us indeed quite unaccountable. Mr. Baily, in closing the subject, observes, that contemporary with our great astronomer there was a very small one, a cousin of his, bearing the same name and surname—but if even this obscure John Flamsteed had ever been pardoned for a robbery, Mr. Lemon's search is sufficient evidence that the circumstance

cumstance must have occurred later than 1670!—that is, after the first Astronomer Royal was a man of twenty-four, and well known in the world.

About the time of Flamsteed's first visit to London (1670), Mr. Newton was engaged in experiments on light and colours, and the improvement of telescopes. 'I could not at first' (says Flamsteed) 'yield to his theory; but, upon trial, found all the experiments succeeded as he related them; which kept me silent and in suspense, for I never could think that *whiteness* was a compound of all the different sorts of rays of light mixed.' This conviction induced him to turn his attention to the subject of *Dioptrics*, which he was soon master of. His time was now fully occupied in making observations of the planets, the moon and the stars, the sun's horizontal parallax, &c., with a variety of astronomical calculations, which were mostly inserted in the *Philosophical Transactions*, to which he became a constant contributor. About this time also he says, 'I wrote a small tract in English concerning the true diameters of all the planets, and their visible, when at the nearest distance from our earth, or their greatest remove from it; which I sent to Mr. Newton in the year 1685, who has made use of it in the fourth book of his *Principia*.'

Flamsteed's character as an able astronomer was by 1673 fully established. He now corresponded regularly with all the scientific men of the day, at home and on the continent; but the friend to whom he mainly owed his future advancement in life was Sir Jonas Moore, the Surveyor of the Ordnance. In one of his letters to Flamsteed, dated March, 1674, this gentleman says,—

'I am resolved, God willing, further to assist you with either books or instruments, as you will please to call for them. I am ashamed such hopes as we might have from you should be discouraged by *your* charges and pains: so little encouragement is there for poor astronomy. Therefore, to lessen your labour, I have proposed you will choose such a person as may be capable to do it, to be attendant upon you and commanded by you; and to make observations, and to write and compute as you direct. And to such I will, during my life, bind myself to pay 10*l.* a year, and I question not to get 10*l.* per annum more.'

Well might Sir Jonas say, '*Poor astronomy!*' This liberal patron, in frequent letters, urged Flamsteed to come to London, and be his guest: 'I have a quiet house, a room fitted for you, and another for your servant.' On his arrival (1674), Sir Jonas prevailed on him to make a table of the moon's southing, and to deduce from it the times of the turn of the tides; telling him 'how acceptable a true account of the tides would be to His Majesty King Charles II.' He further urged him to compose a small ephemeris for His Majesty's use; and, at his request, he made a thermometer and
barometer

barometer for the king and the Duke of York. 'Whenever' (says Flamsteed) 'he acquainted them with anything he had gathered from my discourse, he told them freely it was mine; and procured me more than ordinary regards from them, and others of our nobility and gentry about the court, that was very useful to me, both during his life and after his decease.'

Sir Jonas Moore's friendship did not stop here. It appears that about this time he proposed to fit up, *at his own private expense*, a house belonging to the Royal Society, at Chelsea, as an observatory, and to appoint Flamsteed to the care of it. To forward this object, he again invited him to come to town, and to take up his abode with him at the Tower, 'where,' he says, 'you will be extremely welcome to all of us, and where you may look after such instruments as are needful for observation.' Accordingly, in February, 1675, Flamsteed again arrived in London, where he was most kindly and cordially received by Sir Jonas; and in the following month an event occurred which fixed his destiny for the remainder of his life. We cannot do better than give his own account of it in his own words.

'Betwixt my coming up to London, and Easter, an accident happened that hastened, if it did not occasion, the building of the observatory. A Frenchman, that called himself *Le Sieur de St. Pierre*, having some small skill in astronomy, and made an interest with a French lady* then in favour at court, proposed no less than the discovery of the longitude: and had procured a kind of commission from the king to the Lord Brouncker, Dr. Ward (Bishop of Salisbury), Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Charles Scarborough, Sir Jonas Moore, Colonel Titus, Dr. Pell, Sir Robert Murray, Mr. Hook, and some other ingenious gentlemen about the town and court, to receive his proposals; with power to elect, and to receive into their number, any other skilful persons; and, having heard them, to give the king an account of them, with their opinion whether or no they were practicable, and would show what he pretended. Sir Jonas Moore carried me with him to one of their meetings, where I was chosen into their number; and, after the Frenchman's proposals were read, which were

' 1°. To have the year and day of the observations:

' 2°. The height of two stars, and on which side of the meridian they appeared:

' 3°. The height of the moon's two limbs.

' 4°. The height of the pole:—All to degrees and minutes.

' It was easy to perceive, from these demands, that the *Sieur* understood not that the best lunar tables differed from the heavens; and that therefore his demands were not sufficient for determining the longitude of the place, where such observations were, or should be made, from that to which the lunar tables were fitted: which I repre-

* *Mademoiselle de Querouaille*, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth.

sented immediately to the company. But they, considering the interests of his patroness at court, desired to have him furnished according to his demands. I undertook it; and having gained the moon's true place, by observations made at Derby, Feb. 23, 1672, and Nov. 12, 1673, gave him observations such as he demanded. The half-skilled man did not think they could have been given him; but cunningly answered *they were feigned*. I delivered them to Dr. Pell, Feb. 19, 1674-5, who returning me his answer some time after, I wrote a letter in English to the commissioners, and another in Latin to the Sieur, to assure him they were not feigned, and to show them that, if they had been, yet if we had astronomical tables that would give us the two places of the fixed stars and the moon's true places, both in longitude and latitude, nearer than to half a minute, we might hope to find the longitude of places by lunar observations, but not by such as he demanded. But, that we were so far from having the places of the fixed stars true, that the Tychoonic catalogues often erred ten minutes or more: that they were uncertain to three or four minutes, by reason that Tycho assumed a faulty obliquity of the ecliptic, and had employed only plain sights in his observations: and that the best lunar tables differ one quarter, if not one third, of a degree from the heavens: and lastly, that he might have learnt better methods than he proposed from his countryman Morinus, whom he had best consult before he made any more demands of this nature. I heard no more of the Frenchman after this; but was told that, my letters being shown King Charles, he startled at the assertion of the fixed stars' places being false in the catalogue; said, with some vehemence, "He must have them anew observed, examined, and corrected, for the use of his seamen;" and further (when it was urged to him how necessary it was to have a good stock of observations taken for correcting the motions of the moon and planets), with the same earnestness, "He must have it done." And when he was asked Who could, or who should do it? "The person (says he) that informs you of them."—pp. 37, 38.

This settled the matter at once. Sir Jonas Moore brought Flamsteed the king's warrant, appointing him his 'Astronomical Observer,' with a yearly salary of one hundred pounds, and instructions 'forthwith to apply himself with the most exact care and diligence to the rectifying the tables of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, so as to find out the so-much desired longitude of places, for the perfecting the art of navigation,' &c. The next thing to be done was to fix on a proper site for an observatory. Some proposed Hyde Park, others Chelsea College, but Sir Christopher Wren having mentioned Greenwich Hill, that site was resolved on. The king allowed 500*l.* in money, with bricks to be taken from Tilbury Fort, and some wood, iron, and lead from a gatehouse demolished in the Tower; and thus was the present Royal Observatory altered, repaired, and finished, as appears by the impress-warrant, for the moderate sum of 520*l.*

9*s.* 1*d.*;

9s. 1d.; and it is now, after one hundred and sixty years, a good substantial building.

Mr. Baily informs us, that it appears from some manuscript notes in a copy of Dr. Maskelyne's *Observations*, that *Flamsteed House*, as it is generally called, was originally a tower built by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, which had been repaired by Henry VIII. in 1526; that it had been sometimes the habitation of the younger branches of the royal family; sometimes the residence of a favourite mistress; sometimes a prison; and sometimes a place of defence. Mary of York, fifth daughter of Edward IV., died in the Tower of Greenwich Park in 1482. Henry VIII. here visited 'a fayre lady whom he loved.' In Queen Elizabeth's time, it bore the name of *Mirefleur*. King Charles II., with all his levity and licentiousness, had the merit of converting it to a more useful and laudable purpose; and it is but justice to allow him the praise of establishing, at this early period, two institutions that have conferred great benefits on science, and an honourable distinction on England. The utility and efficiency of one of these institutions has been progressive; but the other, we grieve to say, has for some years past retroceded, more especially since the presidency of Sir Joseph Banks. Sir Joseph, in fact, anticipated the decline of the Royal Society. He saw that the numerous offsets which the 'march of intellect,' and the wide spread of science, were calling into existence, and which were likely to be conducted more in the spirit of the times than in that which rigidly prevailed in the parent society, would have a tendency to draw away many of its most valuable and distinguished fellows—to use his own peculiar mode of expression, which we once happened to hear him make use of, 'They will go on docking the skirts of the old lady's petticoat, till she has not a rag left to cover her nakedness.' Some silly squabbles, and other circumstances of recent date, seem to be accelerating the fulfilment of this prophecy.

We must here digress for a moment to take a brief view of what has been done, since Flamsteed's time, with regard to the remuneration of the Astronomer Royal. It, indeed, appears to us surprising that so paltry a salary as that of 100*l.* a year should have been established, even at that time, for so highly important, respectable, and laborious a situation as that of the 'King's Observer,'—an appointment that kept Flamsteed poor, and left his family so; for it was never increased during the forty-five years he filled the situation. The advice of his successor, Halley, said to have been given to some one of Queen Anne's administration, 'to keep the salary small, lest the appointment should become an object of parliamentary jobbing,' was not so disinterested as might appear; and, considering the enmity this distinguished mathematician

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tician and astronomer bore to Flamsteed, was probably advanced from no good intention to the first Astronomer Royal. When he, however, at the death of Flamsteed, succeeded to the situation, he received in addition the double of that paltry salary, without any scruple or inquiry about 'parliamentary jobbing.'

Shortly after the accession of George II., Queen Caroline made a visit to the Royal Observatory, and being highly pleased with all she saw, and finding that Halley had served the Crown in the navy,* obtained for him from the king the half-pay of captain, which he retained during his life. On his death in 1742, Dr. Bradley was appointed 'Astronomical Observer;' and on his refusing to accept the living of Greenwich, from a conscientious suspicion that 'the duty of a pastor was incompatible with his other studies,' George II. granted him a yearly pension by sign manual during pleasure, 'in consideration of his great skill and knowledge in the several branches of astronomy, and other parts of the mathematics, which have proved so useful to the trade and navigation of this kingdom.' This pension was renewed on the accession of George III.; and on the death of Dr. Bradley, the same sum was granted to his successor, Mr. Bliss, who enjoyed the situation but about three years, when, in 1765, Dr. Maskelyne, on his appointment, received a like grant.

The fixed salary of 100*l.* a year, with the addition of 250*l.* a year paid at the Exchequer, out of his Majesty's civil list (which produced only 207*l.* 10*s.*), making the income 307*l.* 10*s.* per annum, was continued down to the late astronomer-royal, Mr. Pond, on whose appointment, in consequence of a strong representation from Sir Joseph Banks, the Admiralty was directed to make up the two above-mentioned sums to 600*l.* a year *net*. Sir Joseph represented to the Treasury that the nature of the office required almost eternal attendance, for that the heavenly bodies which must be observed were like the tides—they waited for no man.

'This office (he says) is highly respectable, and is looked up to, not by Englishmen only, but by the astronomers and navigators of all Europe. The observations of Greenwich have hitherto been preferred by calculators, and used by them in preference to all others; and I will venture to add, that the longitude at sea, that greatest of all desiderata to a maritime nation, has derived more substantial advancement from the Royal Observatory than from all the world beside.'

* In 1698 he was appointed by King William commander of the *Paramour* pink, to lay down the latitudes and longitudes, and the variation of the compass on the coast of America, and 'to attempt the discovery of what land lies to the south of the Western Ocean.' He went a second time, having with him a second small vessel, proceeded as far south as the ice would permit him, and returned by St. Helena, coast of Brazil, &c., in 1700.

This is all perfectly true; and the latter part of Sir Joseph's eulogy is most particularly due to that excellent man, the Rev. Neville Maskelyne, who, in addition to his ordinary labours, projected and brought to its completion, gratuitously, the first Nautical Almanack published in this country, with its most valuable accompaniment, the 'Requisite Tables,' containing also the most approved rules in his time for determining the longitude at sea by lunar observations. That the Nautical Almanack of Maskelyne has recently been extended and improved detracts nothing from the merit of its first projector, who happily had a private fortune of his own, or he could not have supported that respectability which the astronomer royal ought to maintain, on an income of 307*l.* 10*s.* per annum.

Halley's recommendation of keeping the salary low was therefore long enough continued in practice. On the late very recent appointment of Professor Airy, it has been raised to 800*l.* a year; but viewing the long-established character of the present holder for scientific acquirements, and the ability he displayed in the high situation he held at Cambridge, there is little danger of his appointment being considered as 'a parliamentary job,' though presented by the Treasury to a Cambridge man. Lord Melbourne, indeed, to do him justice, has now given up the patronage, of which the Treasury had hitherto been particularly tenacious, to the Board of Admiralty, together with the whole control and responsibility of the Royal Observatory. To no department of the government, we will venture to say, could this patronage, control, and responsibility be more properly intrusted—the original design of the Royal Observatory being, as its founder, Charles II., expressed himself, 'for the use of my seamen.'

From the period of the establishment of the Royal Observatory, 'we may date,' says Mr. Baily, 'the commencement of modern astronomy: the invention of the telescope, and the introduction of the clock, then first used for astronomical purposes, were vast improvements on the ancient mode of observing; and their beneficial effects were immediately apparent.'

To return to Flamsteed—he lost no time in taking possession of his official residence. In July, 1676, he removed to the Observatory—the only instruments with which he was then furnished being an iron sextant of seven feet radius, and two clocks, given to him by his friend Sir Jonas Moore, together with a quadrant of three feet radius, and two telescopes, which he had brought with him from Derby. In 1678 he borrowed a quadrant from the Royal Society, which he employed rather more than a year, 'when the ill-nature of Mr. Hook forced it out of his hands.' He was promised

mised by the government that additional instruments should be supplied at the public expense, but none were ever furnished. He soon found that, with his miserable pittance of salary, his expenses were much too great for his resources, and that the only chance of improving them was to resort to the laborious task of a teacher.

‘Wanting assistance,’ he says, ‘I took an ingenious young man to be my servant, and some young gentlemen to teach. I employed them in my night observations to tell the clocks, write for me, and such like things as I might safely trust them in, which saved the public the charge of a pair of necessary assistants, and helped to bear the further unavoidable charge of an expensive habitation.’

Mr. Baily found among his papers a list of 140 persons, between the years 1676 and 1709, whom he had instructed, and among these are the names of several of the nobility—such as Marlborough, Hamilton, Essex, Dartmouth, Guilford, &c.

In 1679 Sir Jonas Moore died; ‘with whom,’ he says, ‘in a manner fell all my hopes of having any allowance of expenses for making such instruments as I still wanted.’ Towards the end of 1680, and beginning of 1681, the great comet appeared, and was diligently observed by him. It was generally considered that there were *two* comets about the same time; but Flamsteed affirmed there was only one, whose line of motion, before and after it passed the sun, he accurately described. This being imparted to Mr. Newton, then Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, he wrote to Flamsteed, arguing strongly that there must have been two *different* comets; ‘and moreover,’ says Flamsteed, ‘magisterially ridiculed the contrary opinion;’ but four years afterwards (in 1685), Newton admitted they both might be the same, and that ‘Flamsteed was right.’ Afterwards, as Flamsteed informs us, he ‘imparted the place of the comet, deduced from my observations, by repeated calculations, and he published them in the *Principia* (1687); but with slight acknowledgments of so laborious a work.’ This communication appears to have been the commencement of his correspondence with Sir Isaac Newton—with the exception of a letter of April, 1682, to introduce a Mr. Edward Paget, who was a competitor for a vacant place in the establishment of Christ’s Hospital. On the back of this letter is a note written by Flamsteed:—

‘Mr. Paget was chosen master of the mathematical school on my recommendation and the Hospital governors were so pleased with the choice, that, to show their gratitude, they sent me a staff, and made me of their number the summer following.’

But alas! for Mr. Paget—the note continues—

‘Ebrietati deinde post annos 7 nimium addictus, immemor officii, pueros

pueros neglexit, in Flandriam transiit, deposuit mimas, in Indiam tandem navigavit: fexit Deus ut sanus et sobrius redeat.'

In August, 1691, Newton writes to Flamsteed, introducing Mr. Gregory 'as a very ingenious person, and good mathematician.' In the letter he happens to say, he hopes it will not be long before he publishes his catalogue of the fixed stars, and of the first six magnitudes observed by others; and he also incidentally mentions the name of Halley. In reply, Flamsteed assigns freely his reasons for differing with Newton as to the publication of his catalogue, explains to him what has been done, what he is doing, and what he means to do, to complete his observations, and make them fit for the public eye; and he concludes his long letter by showing pretty clearly what his opinion already was of Mr. Halley.

'It only remains that I give you the answer I would make to our suggesting friend, when he asks me why I do not print my observations? 'Tis, first, I do not find myself under any obligations to receive instructions what to do, or be governed by him and his associates. Secondly, I would not thrust such an incomplete catalogue on the world as he has done from St. Helena. He has more of mine in his hands already, than he will either own or restore; and I have no esteem of a man who has lost his reputation, both for skill, candour, and ingenuity, by silly tricks, ingratitude, and foolish prate; and that I value not all or any of the shame of him and his infidel companions; being very well satisfied that if Christ and his apostles were to walk again upon earth, they should not escape free from the calumnies of their venomous tongues. But I hate his ill manners, not the man: were he either honest, or but civil, there is none in whose company I could rather desire to be.

'But my letter makes you now do penance. I beg your pardon for a just indignation, to which some very foolish behaviour of his very lately has moved me; and desire you to assure yourself, that no one is more sincerely your servant, than your affectionate friend and brother,

—pp. 132, 133.

'JOHN FLAMSTEED.'

Halley was undoubtedly in all respects the very reverse of Flamsteed. Low and loose in his moral conduct—an avowed and shameless infidel—no sympathy could exist between him and our astronomer. In a letter (Dec. 18, 1703) to Mr. Sharp, Flamsteed says, 'Dr. Wallis* is dead: Mr. Halley expects his place, who now talks, swears, and drinks brandy like a sea-captain; so that I much fear his own ill behaviour will deprive him of the advantage of this vacancy.' Flamsteed's fears, however, were not realized. Newton was now president of the Royal Society, and Halley obtained that professorship, which in 1698

* Savilian Professor of Mathematics.

had been refused to him by Bishop Stillingfleet, in consequence of his being an infidel, which he was at no pains to conceal. This, as appears on the authority of Dr. Maskelyne, was well known to Sir Isaac Newton, who, however, we are told, 'never permitted immorality and impiety to pass unreprieved;' and when Halley ventured to throw out any thing disrespectful to religion, invariably checked him, saying, 'I have studied these things—you have not.'*

Halley, however, had no desire to break with Flamsteed, who now stood so high in the opinion of the learned of his day; but it soon appeared that a quarrel between them was unavoidable.—'Last time I saw him,' says Flamsteed, (*Letter 68.*) 'many words passed betwixt us; he complained of my unkindness highly, and asked loudly what he must do to gain my friendship; I answered roundly, he *must become a just, serious, and virtuous man*, and then I should be his friend immediately.' In another letter (*No. 99*) Flamsteed says, 'I have many proofs by me of his (Halley's) falsehood and lies, but I would not be the man that would tell the world that so good a mathematician, my countryman and acquaintance, was so ill a man; and if he force me not to it, I shall be the last that shall publish his faults.'

Meantime Flamsteed's opinion of Halley, freely, as above stated, communicated to Newton, occasioned no interruption to their correspondence,—witness a series of letters from October, 1694, to September, 1695, (*No. 16 to No. 34 inclusive.*) in which Flamsteed explains the progress he had made in his Catalogue, and particularly in his observations on the moon's motions, with the view of assisting Newton in the lunar theory: they contain also long and friendly discussions on the difficult question of refraction, so important in all astronomical observations, in aid of which correct tables were required;—and in February, 1694, Newton paid Flamsteed a visit at the Observatory.

'1694, Saturday, September 1st. Mr. Newton came to visit me. Esteeming him an obliged friend, I showed him about one hundred and fifty places of the moon, derived from my observations and tables by myself and servants hired at my own expense; with the differences or errors, in three synopses written on large sheets of paper, in order to correct the theory of her motions. On his earnest request I lent them to him, and allowed him to take copies of them (as I did not doubt but that by their help he would be able to correct the lunar theory), upon these two conditions however: 1°. That he should not impart or communicate them to anybody without my consent; for the places of the moon deduced from the observations (I told him) were

* Brewster's Life of Sir Isaac Newton, p. 339.

got with the help of a small catalogue of fixed stars made from observations taken with the sextant only, and rectified to the beginning of the year 1686; whereby I found their places were not so correct as they ought to be; and that when the stars were rectified by the new instrument, I would calculate the moon's places anew, and then should be ready to impart them both to him and to the public. 2^o. That he should not in the first manner impart the result of what he derived from them to anybody but myself; for, since I saved him all the labour of calculating the moon's place both from the observations and tables, it was not just that he should give the result of my pains (the correction of the theory I had furnished with numbers) to any other but myself. All this he approved; and by a letter of his confessed. Nevertheless he imparted what he derived from them, both to Dr. Gregory and Mr. Halley, *contra datam fidem*. The first of these conditions I was not much concerned whether he kept or not; but he has, I believe, kept it. The latter (which was the most material) he has forgot or broke; through the insinuation, I fear, of some persons that were little his friends till they saw what friends he had in the Government; and I presume will be less so, when they see them laid aside.—*Autobiography*, pp. 61, 62.

The correspondence still continued, Flamsteed complaining continually of head-aches which incapacitated him for exertion—and that Newton, though well informed of his illness, ceased not to importune him for more observations. Newton had a high opinion of Flamsteed, on whom, indeed, he relied for the completion of the lunar theory. This opinion is strongly expressed in his letter (No. 26), of which the following is an extract:—

‘As for your observations, you know I cannot communicate them to any body, and much less publish them, without your consent. But if I should perfect the moon's theory, and you should think fit to give me leave to publish your observations with it, you may rest assured that I should make a faithful and honourable acknowledgment of their author, with a just character of their exactness above any others yet extant. In the former edition of my book, you may remember that you communicated some things to me, and I hope the acknowledgments I made of your communications were to your satisfaction; and you may be assured I shall not be less just to you for the future. For all the world knows that I make no observations myself, and therefore I must of necessity acknowledge their author; and if I do not make a handsome acknowledgment, they will reckon me an ungrateful clown.’—pp. 151, 152.

Newton continues very urgent with Flamsteed for more observations on the moon; the illness of the latter continues also—and at length he receives from Sir Isaac on the 9th of July, 1695, a very flippant and saucy letter (No. 31), on the back of which, among several notations by Flamsteed, is the following:—‘I

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was ill all this summer, and could not furnish him as I had done formerly. He mistook my illness for design, and wrote this hasty, artificial, unkind, arrogant letter; answered it July 13, and sent him the lunar observations,' &c.

We are now approaching the most distressing part of the narrative. In the spring of 1696 Newton was made Warden, and soon after Master of the Mint. About this time Dr. Wallis, having understood that Flamsteed had written a paper 'on the parallax of the earth's annual orb,' requested a copy of it for insertion in a volume of his mathematical tracts; Flamsteed readily complied; and in this paper there happened to be a paragraph alluding to his having furnished Newton with one hundred and fifty computed places of the moon. Newton, on being told this, through the officiousness of Dr. Gregory, was exceedingly indignant, and addressed to Flamsteed the following extraordinary letter:—

'Sir,—Upon hearing occasionally that you had sent a letter to Dr. Wallis about the parallax of the fixed stars to be printed, and that you had mentioned therein with respect to the theory of the moon, I was concerned to be publicly brought upon the stage about what, perhaps, will never be fitted for the public, and thereby the world put into an expectation of what, perhaps, they are never like to have. I do not love to be printed upon every occasion, much less to be dunned and teased by foreigners about mathematical things, or to be thought by our own people to be *trifling* away my time about them, when I should be about the King's business. And, therefore, I desired Dr. Gregory to write to Dr. Wallis against printing that clause which related to that theory, and mentioned me about it. You may let the world know, if you please, how well you are stored with observations of all sorts, and what calculations you have made towards rectifying the theories of the heavenly motions. But there may be cases wherein your friends should not be published without their leave; and therefore I hope you will so order the matter that I may not, on this occasion, be brought upon the stage. I am your humble servant,

'IS. NEWTON.'—p. 166.

The occasion certainly did not justify this epistle, so unworthy of the transcendent genius, and so unlike to the usual suavity, of Newton. He had, no doubt, been instigated by his two satellites, Halley and Gregory, in the hope probably of being the means to dissolve the friendship which still existed between him and Flamsteed; but still one cannot well understand how Newton could have been induced to take fire at such a paragraph, obviously written without the slightest intention to give offence; more especially as both Gregory and Halley had all along been fully acquainted with the assistance derived from Flamsteed, and Newton himself made no kind of secret of it; as is expressed in a note of Flamsteed's, 'Tis as impossible for Mr. Newton to hide what

he has received from the Observatory, as to cover St. Paul's with a Scotch bonnet.'

Sir David Brewster, by the way, in his 'Life of Newton,' makes Flamsteed to be the writer of this extraordinary letter, and not only so, but also makes Flamsteed criticise it though his own, and concludes with an opinion, that it is quite 'characteristic of Flamsteed's manner.' When Sir David penned this he must have been little acquainted with 'Flamsteed's manner,' nor was he more so with Flamsteed's feelings and conduct, when he accused him of 'receiving Sir Isaac Newton's requests as if they were idle intrusions, in which the interests of science were but slightly considered.' Mr. Baily's volume will no doubt induce this eminent writer to expunge the rash page in which he has thus sported with the memory of a great and good man.*

We may here step a little out of the narrative to observe not only how very little the merits of Flamsteed, the coadjutor of Newton, have been made known, but that the little which has been published is chiefly confined to 'Biographical Dictionaries,' and his character grossly misrepresented therein.† Roger North, in his 'Life of the Lord Keeper,' says, 'that a good benefice falling void, not far from the Observatory, in the gift of the Great Seal, his lordship gave it to Mr. Flamsteed, which set him at ease in his fortunes. . . . But plenty and pains seldom dwell together; for, as one enters, the other gives way; and, in this instance, a good living, pensions, &c., spoiled a good cosmographer and astronomer; for very little is left of Mr. Flamsteed's sedulous and judicious applications that way.' If Roger North had uttered this sentence after the publication we are reviewing, we should have said he was guilty of a gross falsehood, which would equally apply if he knew, when he wrote it, that the living of Burstow in Surrey, was given to Flamsteed in 1684, *ten years* prior to his long correspondence with Newton. Had he

* Brewster's Life of Newton, p. 243. We have heard, and would willingly believe, that it is the author's intention to expand this interesting work, and give it a form worthy of more permanent estimation than can be aspired to by a contribution to a popular miscellany such as the 'Family Library.'

† It is of the least possible importance what the French say of any Englishman of eminence. The following may serve as specimens of pure invention:—'*Les disputes de Flamsteed avec M. Newton, qui avoit trouvé plusieurs de ses Observations peu justes, ayant été portées devant l'Académie des Sciences de Paris, cette savante société jugea en faveur de M. Newton, et ce jugement arrêta la suite de l'impression de l'ouvrage!*'—*Dictionnaire de Moreri. Art. Flamsteed.* In another French dictionary, *La Biographie Universelle*, is the following passage, equally false with the preceding. After stating that the public were urgent for Flamsteed's Observations, is added, '*On en désirait vivement la publication; mais dans le caractère de Flamsteed, ce désir était une raison pour qu'il ne fît pas ce qu'on attendait de lui. Le gouvernement d'Angleterre fut obligé d'user d'autorité; et chargea Halley de suppléer à ce que l'auteur ne voulait pas faire.*'

courted an idle life, he would have made Burstow his place of retirement, whereas it is a remarkable fact that, throughout the whole of the thirty-six years during which he held that living, we find him there only for a month or two in four different years, and *five* letters only dated from thence are scattered among the 150, or more, written at the *Observatory*.

But to return to our narrative. On the receipt of Newton's letter, Flamsteed wrote to Dr. Wallis to desire him 'to alter the offensive innocent paragraph,' and at the same time replied as follows to Sir Isaac:—

'I did not think I could have disoblged you, by letting the world know that the King's Observatory had furnished you with 150 places of the moon, derived from observations here made, and compared with tables, in order to correct her theory: since (not to seem to boast) I said nothing of what more it has furnished you freely with. . . . I thought not it could be any diminution to you, since you pretend not to be an observer yourself. I thought it might give some people a better notion of what was doing here, than had been impressed upon them by others, whom God forgive. . . . I wonder that hints should drop from your pen, as if you looked on my business as *trifling*; you thought it not so, surely, when you resided at Cambridge: its property is not altered: I think it has produced something considerable already, and may do more, if I can but procure help to work up the observations I have under my hands, which it was one of the designs of my *Letter to Dr. Wallis* to move for. I doubt not but it will be of some use to our ingenious travellers and sailors; and other persons that come after me will think their time as little misspent in these studies, as those did that have gone before me. The works of the Eternal Providence I hope will be a little better understood, through your labours and mine, than they were formerly. Think me not proud for this expression; I look on pride as the worst of sins: humility as the greatest virtue. This makes me excuse small faults in all mankind, bear great injuries without resentment, and resolve to maintain a real friendship with ingenious men: to assist them what lies in my power, without the regard of any interest, but that of doing good by obliging them.'—
p. 169.

After this, as appears from a letter dated May, 1700, he had met Newton several times, at the last of which Sir Isaac admitted fairly that he had employed no observed places of the comets, nor of the moon, but what Flamsteed had given him; but, an allusion being made to the printing of the latter's book of tables, Flamsteed says,

'At this he started, and asked me, "What tables?" and "if I would publish any for the moon?" My answer was, that she was in his hands, and if he would finish her, I would lend him my assistance; if not, I would fall upon her myself when I had leisure, and I doubted not of good success; but that the tables I intended were such as I
made

made use of for deducing the places of the stars and planets ; hereupon he recollected himself, and was calm.'

And before they parted, he promised Flamsteed a visit to the Observatory, with Sir Christopher Wren.

In the following month (June, 1700) Flamsteed addresses a letter to Newton, which occupies ten pages, describing a series of his observations on the parallax of the orb and the nutation of the earth's axis, with his correction for the errors of his mural arc, in consequence of the gradual sinking of the wall. Nothing further appears to have occurred between them until April, 1704, when Newton, now President of the Royal Society, paid Flamsteed a visit at the Observatory.

'On the 10th of April, 1704, he came down to Greenwich, visited me on my request, staid and dined with me. At his first coming he desired to see what I had ready for the press. I showed him the books of observations, together with so much of the catalogue as was then finished (which was about one half), and a fair copy of it : and with it the maps of the constellations drawn both by my amanuensis and Vansomer. Which having looked over carefully, he desired me to let him have the recommending of them to the Prince.* I was surprised at this proposition. I had formerly tried his temper, and always found him insidious, ambitious, and excessively covetous of praise, and impatient of contradiction. I had taken notice of some faults in the fourth book of his *Principia* : which, instead of thanking me for, he resented ill. Yet was [so] presumptuous, that he sometimes dared to ask "Why I did not hold my tongue?"'—p. 73.

Flamsteed adds, 'he said he would recommend me to the Prince, and parted with me in the evening with a short expression of very good advice, viz., *Do all the good in your power* : which it would have been very happy for him if he had followed himself, and has been the rule of my life from my infancy ; though I do not know it ever has been of his.' On this Mr. Bailly remarks,—

'The character which Flamsteed has here drawn of Newton, and which he insists on throughout the whole of his statements, is so much at variance with that mild and modest behaviour which most of his biographers have attributed to him, that it might seem like the excess of spleen and malice on the part of Flamsteed to dwell so much on these topics, were not his opinions strengthened by that of some of his contemporaries. Whiston, who knew him well, says he was impatient of contradiction, and that he was of the most fearful, cautious, and suspicious temper that he ever knew. See Whiston's *Memoirs*, page 294. And, in a pamphlet, published in the year 1710, entitled *An account of the late proceedings in the Council of the Royal Society, in order to remove from Gresham College into Crane Court, Fleet Street*, Sir Isaac Newton is accused of partiality and precipitancy, and of

* Prince George of Denmark.

having

having acted (at a meeting of the Society, called for the express purpose of considering the propriety of such removal) with a degree of warmth, and to have assumed an air and tone, not very suitable to the candour and impartiality which might have been expected from the President of so distinguished a body. I shall not embark in the odious task of attempting to multiply such instances: indeed, it is with much reluctance that I advert at all to a subject of this kind; but justice to Flamsteed's memory requires that he should be defended even from the suspicion of misrepresentation.'—*Life*, p. 74.

In the following month, Newton paid Flamsteed another visit. 'My discourse about the faults of Mr. Newton's *Optics*, and correction of my lunar numbers, brought the subtle gentleman down hither. I thanked him for his book: he said then he hoped I approved it. I told him truly, no; for he gave all the fixed stars bodies of five or six seconds diameter, whereas four parts in five of them were not one second broad. This point would not bear discussion; he dropt it, and told me he came now to see what forwardness I was in.' Flamsteed having then shown him his books of observations, his catalogue, and charts of the fixed stars, 'he seemed pleased, and offered to recommend them *privately* to the Prince;' but Flamsteed adds, 'I told him he must do it *publickly*, for good reasons, which, not being able to answer, he was silent.'

Matters seem to have continued pretty well between them till the year 1706, when Flamsteed's Observations were to be published. Prince George of Denmark (Lord High Admiral), having been elected a fellow of the Royal Society, was consulted about the publication, and agreed to advance 1200*l.* for that purpose; and a committee, consisting of Sir Christopher Wren, Newton, and others, was appointed to consider how it might best be brought out. The committee estimated the whole charge to be about 863*l.*; and they conclude their report thus:

'This set of observations we report the fullest and completest that has ever yet been made; and as it tends to the perfection of astronomy and navigation, so, if it should be lost, the loss would be irreparable.'

But, on this occasion, the conduct imputed to Sir Isaac Newton was certainly very strange, and not at all consistent with that character for gentleness and placidity of temper which he has generally obtained. He first fixes on a printer, of whom Flamsteed knew nothing, and whose exhibited specimens were ill-done; yet with this man the committee signed an agreement against Flamsteed's consent. Sir Isaac demanded that Flamsteed's *first night's notes* should be put into his hand, on the plea that he might compare them with the copy; he next demanded a copy of the Catalogue, which Flamsteed objected to, as being incomplete; adding,

ing, that the stars in it were only about 1500, which he would probably increase to 2500; that these documents contained the result of all his labours; and that having spent above 2000*l.* of his own money, above his allowances, on these researches, it would be very imprudent to trust a copy out of his own keeping. Newton replied, that he 'might then put them into his hands sealed up.' Flamsteed consented to this, and they were accordingly sealed up in the presence of Sir Christopher Wren, to be delivered by him to Sir Isaac Newton, as soon as ten sheets of the observations were printed, and 125*l.* paid to Flamsteed according to the agreement.

'It is difficult,' says Mr. Bailly, 'to account for the motive which could have influenced Newton to have proposed and insisted upon this cautious step. It showed great suspicion of the person with whom he was dealing; and such conduct would not be tolerated, or even attempted, at the present day, on either side, between individuals of their rank in society.'

The printing went on most tardily, Sir Isaac sometimes stopping the press without assigning any reasons for it. Flamsteed one day met him at the press, and pointed out to him how ill the compositor had placed the types of the figures:

'He put his head' (he says) 'a little nearer to the paper, but not near enough to see the fault (for he is very near-sighted), and making a slighting motion with his hand, said, "Methinks they are well enough." This' (adds Flamsteed) 'encouraged the printer in his carelessness; the sheet was printed off, and the fault not mended.'

Indeed, throughout the whole of this business, the conduct of Sir Isaac Newton is quite inexplicable. He stopped the press for three months at a time; and,

'to keep all things wholly in his own power (says Flamsteed), he had brought in an undertaker, who was useless to the business, and served only to spoil the work, or worse; and a printer, whom I believe he paid. . . . I am sure he never consulted me about the payment of either, though there was sufficient cause, all the articles relating to them having been broken.'

The delay still continued—

'I complained,' he says, 'of this behaviour of Sir Isaac Newton, both paying me short of what I had disbursed, and keeping the 175 sheets of copy for the second volume in his hands. This, I believe, was (as intended) carried to him; whereupon, to throw all the fault upon me, eight months after he had stopped the press, he sent me the following order: "At a meeting," &c., "it was agreed that the press should go on without further delay: and that, if Mr. Flamsteed do not take care that the press be well corrected, and go on with dispatch, another corrector be employed."—(Signed by the five referees.)'

* This very offensive order, Mr. Bailly informs us, in a note, is in Sir Isaac Newton's own handwriting. We

We are grieved to see this obvious determination of Sir Isaac to harass and annoy Flamsteed, infirm as he now was, to the utmost of his power. He ordered him to insert the magnitudes of the fixed stars into the copy of the Catalogue deposited in his hands, which was done for him, and part of a third more perfect copy was placed in his possession, as a pledge for returning the other. We agree with Mr. Baily, that 'this continued suspicion is unaccountable, unwarrantable, and extremely revolting.' The delay in the printing continued,—and no proof-sheets were sent to Flamsteed. At length, however, to his great surprise, he was privately told, that the imperfect copy of his *Catalogue* (which he was then at work upon to complete) was actually in the press; and still more was he surprised at a letter he received about the same time from Dr. Arbuthnot, in which he demanded of him the copy of the stars' places of six constellations, which had not been delivered into Sir Isaac Newton's hands, 'when,' says Flamsteed, 'he got the rest into his possession by tricks and pretences.' Flamsteed waited on Arbuthnot, and desired to know whether the Catalogue was printed or no. The doctor pledged his word 'not a sheet of it was printed.' 'I was sure it was,' says Flamsteed, 'for within four days after, a friend sent me the constellations of *Aries* and *Taurus* fairly printed; and in a day or two after that of *Virgo*. So that I was now convinced that the press was at work, and that the doctor had told me *what he knew was not true*.' Shortly after this Flamsteed discovered that Halley had been appointed to take care of the press, and that he was circulating reports of his having found many faults in the Catalogue, and boasting what pains he had been at in correcting them.

On the 11th of October, 1711, Sir Isaac Newton, the President of the Royal Society, appointed a *council* to be held at their house in Crane Court, whereat Mr. Flamsteed was ordered to attend, the object being 'to know of him if his instruments be in order, and fit carry on the necessary celestial observations.'

'Flamsteed,' says Mr. Baily, 'attended; and a scene ensued over which it were desirable that a veil should be thrown for ever. But the recent disclosure, by the discovery of two distinct sets of manuscripts relative to this subject, and belonging to two different owners, now prevents the possibility of its suppression. Fortunately for the Society as a body, there were not enough members present (five) to form a council, and consequently their pages do not record the humiliating scene.'

It is recorded, however, by Mr. Flamsteed in two places—first, in the 'History of his own Life,' and secondly, in a *Diary of Occurrences*, from the latter of which, being the most in detail, we shall extract the extraordinary proceedings of this day.

* October

' October 29. Accordingly I went thither with no other company but my servant J. C. [J. Crosthwait?] Dr. Halley met me as I entered, and would have had me drink a dish of coffee with him. I refused: went straight up to the house: my man helped me up stairs, where I found Sir I. Newton, Dr. Sloane, and Dr. Mead. These three were all the committee that I found there: and the two last, I well knew, were the assentors of the first, in all cases, right or wrong.

' After a little pause, Sir I. Newton began; and told me that the committee desired to know what repairs I wanted, or what instruments, in the observatory? I answered that my repairs were always made by the Office of the Ordnance: that I had applied myself to them; but the season of the year not being fit, it was thought best to forbear them till February next, when I doubted not they would be taken care of. As for the instruments, they were all my own; being either given to me absolutely by Sir Jonas Moore, or made and paid for out of my own pocket. This he well knows, though he dissembles it. He answered, "As good have no observatory as no instruments." I gave him, hereupon, an account of Sir Jonas Moore's donation, in the presence of Mr. Colwall and Mr. Hanway his son-in-law: how he soon after died, and a controversy about his gift arising betwixt his son Sir Jonas, and myself, we had a hearing before the board of the office; whereat Mr. Colwall and Mr. Hanway both attested what I affirmed, that the instruments, books, goods, &c. were given me by Sir Jonas Moore. Whereupon he seemed much moved, and repeated what he had said before, "As good have no observatory as no instruments;" asked Dr. Mead if it were not so, who assented. I proceeded from this to tell Sir Isaac (who was fired) that I thought it the business of their Society to encourage my labours, and not to make me uneasy for them. He asked Dr. Sloane what I said: who answered, that I said something about encouragement. Whereupon I told him that a frontispiece was engraved for my works, and the prince's picture (without any notice given me of it), to present to the queen: and that hereby *I was robbed of the fruits of my labours*: that I had expended above 2000*l.* in instruments and assistance. At this the impetuous man grew outrageous, and said, "We are, then, robbers of your labours?" I answered, I was sorry that they owned themselves to be so. After which, all he said was in a rage: he called me many hard names; *puppy* was the most innocent of them. I told him only that I had all imaginable deference and respect for her Majesty's order, for the honour of the nation, &c.: but that it was a dishonour to the nation, her Majesty, and that Society (nay, to the President himself), to use me so. At last he charged me, with great violence (and repeated it), not to remove any instruments out of the Observatory: for I had told him before that, if I was turned out of the Observatory, I would carry away the sextant with me. I only desired him to keep his temper, restrain his passion, and thanked him as often as he gave me ill-names: and, looking for the door, told him God had blessed all my endeavours hitherto, and that he would protect me for the

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the future : that the wisdom of God was beyond the wisdom of men ; and that I committed my all to him : or words to that purpose.

‘ I cannot remember everything that was said by the hot gentleman, in its proper place ; nor have I given it in its order. I may put it into better, upon recollection, hereafter. I remember more at present, that after I had said that it had cost me above 2000*l.* in instruments and assistants, he told me fiercely that I had said he owed me 6000*l.* : which, without much moving, he set himself to make out thus : first, I had said that nobody could live in the Observatory for less than 300*l.* a year ; that I had had but 100*l.* paid me, and that 200*l.* in 36 years would come to that money. This I never reckoned ; but I have said that a man cannot live in this place for less than 300*l.* a year : the rest is his own accounting. He told me, moreover, I had received 3600*l.* of the Government. I answered, what had he done for 500*l.* a year salary that he had ? or to that purpose. Which put him to a stand : but, at length, he fell to give me his usual *good* words : said I was proud and insolent, and insulted him. Dr. Mead said the same thing. I only desired him (as I had often done) to restrain his passion, keep his temper, &c. He said I had called him *Atheist*. I never did : but I know what other people have said of a paragraph in his *Optics*, which probably occasioned this suggestion. I thought it not worth my while to say anything in answer to this reproach. I hope he is none.’—pp. 228, 229.

‘ When we consider,’ adds Mr. Baily, ‘ that Newton was at this time nearly 69 years of age, and that Flamsteed was upwards of 65, and so infirm that he was obliged to be assisted both up and down stairs, it must be confessed that this scene exhibits but a miserable picture of the frailties of human nature.’

Miserable indeed ! but the measure of poor Flamsteed’s persecution was not yet full. It was followed up with a spirit of rancorous hostility, and, we must add, by an act of gross injustice, which nothing can excuse or palliate. After the last sheet of Flamsteed’s corrected and enlarged Catalogue was printed off, in December, 1712, his intention was, that the press should proceed with the Observations from which it had been derived, and which were made with the mural arc ; but ‘ whatever instances,’ he says, ‘ I made to Sir Isaac Newton to have the copy I had trusted to his hands, I could not prevail with him to return it.’ At last he wrote to Sir Isaac, in April, 1716, pressing him to return the *night notes*, also the 175 manuscript sheets of Observations made with the mural arc, which were trusted into his hands in March, 1708, with so much of the Catalogue as was delivered to him *sealed up*, at his own request,—to which, however, Sir Isaac did not condescend to make any reply. As Newton had now kept them *eight years*, though frequently requested to return them, Flamsteed at length determined to proceed against him for their recovery ; and in the following month he sent his attorney to wait on Sir Isaac, but he would not be seen. That
Flamsteed

Flamsteed should have taken this last resource is the less surprising, after the several unsuccessful applications for the restoration of his property, which were wholly unheeded. But the reason for this became apparent so soon as the fact was known that the 175 manuscript sheets of observations, which were to be kept by Newton, as a sacred deposit, had been handed over to Halley. 'Newton,' says Flamsteed (Letter 216), 'has put my 175 sheets into Halley's keeping: this is the height of trick, ingratitude, and baseness; but I never expected any better from him since he gave my Catalogue into Halley's hands. I can bear it. God forgive all his falseness.' Thus it appears that the *sealed* Catalogue placed in Sir Isaac Newton's custody, had also been given to Halley, and, with all its imperfections (distinctly stated to Newton as a reason against publishing it), together with Halley's mutilations, had actually been printed, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Flamsteed; who thus finding that all faith with him had been broken, that his Catalogue had been thus surreptitiously and clandestinely printed, and that his Observations also had been sent to the press in a garbled and improper manner, determined to break off all communication with Dr. Arbuthnot* and his coadjutors in this affair, resolving in his own mind to appeal to the public on this occasion. He did more—he set about re-copying, not only the 175 sheets, but also the Catalogue for the press, at an expense of nearly 200*l.*—the amount of two years' salary. He had before this made to Dr. Arbuthnot a strong and feeling appeal, in which he says:

'I have now spent thirty-five years in composing my Catalogue, which may, in time, be published for the use of her Majesty's subjects, and ingenious men all the world over. I have endured long and painful distempers by my night watches and day labours. I have spent a large sum of money above my appointment, out of my own estate, to complete my Catalogue, and finish my astronomical works under my hands. Do not tease me with banter, by telling me that these alterations are made *to please me*, when you are sensible nothing can be more displeasing nor injurious, than to be told so.

'Make my case your own, and tell me ingenuously and sincerely, were you in my circumstances, and had been at all my labour, charge, and trouble, would you like to have your labours surreptitiously forced out of your hands, conveyed into the hands of your declared, profligate enemies, printed without your consent, and spoiled, as mine are, in the impression? Would you suffer your enemies to make themselves judges of what they really understand not? Would you not withdraw your copy out of their hands, trust no more in theirs, and publish your

* Arbuthnot seems to have been drawn into this dirty business, under the plea that it was the queen's command he should superintend the publication, and that by her command also the seals of the papers had been broken open.

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own works rather at your own expense, than see them spoiled, and yourself laughed at, for suffering it?

'I see no way to prevent the evil consequences of Dr. Halley's conduct, but this. I have caused my servant to take a new copy of my Catalogue, of which I shall cause as much to be printed off as Dr. Halley has spoiled; and take care of the correction of the press myself, provided you will allow me the naming of the printer, and that all the last proof sheets may be sent to Greenwich, at my charge, by the penny post, and not printed off till I have seen a proof without faults; after which, I will proceed to print the remaining part of the Catalogue as fast as my health, and the small help I have, will suffer me. But if you like not this, I shall print it alone, at my own charge, on better paper, and with fairer types than those your present printer uses; for I cannot bear to see my own labours thus spoiled, to the dishonour of the nation, Queen, and people.

'If Dr. Halley proceed, it will be a reflection on the President of the Royal Society; and yourself will suffer in your reputation, for encouraging one, of whom the wisest of his companions used to say, that the only way to have any business spoiled effectually, was to trust it to his management.'—p. 284.

While these unhallowed proceedings were going on, two events occurred which promised a favourable change in Flamsteed's affairs; the one was the death of Queen Anne, in August, 1714—the other the death of the Earl of Halifax, the friend and patron of Sir Isaac Newton, in May, 1715.* The ministry were now changed, Sir Robert Walpole being first lord of the Treasury; and as Flamsteed was bringing out his own *Historia Cælestis*, he was advised to petition the Lords of the Treasury to deliver up to him all the spurious copies of his observations that had been printed against his will, and which had not been disposed of: his request was immediately granted; and 300 copies of the surreptitious and obnoxious work (the remains of 400) were delivered up to him, *which he at once committed to the flames*.

'I brought them down to Greenwich: and finding both Halley's corrupted edition of my Catalogue, and abridgment of my observations, no less spoiled by him, I separated them from my observations; and, some few days after, *I made a sacrifice of them to Heavenly Truth*; that none of them may remain to show the ingratitude of two of my countrymen, who had been obliged by me more, on particular occasions, than any other mathematical acquaintance; and who had used me worse than ever the noble Tycho was used in Denmark.'—*Life*, pp. 101, 102.

* Mr. Baily says in a note, 'Lord Halifax, on the death of his wife, conceived a strong attachment for Catharine the widow of Colonel Barton, and the niece of Newton, a beautiful and accomplished lady,—but who did not escape the censure of her contemporaries. At his decease the Earl left Newton, by will, only 100*l.*, whereas he bequeathed to Mrs. Barton, "for her excellent conversation," property to the amount of 25,000*l.*—a considerable sum at that period.'—p. 72.

Flamsteed

Flamsteed now began to print *at his own expense* his corrected Observations, as they appear in the second volume of the *Historia Cælestis*. 'However unwilling,' as he states he was, 'to impoverish his nearest relations, whom he was bound in justice and conscience to take care of, since they were in no capacity to provide for themselves,'—he, at the same time, with a becoming spirit, was determined that the labour of nearly forty years should not be thrown away. And 'fortunate indeed,' says Mr. Baily, 'has it been for the astronomer, that Flamsteed was so resolute and pertinacious on this point; and that he had courage and public spirit enough to bear up against his two powerful opponents, whose views upon this subject are by no means in accordance with those of modern astronomers.'

Flamsteed did not live to see the completion of his work. In a letter to his friend Mr. Sharp (May, 1717), he speaks of his increasing infirmities, and says, 'I can still, I praise God for it, walk from my door to the Blackheath gate and back, with a little resting at some benches I have caused to be set up betwixt them; but I found myself so tired with getting up the hill when I return from church, that at last I have bought a sedan, and am carried thither in state on Sunday morning and back.' On the 2nd January, 1720, Mr. Crosthwait, his assistant, writes to Mr. Sharp thus: 'Knowing that a very useful and friendly correspondence has for many years been carried on betwixt you and that great and good man, Mr. Flamsteed, I think it a duty incumbent upon me to let Mr. Sharp be timely informed of his death,' &c. He died in the seventy-fourth year of his age. These two worthy men undertook to complete the publication left unfinished, at very considerable trouble and expense, for which they received no kind of remuneration.

The greatest enemy that Flamsteed had was appointed to succeed him as the 'King's Observator,' a situation to which Flamsteed always suspected he had long aspired; and such was the indecent haste of Halley to get Mrs. Flamsteed out of the house, that in the hurry Mr. Crosthwait states all his books and papers were thrown into confusion. The Ordnance likewise behaved in the most shabby manner to Mrs. Flamsteed, requiring her to give up the sextant, two clocks, and several books, on the plea that Sir Jonas Moore gave them to the *house*, and not to the *person*; nay, they actually commenced a law-suit for the recovery of these things, but, being made ashamed of such a proceeding, thought fit to abandon it.

Mr. Baily tells us (*Pref.* xx.) that he has sought, but without success, for documents which might tend either to extenuate and explain the conduct of Newton and Halley in the proceedings which

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which are now, for the first time, brought to light, or to give some clue which might lead to the origin and nature of the quarrel that existed between Flamsteed and his two distinguished contemporaries. He thinks it altogether astonishing that the circumstances respecting the publication of Flamsteed's works should never until now have been brought before the public: when it is recollected that Halley, who had acted so important a part in all the transactions regarding Flamsteed's labours, succeeded him in the Observatory, we can hardly be surprised that *he* should not have been instrumental in bringing them forward in his time—it does, however, appear very surprising that it should have been left to Mr. Bailly to unkennel them after a lapse of 115 years. But,

‘Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o’erwhelm them, to men’s eyes.’

For Sir Isaac Newton, Flamsteed appears to have had a high esteem, and, till the open rupture between them, always spoke of him with the greatest respect. ‘Mr. Newton’s approbation’ (says he) ‘is more to me than the cry of all the ignorant in the world.’ On the other hand, Newton, when no other was present, always seems to have expressed himself in the most friendly manner concerning Flamsteed. Even in the midst of the treatment which Flamsteed complained of, regarding the publication of his Observations, he writes to his friend Sharp in these terms: ‘Mr. Newton is become exceeding kind of late; was here to visit me yesterday; stayed from twelve to near five o’clock; dined with me; took a new view of my books and papers; and becomes solicitor with the Prince on their behalf.’—p. 232. Flamsteed, however, certainly always considered Sir Isaac as very suspicious and jealous of any interference with what he was doing, and says that he took offence at some errors he had discovered in his *Principia* and in his *Optics*—that they differed also in opinion on many astronomical points, on the theory of comets, and on the rectification of the lunar and planetary motions. But even if this were so, as Mr. Bailly justly observes, ‘instead of placing them more at variance with each other, it ought to have brought them nearer together in their common search after truth.’ He says there is, among Flamsteed’s manuscripts, an immense mass of computations carried on for the express purpose of elucidating various intricate points in physical astronomy, on which Newton was employed—and these he considers to be a sufficient answer to those persons who have hitherto looked upon him as a mere Observer.

The letters that passed between Newton and Flamsteed from October, 1694, to September, 1695, are generally of the most friendly description, and in them Newton over and over again acknowledges the great value of the assistance he received

ceived from his correspondent, while working out his theory of gravity and the lunar irregularities, for the latter of which Flamsteed had supplied him with not fewer than 200 observations. Sometimes, however, when Flamsteed, from the ill state of his health, had not been able to supply Newton with observations at the moment he wanted them, the peevishness of the latter was manifest in his style of writing. Flamsteed, indeed, has remarked, as we have seen, that Newton's *conversation* also was not always of the most engaging kind, since he was sometimes so presumptuous as to ask him 'why he did not hold his tongue?'

The extraordinary letter of the 6th of January, 1699 (No. 43), was the first manifestation of that petulant bearing which gradually led to an open rupture. We might perhaps be charitably disposed to attribute this to the effect of that distressing malady, which overwhelmed Newton for a time in 1693,—a malady rashly ascribed by some to mental aberration, but which was clearly occasioned by want of sleep, want of appetite, excessive restlessness, and great nervous irritability; all brought on no doubt by deep thought and intense application. Something, on the other side, must be ascribed to that fretful and querulous tone, and occasional deficiency of courtesy and respect, which every reader must have noticed on the part of Flamsteed, and the exhibition of which can only be palliated by his frequent suffering from constitutional ill-health. But making all allowances for both on the score of temper, it would still be difficult to find any excuse for the overt acts of meanness, injustice, and ingratitude, of which Flamsteed had but too much reason to accuse Newton, more particularly in the latter years of his life. The only explanation that can be given, and which indeed the documents now brought to light seem fully to bear out, is, that this great man, having surrendered himself into the hands of certain self-interested persons, who took advantage of the infirmities of age, was prevailed on to acquiesce in a line of conduct which, in his better days, he would have spurned at.

Finally, we fully agree with Mr. Baily, that however lamentable it may be to find such eminent characters as Newton, Halley, Gregory, and Arbuthnot, exhibited as they appear in this volume, yet 'a proper regard for truth and justice' forbade any suppression, at the present day, of the many curious and important facts which these manuscripts have, for the first time, brought to light.

ART. V.—*The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth.* By Edward Osler, Esq. London. 1835. 8vo.

WE have learned from several sources, but most distinctly from a paragraph in a clever contemporary magazine,* that this *Life of Lord Exmouth*, though ‘undertaken,’ as the preface announces, ‘with the sanction of his elder and only surviving brother,’ Mr. Samuel Pellew of Falmouth, has been written without the concurrence, and published against the wishes of his lordship’s more immediate family—nay, that one of his lordship’s sons, the Dean of Norwich,† had announced his intention of writing the life of his father—an intention which, as has been stated in stronger language than we are inclined to repeat, it was hardly fair in Mr. Osler to forestall, and, as far as he could, to frustrate.

To this Mr. Osler has replied, that besides the sanction of Mr. Samuel Pellew, ‘the late viscount (the admiral’s eldest son), knew and approved the intention; and that his second son, Captain Fleetwood Pellew, revised the whole MS. and furnished the subjects for the engravings.’—*Metrop. Mag.*, Nov. 1835, p. 81.

These statements a little surprise us, because we happen to know that the late viscount expressed a formal disapprobation of the early publication of *any* life of his father; and it is hardly possible that he and Captain Pellew should be ignorant of what had reached even us, that their brother, the Dean of Norwich, did intend to produce, in a fit season, a life of their father, and was, for that object, in possession of all the family papers, as well as of materials contributed by some of Lord Exmouth’s private friends. We, therefore, suspect that Mr. Osler must have mistaken or been misinformed as to the late viscount’s sentiments, and that Captain Fleetwood Pellew was induced to revise, only when he found that he could not prevent, the publication, from a very natural desire to see that it did not contain any misstatement injurious to his father’s memory.

But, however all this may be, the question would be one rather of private delicacy than of literary interest, and we should certainly not have alluded to it at all, if the result did not seem to us to affect the value of the book itself. No reader can have followed the course of Mr. Osler’s biography without observing this important drawback on its merit—that while it is sufficiently copious in such particulars of Lord Exmouth’s life as might naturally be supplied by the recollections of an elder brother, belonging to a different profession, and now in his *eighty-second*

* The Metropolitan Magazine for October last.

† The magazine says, the ‘*Bishop of Hereford*,’ but this is certainly a mistake for the *Dean of Norwich*, whose intention of writing his father’s life we ourselves remember to have heard spoken of shortly after Lord Exmouth’s death.

year, yet it is too obviously deficient in the details of the later and more distinguished portion of his lordship's public career, as well as in those points of private and personal interest which constitute the chief charm and value of *biography* as contradistinguished from *history*. We are by no means dissatisfied with the way in which Mr. Osler has, in all other respects, performed his task, nor do we hesitate to repeat the preference that we recently expressed in our review of the Life of Mackintosh, for—*cæteris paribus*—a biography written by a pen more impartial than that of a near relative can ever be: but we are nevertheless of opinion that Mr. Osler would have acted with better taste, and have done more justice to himself and his hero, if he had not proceeded without the fuller 'sanction' and more substantial assistance of those members of Lord Exmouth's family who not only have the best right to *sanction* such a publication, but must also be in exclusive possession of all the documentary evidence of his public life, as well as of the most copious illustrations of his private character—by the absence of which, Mr. Osler's view and treatment of his subject has been, in our opinion, rendered, in some points, narrow and imperfect.

We regret the more this deficiency in Mr. Osler's materials, because his work proves that he would have made a satisfactory—though not a brilliant—use of a larger store. He has considerable merits; his style is simple and clear—his feelings are amiable—his principles sound—he is sensible, impartial, and unaffected—he seems not unacquainted with the technicalities of a naval life, and is, upon the whole, no unworthy biographer of a British admiral. If he be in some points obscure, and in others mistaken,—if he sometimes seems to expand trifles to the neglect of more important matters,—we think we can generally trace these blemishes to the state of his materials. Unfortunately they are peculiarly observable towards the latter parts of the volume, where Mr. Osler shews himself to be but imperfectly acquainted either with the details of that admirable system of discipline and economy with which his lordship conducted the *nautilical* duties of his command, or with the vast variety of civil and political objects which, in those momentous times, enlarged the sphere, complicated the duties, and surcharged the responsibility of the commander-in-chief of a British fleet.* We shall have occasion to notice some of Mr.

* These are not the opinions of us alone. The best naval authority on such points (to whom we have been indebted for many valuable remarks) says, 'Mr. Osler does not do full justice to Lord Exmouth's great talent in calling forth the resources of his fleet,—his tact in husbanding the stores, and his indefatigable and successful exertions in keeping his fleet' [in India and the Mediterranean] 'in repair, and in constant readiness for immediate service, without the assistance of a dock-yard, and at a time of a great scarcity of naval stores. Too little notice is also taken of the manner in which he managed extensive diplomatic business in circumstances of great difficulty, when we had hardly a minister on the continent.' Osler's

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Osler's deficiencies and omissions on these points, in the course of giving our readers some idea of his easy and pleasing narrative of the principal events of Lord Exmouth's useful and honourable life.

It would far exceed both our limits and our object to follow Mr. Osler through the details of his lordship's services: a full account of them would be almost a general history of the naval wars of half a century: we shall select such events and passages only as appear to us to exhibit some peculiar touch of the individual character of the man,—with this additional reserve, that as we approach more recent times we shall be shorter in our observations, as the events must be fresher in the recollection of our readers.

It has been sometimes stated that Lord Exmouth sprang from the lower ranks of society; and it is very certain, and very honourable to him, that he was altogether the maker of his own fortune—but he was of a gentleman's family,* which had been for centuries settled in the west of Cornwall. The earliest, however, of the family, of whom anything is certainly known, was distinguished for his loyalty and sufferings in the great rebellion, and a small antique piece of plate belonging to him, and bearing the date of 1645, is still preserved. His son, Lord Exmouth's great-grandfather, was a captain in the navy. His grandfather was an extensive merchant and shipowner, and a considerable landed proprietor both in Cornwall and in Maryland—part of the town of Annapolis Royal stands on what was, before the revolt of the colonies, the estate of the Pellews. The father, however, was the youngest of six sons, and seems to have had no other patrimony than that great and bountiful field of English enterprise, the SEA, which his forefathers had ploughed with respectable success, and from which his son was to reap so rich a harvest of affluence and honour. He himself does not seem to have attained any higher station than the command of one of his Majesty's post-office packets on the Dover station, where he died in 1765, leaving six children, of whom EDWARD, born on the 19th April, 1757, was the second son. The second marriage of their mother soon rendered these children doubly orphans, but they had for some years the protection of their grandfather, by whom Edward was successively sent to the best schools of the country, where he proceeded so far in classical learning as to be able to construe Virgil, and obtained at least, to use Dr. Johnson's phrase, 'Latin enough to grammaticise his English.' Slight and fugitive as may be the literary acquirements which a boy can have made at the age when, to make him a good sailor,

* 'Originally *Norman*,' says Mr. Osler, but on no other authority, that we can discover, than that the name was formerly spelled '*Pellieu*.' We rather believe the name and family to be aboriginal Cornish.

he should be sent to sea, they may be of incalculable advantage to his future life, by predisposing him to cultivate his mind in intervals of leisure, and by preparing him for that higher class of duties and that superior station in society, for which—as in the case of so many of our naval heroes—a sailor boy of very humble beginnings may be ultimately destined.

When in his fourteenth year young Pellew, rather against his grandfather's wishes, but prompted by a happy instinct, determined to be a sailor, and we have reason to believe, though Mr. Osler does not mention it, that the patronage of Lady Spencer (grandmother of the present Lord) was exerted in his behalf. He was accordingly in the year 1770 received into his Majesty's naval service, on board the *Juno*, Captain Stott, which was commissioned for the Falkland Island armament; and when she was paid off he followed Captain Stott into the *Alarm*, in the Mediterranean. Captain Stott, who had been boatswain with Boscawen, was an excellent seaman, but had, as is too generally the case with persons thus promoted, retained some habits not suited to his present rank. He kept a mistress on board—a midshipman of the name of Cole, a special friend of young Pellew, happened to displease this woman, and was in consequence irregularly and unjustifiably turned out of the ship. Pellew, with the early firmness and generosity of his disposition, made common cause with his oppressed friend and insisted on sharing his fate; they were both put on shore at Marseilles—penniless—but their spirited conduct attracted the notice and approbation of the late Captain Keppel and Lord Hugh Seymour, then lieutenants in the *Juno*, and laid the foundation of a friendship between them and Pellew which continued through their lives. Lord Hugh even had the kindness to advance them money to bear their expenses home, and among the services rendered to his country by that amiable man and distinguished officer, it is not the least that his sagacity and generosity probably preserved Pellew to the naval glory of his country. Captain Stott, on reconsideration, appears to have repented of his harshness, and he gave the lads such testimonials of their general good conduct and abilities, as saved them from the ill consequences which would otherwise have probably followed so unlucky a *début* in a service of which, after all, subordination is an indispensable requisite. It is delightful to find in the sequel a more unexceptionable proof of Pellew's magnanimity—many years after, when he had attained the rank of post-captain, he happened to fall in with a son of Captain Stott, then dead. He took the youth under his protection, and did every thing in his power to promote his interests. At a later period, and after Lord Hugh Seymour's death, Pellew had also the pleasure of receiving one of *his* sons in his flag-ship,

flag-ship, and showing, by an almost paternal kindness, his recollection of his early obligation.

It was now Pellew's good fortune to get into a better school—at least of manners and morals. Captain Pownoll, an officer of great professional merit and polished habits, received him into the *Blonde*.

'Captain Pownoll soon appreciated the merit and promise of his midshipman, who returned his kindness with almost the affection of a son. Such mutual confidence and attachment between a captain and a midshipman has very rarely been met with; and it was peculiarly fortunate for Mr. Pellew, that his quick and determined character, which, with a judgment not yet matured by experience, might have carried him into mistakes, found a guide so kind and judicious as Captain Pownoll.

'Active beyond his companions, Mr. Pellew did the ship's duty with a smartness which none of them could equal; and as every one takes pleasure where he excels, he had soon become a *thorough seaman*. At the same time, the buoyancy of youth, and a naturally playful disposition, led him continually into feats of more than common daring. In the spring of 1775, General Burgoyne took his passage to America in the *Blonde*, and when he came alongside, the yards were manned to receive him. Looking up, he was surprised to see a midshipman on the yard-arm standing on his head. Captain Pownoll, who was at his side, soon quieted his apprehensions, by assuring him that it was only one of the usual frolics of young Pellew, and that the General might make himself quite at ease for his safety, for that if he should fall, he would only go under the ship's bottom, and come up on the other side. What on this occasion was probably spoken but in jest, was afterwards more than realized: for he actually sprang from the fore-yard of the *Blonde*, while she was going fast through the water, and saved a man who had fallen overboard. Captain Pownoll reproached him for his rashness, but he shed tears when he spoke of it to the officers, and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow.'—p. 10—12.

This is the first of the many instances in which Pellew distinguished himself—above any officer we have heard of—by his courage, skill, and humanity in saving the lives of his fellow-creatures. In each of these qualities Pellew had amongst his brother officers an abundance of rivals, but in him they happened to be combined in a remarkable degree. There is in the hearts of we believe the majority of mankind—certainly of British sailors—an instinctive enthusiasm of humanity which prompts them to endeavour, at their own risk, to save a fellow-creature; and besides this instinct, such an attempt is in itself so glorious a distinction, and the successful result is so gratifying to all the noblest feelings of our nature, that on board a British man-of-war such feats require rather to be repressed than encouraged.* Frequent and lamentable are the instances in which inconsiderate impulses of this nature have occa-

* See the admirable chapter entitled 'A Man Overboard,' in Captain Basil Hall's *Fragments*.

sioned double calamities. Those whose courage prompts them to jump overboard should, in a well-disciplined ship, be early taught that there is a rarer and higher, though less brilliant quality—presence of mind—which enables its fortunate possessors to appreciate, in the twinkling of an eye, the circumstances and contingencies of the case. Nor are mere spirit and coolness sufficient to form such an opinion; the probabilities of success must depend not merely on the personal powers of the individual, but on a vast variety of what we may call *technical* circumstances, of which none but what is emphatically called a *thorough seaman* can make an adequate estimate. Such a seaman was Pellew; and great as were his courage and his strength, and though he was in the sea

‘——— Like a creature native and endued
Unto that element’—

yet it is the *skill and judgment* which he was wont to exercise on such occasions that we should chiefly inculcate as examples of imitation; and there was, as we shall see by and by, one instance at least, in which even *his* skill and judgment failed him.

In furtherance of the operations which Sir Guy Carleton, the commander-in-chief, was now carrying on against the American insurgents, it became expedient to have a flotilla on Lake Champlain and its waters. A detachment from the *Blonde*,* under a lieutenant and a senior midshipman, were ordered on this service. Pellew, at his earnest entreaty, was—fortunately—added to the party.

Mr. Osler swells out his book with much more of the details of this campaign than can possibly belong to the history of young Pellew. We shall only say that, by most extraordinary skill and exertions, under the superintendence of Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Schanck, an officer of great mechanical ingenuity, a little fleet was created on the inland waters—the keel and floor timbers of a ship of three hundred tons which had been laid at Quebec were taken to pieces and conveyed to the lake—and

‘Here, on the morning of the 2d of September, the *Inflexible* was again laid down, and by sunset all her former parts were put together, and a considerable quantity of additional timbers were prepared for her. The progress of the work was like magic. Trees growing in the forest in the morning would form part of the ship before night. She was launched in twenty-eight days from laying her keel, and sailed next evening, armed with eighteen twelve-pounders, and fully equipped for service.’—p. 16.

Two schooners and twenty-six other vessels and boats were equipped with equal celerity. The *Blonde*’s party manned one of

* Mr. Osler does not state the amount of the detachment—we have heard that it consisted of about 60 men.

the schooners—the Carleton. In the first action, both his superior officers being wounded and disabled, Pellew succeeded to the command, and distinguished himself by that union of gallantry and seamanship which characterized his whole career. ‘In attempting to go-about, being close to the shore covered with the enemy’s marksmen, the Carleton hung in stays, and Pellew, not regarding the danger of making himself so conspicuous, sprang out on the bowsprit to push the jib over: some of the gun-boats now took her in tow—but so thick and heavy was the enemy’s fire, that the tow-rope was cut with a shot. Pellew ordered some one to go and secure it, but seeing all hesitate—for indeed it looked like a death-service—he ran forward and did it himself.’—p. 18.

This, in the lad’s *first action*, is a striking exemplification of the homely but emphatic panegyric long after pronounced on him by the sailors, that ‘*The captain never desired any man to do what he was not able and ready to do himself.*’ His conduct in this whole affair was so much beyond his years and station as to attract extraordinary notice. Sir Charles Douglas, Commodore in the St. Lawrence, wrote to him to say that his ‘behaviour on board the Carleton, in the different actions on the lakes, gave him the warmest satisfaction, and that he would not fail to represent his gallantry in the strongest terms to Lord Howe, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, as deserving of promotion.’ Lord Howe immediately expressed his approbation, and promised him a lieutenant’s commission whenever he might join the flag—the compliment of a voluntary letter from the First Lord of the Admiralty was more unusual.

‘Admiralty Office, London, Jan. 5, 1777.

‘Sir,—You have been spoken of to me by Sir Charles Douglas and Captain Philemon Pownoll, for your good conduct in the various services upon Lake Champlain, in so handsome a manner, that I shall receive pleasure in promoting you to the rank of lieutenant whenever you come to England; but it is impossible to send you a commission where you now are, it being out of the jurisdiction of the Admiralty.

‘SANDWICH.’

The natural anxiety to obtain the rank thus nobly earned did not, however, induce Pellew to quit the anomalous but arduous service in which he was engaged. He was now attached to the army unluckily confided to the presumptuous Burgoyne. Mr. Osler gives, in considerable detail, the events of that gallant but unfortunate expedition, which ended in Burgoyne’s surrender. The flotilla kept with the army as far as the navigation extended; but when it advanced overland to the Hudson, Pellew was selected to accompany it with a body of seamen, and in the operations along the Hudson he certainly prolonged Burgoyne’s chances

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of escape by his courage and technical resources. In the calamity of the reverse of the 7th October Pellew had more than a common share. His brother John—who, at the age of seventeen, had already become aide-de-camp to General Phillips—was among the dead. In Burgoyne's attempt to retreat, the enemy, having a superiority on the river, attacked and carried the English *bateaux*, and particularly a vessel which contained the small store of provisions for the army. This loss would have deprived it of its last hope, but Pellew, at the head of his sailors, attacked and recaptured her.

The inevitable injustice of general history overlooks such subordinate affairs, and, on the other hand, we know but too well that vanity and partiality often take an exaggerated view of individual achievement; but the value of Pellew's services on this trying occasion is preserved from oblivion by the incontestable evidence of the following letter, written by the *Commander-in-chief* of the army to his young auxiliary—a *Midshipman of twenty*.

'Dear Sir,—It was with infinite pleasure that General Phillips and myself observed the gallantry and address with which you conducted your attack upon the provision-vessel in the hands of the enemy. The gallantry of your little party was deserving of the success which attended it; and I send you my sincere thanks, *together with those of the Army, for the important service you have rendered them upon this occasion.*

'JOHN BURGoyNE.'

Nor was this all: as matters grew more desperate, Burgoyne assembled a council of his principal officers, amongst whom was included Mr. Pellew, as commanding the brigade of seamen; and, Mr. Osler justly remarks, 'no more decisive testimony of his services, and of the confidence which he inspired, could be afforded than the unprecedented compliment of calling a midshipman, only twenty years of age, to sit in council with generals on such a vital question.' 'Pellew, as the youngest officer present,'—one of the youngest probably, since his brother's death, in the whole camp, 'was required to offer his opinion the first. He pleaded that he and his own little party might not be included in the capitulation, but permitted to make their own way back. He had never heard of sailors capitulating, and was confident he could bring them off, and that without any reflection on the army. Soldiers are accustomed to act only in orderly masses, but sailors, in a peculiar degree, combine with discipline individual enterprise. Mr. Pellew's party had acted as pioneers and artificers to the army during its advance, and their knowledge and resources would have given them great facilities in making their way in a small body; but their escape would have cast a very undeserved discredit on the army; and the proposal was very properly discountenanced.'—p. 39.

Burgoyne paid him the final compliment of sending him home with

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with his dispatches; and Sir Guy Carleton, to the former testimonials of Pellew's extraordinary merit which we have quoted, added the following letter to Lord Sandwich:

'Quebec, November 2, 1777.

'My Lord,—This will be presented to your lordship by Mr. Edward Pellew, a young man to whose gallantry and merit during two severe campaigns in this country I cannot do justice. He is just now returned to me from Saratoga, having shared the fate of that unfortunate army, and is on his way to England. I beg leave to recommend him to your lordship as worthy of a commission in his Majesty's service for his good conduct.

'GUY CARLETON.'

He came home in a transport, which was chased by an enemy's cruiser. Pellew, who had hitherto been only a passenger, now insisted on taking the command, and fighting the ship. He did so, engaged and beat off the privateer; and so concluded a series of services, which, considering the youth and subordinate station of the officer, the strangeness of the occasions, the paucity of his force, and the combined gallantry and prudence by which he obtained the unanimous approbation of the army and the navy, was, as Mr. Osler says, unprecedented, and—we believe we may add—remains unparalleled. We heartily wish that Mr. Osler, instead of many pages dedicated to General Burgoyne's strategics, which have no kind of relation to Mr. Pellew and which we had already in the *Annual Register*—had been enabled to give us some more particulars and details of the personal services of the extraordinary young man. It is not enough to say 'Mr. Pellew threw a bridge across the Hudson'—'Mr. Pellew and his party recaptured a victualler.'^{*} In order to understand the value, or at least the merit, of the exploit, we should know with what means this youth constructed the bridge—with what force he recaptured the vessel—and why, in a river whose banks were occupied by hostile armies, he and his little band of seamen were by one side employed, and by the other not defeated, in executing those important services.

Pellew now received his lieutenant's commission, but was appointed to a guard-ship—the convention of Saratoga preventing his active employment. Mr. Osler states Pellew's impatience of this restraint, but does not mention how it was removed: we find him, however, in 1777, lieutenant of the *Licorne*, where he had the good fortune to distinguish himself in an action with two of the enemy's cruisers. He soon after rejoined his old friend, Captain Pownoll, now of the *Apollo*, whose regard managed to secure for

^{*} We have heard from an old officer that the re-capture of the victualler was not only a most critical relief, but a most daring and almost desperate exploit. She was carried by boarding, and taken in tow by our people—the tow-rope was *twice* shot away, and twice replaced by Pellew's swimming with it on board under the enemy's fire.

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him the station of first lieutenant of the ship. He was too soon deprived of this valuable friend. On the morning of the 15th June, 1780, the *Apollo*, cruising in the North Sea, fell in with the *Stanislaus*, French frigate. During the action Captain Pownoll was shot through the body. Pellew hastened to catch him in his arms—the captain said, ‘Pellew, I know you won’t give his Majesty’s ship away,’ and expired. They were close to the shore, and the enemy was using every exertion to gain the shelter of Ostend, a neutral port; but Pellew drove her, beaten and dismantled, on shore. For this exploit he received his next step of promotion, and was made commander of the *Hazard* sloop-of-war, and soon after removed into the *Pelican*, in which he defeated a French brig and lugger, and drove them ashore under the batteries of their own coast, in so gallant a style as to deserve the following letter from Lord Keppel:—

‘Admiralty Office, May 25, 1782.

‘Sir,—I am so well pleased with the account I have received of your gallant and seaman-like conduct in the sloop you command, in your spirited attack on three privateers inside the Isle of Bass, and your success in driving them all on shore, that I am induced to bestow on you the rank of a post-captain* in the service to which your universal good character and conduct do credit.

‘KEPPEL.’

This promotion at this time was peculiarly fortunate for Pellew, and we will add for the country, as the peace which soon followed would otherwise have thrown him back, certainly for ten or twelve years, and probably for ever—in the hierarchy of the profession. During the peace in 1783 he married Susan, the daughter of J. Froud, Esq. of Wiltshire. That excellent lady is still living, and we hope capable of enjoying, in calm resignation, the posthumous fame, as she did, for so many years of vivid affection, the living glories of her illustrious husband.

In 1786 he commissioned the *Winchelsea* for the Newfoundland station:—the incidents of a peace command are of too little interest to survive in public recollection, but Mr. Osler has been so lucky as to obtain from an officer, who was a midshipman in the *Winchelsea*, some anecdotes of Captain Pellew which will give our readers a more lively idea of the skill, dexterity, and courage of this *prime sailor*, than the general encomiums which always accompany his name can do.

* The origin of this strange term *post-captain*, now abolished in the navy, we conceive to be this: Masters and commanders, or even lieutenants, commanding a vessel, though popularly called *captains*, have no claim to that title nor to regular advancement by seniority, but may be promoted to the superior ranks over the heads of their seniors—while the *captain*, properly so called, when once placed on the list, *took his post*, and proceeded to the rank of admiral by mere seniority, from which there could be no deviation: so that when an officer obtained that rank he was said to be *posted*; that is, placed beyond the reach of favour or other contingencies.

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'I remember relieving the deck one night after eight o'clock, when the captain was carrying on the duty, and shortening sail upon the quick approach of a severe gale; and being an old sailor for my age, being then sixteen, he ordered me to the mizen-top, to close reef and furl the mizen-topsail; and this being done, from the increase of the gale, we had before twelve o'clock to take in successively every reef, furl most of the sails, and strike the topgallant-masts and other spars, to make the ship snug; the midshipmen being on the yards as well as the men, and the captain, when the gale became severe, at their elbow. In close reefing the main-topsail, there was much difficulty in clewing up the sail for the purpose of making it quiet, and the captain issued his orders accordingly from the quarter-deck, and sent us aloft. On gaining the topsail-yard, the most active and daring of our party hesitated to go out upon it, as the sail was flapping about violently, making it a service of great danger. A voice was heard amidst the roaring of the gale from the extreme end of the yard-arm, calling upon us to exert ourselves to save the sail, which would otherwise beat to pieces. A man said, "Why, that's the captain!—how the — did he get there?" The fact was, that the instant he had given us orders to go aloft, he laid down his speaking-trumpet, and clambered like a cat by the rigging over the backs of the seamen, and before they reached the main-top, he was at the topmast-head, and from thence by the topsail-lift, a single rope, he reached the situation he was in.'—pp. 62, 63.

We know not whether our land readers will quite understand these exploits; perhaps the following short explanation will make them more intelligible:—While the seamen were hesitating to crawl out along the yard, the captain had ascended to the upper mast and thence swung himself down by a single rope to the outer end of the yard, the post of greatest danger—whence he called to the men to execute the comparatively safe and easy task of coming forward to assist in the work.

Again. Working into St. John's harbour, Newfoundland,—

'In the course of our progress against a strong wind, the ship had been warped up to a chain-rock, and it became necessary to cast off the hawser attached to it, but all the boats were employed in laying out an anchor and warps elsewhere. The captain called to the men on the forecastle, and desired "some active fellow to go down by the hawser, and cast it off," at the same time saying that a boat would soon be there to bring him on board again. The smartest seaman in the ship declined the attempt. In an instant the captain was seen clinging to the hawser, and proceeding to the rock; the hawser was cast off, and to the astonishment of every one, he swung himself to the side of the ship, by the same means mounted the ship's side, and was again directing the duty going on.'—pp. 63, 64.

Amidst several similar instances we select the following, which, though not so striking, is a perfect exemplification of what we recently said of the consummate skill and presence of mind which gave effect to his courage and humanity. 'We

'We had light winds and fine weather after making the coast of Portugal. On one remarkably fine day, when the ship was stealing through the water under the influence of a gentle breeze, the people were all below at their dinners, and scarcely a person left on deck but officers, of whom the captain was one. Two little ship-boys had been induced, by the fineness of the weather, to run up from below the moment they had dined, and were at play on the spare anchor to leeward, which overhangs the side of the ship. One of them fell overboard, which was seen from the quarter-deck, and the order was given to luff the ship into the wind. In an instant the officers were over the side; but it was the captain who, grasping a rope firmly with one hand, let himself down to the water's edge, and catching hold of the poor boy's jacket as he floated past, saved his life in as little time as I have taken to mention it. There was not a rope touched, or a sail altered in doing this, and the people below knew not of the accident until they came on deck when their dinner was over.'—pp, 67, 68.

After the expiration of three years, the usual period of a peace command, Captain Pellew was restored to the (to him) unwelcome shore—destined it seems to be more than commonly unwelcome: for his active mind, impatient of idleness, sought for employment in cultivating one of his elder brother's farms—with what success may be guessed. But the French war relieved him from his very unprofitable plough, and restored him to what we may call his natural element. He was immediately appointed to the *Nymph* of thirty-six guns, a French frigate captured in the former war; and she was soon destined to have a companion in her involuntary apostasy from her national service. On the 19th of June the *Nymph* fell in with the *Cleopatra*, of equal material force, but with a superiority of men; of the action which ensued we need only give the succinct account of the French themselves—'*Les Anglais nous ont enlevé dernièrement la superbe frégate La Cléopâtre—elle a été prise par une frégate d'égale force.*' The *Nymph*, out of a crew of two hundred and forty, had fifty—the *Cleopatra*, out of a complement of three hundred and twenty, sixty-three killed and wounded. The proportion of killed and wounded attests the good training as well as the courage of the French. It was in all respects a well-fought action, and being the first frigate action of the war attracted considerable notice. Pellew was knighted, and his brother Israel, a commander on half-pay, who had accompanied him as a volunteer, was promoted to post-captain. The captain of the *Cleopatra*, Mullan, was killed: he was buried at Portsmouth, with the honours due to his rank and gallantry. One of Sir Edward's first acts was to write a letter of condolence to his widow, and as he learnt from her reply that she was left in narrow circumstances, he then sent, with all Mullan's private property, 'what assistance his then very limited means allowed him to offer.'—

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p. 92. Madame Mullen's letter—or rather, we hope, the letter to which her name was affixed—of which Mr. Osler gives a copy, is not very creditable to French sensibility: there is more anxiety about the poor captain's '*effets*' and less gratitude for Pellew's generosity than we should have expected.

He now was placed in the *Arethusa*, a frigate of greater force than the *Nymphé*, and bore a prominent part in Sir John Warren's frigate-action off the Isle of Bass, 22d April, 1794. *La Pomone*, the largest frigate then afloat, struck to the *Arethusa*; *L'Engageante*, the commodore, was pursued and captured by Sir Richard Strachan. Sir John Warren himself, in the *Flora*, who had gallantly led the attack and bore the first brunt of the enemy's fire, suffered severely, but was able to take possession of the *Babet*, which had received the fire of the *Arethusa* in passing; one of the four French frigates escaped.

'As soon as the enemy struck, the Commodore, in the full warmth of his feelings, wrote to Sir Edward a short and expressive note:—

'My dear Pellew—I shall ever hold myself indebted, and under infinite obligations to you, for the noble and gallant support you gave me to-day. God bless you and all yours. Your most sincere and affectionate friend,

'J. B. WARREN.'

Sir John's frigate-squadron had been so successful, that the Admiralty was led to increase the force and divide the command, and the second squadron was given to Sir Edward Pellew. On the 21st October, 1794, one of the squadron, the *Artois*, Captain Edward Nagle (knighted on this occasion), captured in an action fought singly, though the other British ships were in sight, *La Révolutionnaire*, the heaviest frigate (except the *Pomone*) which had yet been taken. We notice this capture, of which Pellew was no more than an admiring spectator, because *La Révolutionnaire* was first commissioned in the British service by the Commodore's early friend and associate, Cole; and her last captain—before she was broken up in 1822 as wholly unfit for sea—was his second son, Captain Fleetwood Pellew.

On the 22nd December, 1794, when Sir Edward's squadron was lying in Falmouth Roads, intelligence was received that the Brest fleet had put to sea. This information was so important, says Mr. Osler, that Sir Edward thought it necessary to communicate it in person to the Admiralty, and he accordingly posted to town.—(p. 104.) There can be no doubt that Sir Edward did come to town, but we cannot believe with Mr. Osler that the commodore of the westernmost squadron,—that nearest the enemy,—would have left his ships *merely* to convey to town intelligence which a subordinate officer could have carried quite as well. It was highly probable that the Admiralty would have had the news through some

some other channel;—in that case he ran the risk of crossing on the road his own sailing orders, and he might have been left behind. The Admiralty, Mr. Osler insinuates, were not pleased with Sir Edward's proceeding. 'No wonder—if it had no better motive than that suggested by Mr. Osler. He was, however, directed to return immediately to Falmouth and proceed to reconnoitre Brest,—which we think he would naturally have done in the first instance, if he had not some *infinitely more important* motive for his unauthorized journey to London than Mr. Osler assigns. Be that as it may, Brest, which *might* have been reconnoitred by the 24th had Pellew sailed on the 22nd, was not reconnoitred till the 5th January,—a serious interval in naval movements.*

Sir Edward was now (Feb. 1795) removed from the *Arethusa* into the *Indefatigable*, a sixty-four gun ship, lately cut down to a heavy frigate. In May, 1795, while chasing, by Admiral Waldegrave's signal, a small strange sail close in with the shore near Cape Finisterre, the *Indefatigable* struck on a rock, and received so much damage, that the admiral ordered her into the Tagus to repair. The mischief was so serious that it was with great difficulty that she was kept afloat, but the exact position and extent of the injury were not discoverable. We should not do justice to the peculiarity of Pellew's naval character if we omitted the statement of one of the officers of the *Indefatigable* as to the captain's conduct in this difficulty.

'In order to ascertain whether both sides of the ship had been injured, Sir Edward resolved to examine the bottom himself; and to the astonishment and admiration of everybody who witnessed this heroic act, he plunged into the water, thoroughly examined both sides, and satisfied himself that the starboard side only had been damaged. This saved much time and expense; for had not Sir Edward hazarded the experiment, the apparatus for heaving down must have been shifted over.'—p. 112.

Three times during the few months he had commanded this ship he had risked his life to rescue others—once in Portsmouth harbour, where he was instrumental in saving two poor fellows—and again at Spithead, where one of the coxwains of his own ship fell overboard; the captain was instantly in the water, and caught the man just as he was sinking quite exhausted; life was apparently extinct, but by the usual means was happily restored. On the third occasion, the attempt had nearly proved fatal to himself. Two men had been dashed overboard in a very heavy sea—Pellew jumped

* We are, however, enabled to add, that the squadron was not wholly idle, but cruised in sight of land, to warn the merchant-ships from running down Channel. 'I remember,' says our informant, 'spending Christmas-day, on St. Antony's head, repeating signals from the squadron.'

into a boat, and ordered it to be lowered—in the attempt the ship happened to make a deep plunge—the boat was stove to pieces, and the captain thrown out much bruised, his nostril slit by one of the tackles, and bleeding profusely; but his coolness and self-possession did not forsake him, and calling for a rope, he slung himself with one of the many which were thrown to him, and was hauled on board. Another boat was then lowered with better success, and the men (who seem to have supported themselves by the wreck of the first boat) were eventually saved.

This is the only one of the numerous exploits of this nature in which there seems any reason to question the judgment of Pellew in making the attempt. There were perhaps motives which operated on the emergency which are not reported, but he more probably acted on his noble principle, (which, however, is not *always* that which should guide a commanding officer,) of never exposing another to a danger which he himself could meet.

But there occurred about this time one instance 'of courage and humanity, whose splendour,' as Mr. Osler truly says, 'leaves all the others in the shade.'

On the 26th January, 1796, while the Indefatigable was refitting in Plymouth harbour, the Dutton, a large East Indiaman employed as a transport, with part of the 2nd Regiment on board, was forced into Plymouth Sound by stress of weather, and a few hours after was driven on shore under the citadel, where she lay beating and rolling in a tremendous and impassable surf. At this moment Sir Edward was proceeding with Lady Pellew to dine at the Rev. Dr. Hawker's. Seeing crowds running towards the shore, and having learned the cause, Sir Edward sprang out of the carriage, and ran with them. We shall allow Mr. Osler to tell the rest of the story, and long as the extract will be, we think no reader could wish it shorter.

'Arrived at the beach, he saw at once that the loss of nearly all on board, between five and six hundred, was inevitable without some one to direct them. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore, just as he arrived on the beach. Having urged them, but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots and others belonging to the port to board the wreck, for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted, he exclaimed, "Then I will go myself!" A single rope, by which *the officers* [!!!] and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship, and by this he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen towards the shore; and he received an injury in the back, which confined him to his bed for a week, in consequence of being dragged under the mainmast. But disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the

the people that every one would be saved if they quietly obeyed his orders; that he would himself be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the multitude on shore; and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. His officers, in the meantime, though not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the *Indefatigable*. Mr. Pellowe, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr. Thomson, acting master, in the launch; but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat, belonging to a merchant vessel, was more fortunate. Mr. Edsell, signal midshipman to the port-admiral, and Mr. Coghlan, mate of the [merchant] vessel, succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth Pool, and two large boats arrived from the dock-yard, under the directions of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and receive the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order, a task the more difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick were the first landed. One of them was only three weeks old, and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would intrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next the soldiers were got on shore; then the ship's company; and finally, Sir Edward himself, who was one of the last to leave her. Every one was saved, and presently after the wreck went to pieces.

‘Nothing could equal the lustre of such an action, except the modesty of him who was the hero of it. Indeed, upon all occasions, forward as he was to eulogize the merits of his followers, Sir Edward was reserved almost to a fault upon everything connected with his own services. The only notice taken of the *Dutton* in the journal of the *Indefatigable* is the short sentence—“Sent two boats to the assistance of a ship on shore in the Sound;” and in his letter to Vice-Admiral Onslow, who had hoisted his flag at Plymouth a day or two before, he throws himself almost out of sight, and ascribes the chief merit to the officer who directed the boats:—

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able to the unhappy sufferers on board the Dutton; and I have much satisfaction in saying, that every soul in her was taken out before I left her, except the first mate, boatswain, and third mate, who attended the hauling ropes to the shore, and they eased me on shore by the hawser. It is not possible to refrain speaking in raptures of the handsome conduct of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, who, at the imminent risk of his life, saved hundreds. If I had not hurt my leg, and been otherwise much bruised, I would have waited on you; but hope this will be a passable excuse. I am, with respect, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

“Thursday Evening.

ED. PELLEW.”

‘Services performed in the sight of thousands could not thus be concealed. Praise was lavished upon him from every quarter. The corporation of Plymouth voted him the freedom of the town. The merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate. On the 5th of March following he was created a baronet, as Sir Edward Pellew, of Trevery, and received for an honourable augmentation of his arms a civic wreath, a stranded ship for a crest, and the motto “Deo adjuvante Fortuna sequatur.” This motto, so modest, and not less expressive of his own habitual feeling, was chosen by himself, in preference to one proposed, which was more personally complimentary.

‘Appreciating Mr. Coghlan’s* services, and delighted with the judgment and gallantry he had displayed, Sir Edward placed him on his own quarter-deck. It is unnecessary to add that the career of this distinguished officer has been worthy of his introduction to the navy.’ —p. 116—121.

Mr. Osler has produced so few of Lord Exmouth’s letters, that we are tempted to add to the foregoing detailed account a much shorter one from his own pen, written in 1810, to his amiable and able friend Mr. Locker (for many years his secretary, now one of

* Now Captain Coghlan, posted in 1810. In 1800, in the Viper tender, to which Sir Edward had appointed him, Mr. Coghlan distinguished himself on the coast of France by a ‘cutting out’ of such *eclat* as procured him, we well remember, the applause of the whole country, and a commission of lieutenant by a special order in council; for his length of service in the royal navy was not sufficient to allow his promotion in the ordinary course. Being advanced into the Renard sloop, he again distinguished himself in single action with the General Ernouf, and subsequently, when captain of the Caledonia, under the flag of his patron, he, with his characteristic courage and zeal, headed a party of seamen and marines which landed and stormed Fort Cassio, near Marseilles. See ‘James’s Naval History,’ iii. 64; iv. 185, 343; vi. 242, for these and other instances of what Mr. James justly calls the ‘splendid’ gallantry of this officer. Mr. James relates an anecdote which, notwithstanding the undue vigour of one of the expressions, we will venture to repeat. It is said that the commander of the General Ernouf hailed the Renard in English to *strike*. ‘Strike!’ replied Coghlan—‘that I will, and d—d hard!’ He ‘struck so hard,’ that in thirty-five minutes his shot set the enemy on fire, and in ten minutes more she blew up with a tremendous explosion. True to the school in which he had been taught, Captain Coghlan now displayed equal energy in endeavouring to rescue the vanquished enemy, and by great exertion 55 out of a crew of 160 were ultimately saved.

the commissioners in Greenwich Hospital), and published by this gentleman in a very clever sketch of Lord Exmouth's life in the *United Service Journal* :—

'Why do you ask me to relate the wreck of the *Dutton*? Susan (Lady Exmouth) and I were driving to a dinner party at Plymouth, when we saw crowds running to the Hoe, and learning it was a wreck I left the carriage to take her on, and joined the crowd. I saw the loss of the whole five or six hundred was inevitable without somebody to direct them, for the last officer was pulled on shore as I reached the surf. I urged their return, which was refused, upon which I made the rope fast to myself, and was hauled through the surf on board—established order, and did not leave her until every soul was saved but the boatswain, who would not go before me. I got safe, and so did he, and the ship went all to pieces; but I was laid in bed for a week by getting under the mainmast (which had fallen towards the shore); and my back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter His Majesty's intention to dub me baronet. No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant only three weeks old, than I ever felt in my life; and both were saved. The struggle she had to intrust me with the bantling was a scene I cannot describe; nor need you, and consequently you will never let this be visible.'

'This injunction,' Mr. Locker adds, 'has been scrupulously observed until now that the seal of secrecy is removed by his death.'

On the appearance of Mr. Osler's work, two letters—one *anonymous*, and the other, we suspect, *pseudonymous*—appeared in the *Times* of the 26th September and 5th October, 1835, depreciating Sir Edward Pellew's merit in this transaction, and pretending to refute 'Osler's false and bombastic accounts.' These letters have not the effrontery to question the main *facts*, but they assert that the officers of the *Dutton* would have done just as well without Sir Edward's interference—and that, in truth, his personal exertions, so exaggerated by 'Osler's bombastic accounts,' did not in any considerable degree contribute to the final result. Now Mr. Osler's accounts of this or any other incident are certainly not in any degree chargeable with bombast; and the whole statement in these letters is so obviously erroneous in fact, and so absurd in inference, that we should not have condescended to allude to them but for the sake of producing another witness of this interesting scene, who writing *on the spot*, and *at the moment*, wholly unconnected and even unacquainted with Sir Edward Pellew, has left an account above all suspicion of partiality or mistake, and even, if possible, more honourable to Pellew than Mr. Osler's own narrative—we mean a letter written to Northcote, the painter, by his brother, which Mr. Osler, in consequence of these attacks, has very

very properly extracted from '*Northcote's Conversations*,' and published in the *Times* of the 15th October, 1835.

' *Plymouth, Jan. 28, 1796.*

'We have had a terrible succession of stormy weather of late. Thursday, immediately after dinner, I went to the Hoe, to see the Dutton East Indiaman, full of troops, upon the rocks directly under the flagstaff of the citadel. She had been out seven weeks on her passage to the West Indies as a transport, with 400 troops on board, besides women, children, and the ship's crew; and had just been driven back by stress of weather, with a great number of sick on board. You cannot conceive anything so horrible as the appearance of things altogether which I beheld when I first arrived on the spot. The ship had struck on sunken rocks, somewhat inclining on one side, and without masts or bowsprit standing, and her decks covered with soldiers as thick as they could possibly stand by one another, with the sea breaking in a horrible manner all around them; and what still added to the melancholy grandeur of the scene was the distress-guns, which were fired now and then directly over our heads from the citadel. When I first came to the spot, I found they had by some means got a rope with one end fast to the ship, and the other held by people on shore, by which means they could yield as the ship swung. Upon this rope they had got a ring, which they could, by two smaller ropes, draw backwards and forwards from the ship to the shore. To this ring they had put a loop, into which each man put his arms, and by this means, and holding by the ring with his hands, he supported himself hanging to the ring, while he was drawn on shore by the people there; and in this manner I saw a great many drawn on shore. But this proved a tedious work; and though I looked for a long time, yet the numbers on deck were apparently undiminished; besides, from the motion of the ship by rolling on the rocks, it was not possible to keep the rope equally stretched, and from this cause, as well as from the sudden rising of the waves, you would at one time see a poor wretch hanging ten or twenty feet above the water, and the next you would lose sight of him in the foam of a wave, although some escaped better. But this was a scheme which the women and the helpless and many of the sick could not avail themselves of. I observed with some admiration the behaviour of a captain of a man-of-war, who seemed interested in the highest degree for the safety of these poor wretches. He exerted himself uncommonly, and directed others what to do on shore, and endeavoured in vain, with a large speaking-trumpet, to make himself heard by those on board; but finding that nothing could be heard but the roaring of the wind and sea, he offered anybody five guineas instantly who would suffer himself to be drawn on board with instructions to them what to do. And when he found that nobody would accept his offer, he gave an instance of the highest heroism, for he fixed the rope about himself, and gave the signal to be drawn on board. He had his uniform coat on, and his sword hanging at his side. I have not room to describe the particulars; but there was

something grand and interesting in the thing, for as soon as they had pulled him into the wreck, he was received with three vast cheers by the people on board, and these were immediately echoed by those who lined the shore, the garrison walls, and lower batteries. The first thing he did was to rig out two other ropes like the first, which I saw him most active in doing with his own hands. This quickened the matter a good deal; and by this time two large open row-boats were arrived from the dock-yard, and a sloop had with difficulty worked out from Plymouth Pool. He then became active in getting out the women and the sick, who were with difficulty got into the open boats, and by them carried off to the sloop, which kept off for fear of being stove against the ship, or thrown upon the rocks.

‘ He suffered but one boat to approach the ship at a time, and stood with his drawn sword to prevent too many rushing into the boats. After he had seen all the people out of the ship, to about ten or fifteen, he fixed himself to the rope as before, and was drawn on shore, where he was again received with shouts. Upon my inquiring who this gallant officer was, I was informed it was *Sir Edward Pellew*.*

On the 9th of March, Pellew and his squadron again put to sea, and on the 21st the *Indefatigable* fell in with and chased three corvettes, one of which she destroyed. On the 13th April, Captain Cole in the *Revolutionnaire* took *L'Unité* French frigate, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Linois, after a short fight; and Pellew had the satisfaction of putting in its fullest light the merit of his early friend—too soon lost to the public service; for he died at Plymouth in 1799, almost under Pellew's eyes. A few days after, the *Indefatigable* engaged and disabled the *Virginie*, Captain Bergeret, who fought his ship with great skill and gallantry, and did not surrender till another of the British squadron came up. No one could do more justice to Bergeret than Pellew; the prisoner became his guest; and the British Government paid this brave Frenchman the compliment of offering him in exchange for Sir Sydney Smith, lately made prisoner at Havre. Bergeret was sent to France on parole to effect this object; but not having succeeded, he honourably returned to England. Sir Sydney, however, in about two years after, having made his escape, the British Government set Bergeret immediately at liberty. We shall meet him again.

The probability of the invasion of Ireland from Brest now induced

* At a public dinner given to Sir Edward at Plymouth, immediately after the event, were recited some stanzas which are now inscribed on Lord Exmouth's tomb. For the occasion which produced them, the verses were very well—but they are hardly deserving of monumental preservation—except, indeed, the concluding line, which is remarkable for its appropriate vigour and piety:—

‘ May thy Redeemer with triumphant arm

From the vast wreck of all things—rescue THEE !’

The author (not named by Mr. Osler) is, we have heard, Mr. George Eastlake of Plymouth.

the Government to watch that port with peculiar attention, and a large share of this important duty was intrusted to Sir Edward Pellew. We can find room for but two extracts concerning that long and arduous blockade, every day and hour of which was an exertion of naval skill and moral perseverance.

‘Knowing how much depended on his vigilance, Sir Edward had watched Brest with the most anxious attention. The wind blew generally from the eastward, at times so strong that the line-of-battle ships would be under a close-reefed maintop-sail and reefed fore-sail; and the weather was intensely cold: yet he went every morning to the mast-head, where he would remain making his observations for a considerable part of the day, one of the older midshipmen being usually with him. “Well I remember,” writes one of his officers, “that on being one day relieved to go down to my dinner, I was obliged to have some of the maintop-men to help me down the rigging, I was so benumbed with the intense cold: yet the captain was there six or seven hours at a time, without complaining, or taking any refreshment.”’—pp. 136, 37.

At last, in December, 1796, the French fleet made its celebrated attempt on Ireland. Its *sortie* was so mismanaged, that if an extraordinary series of accidents had not prevented a meeting, the British arms would probably have had a more decisive and less difficult victory than any they have ever gained.

‘Sir E. Pellew had stood in that morning [Dec. 16,] with the Indefatigable and Revolutionnaire, and at noon came in sight of the enemy. At a quarter before five, when they had all got under way, he sent off Captain Cole to the admiral, and remained with his own ship to observe and embarrass their movements. With a boldness which must have astonished them, accustomed though they had been to the daring manner in which he had watched their port—under easy sail, but with studding-sails ready for a start, if necessary—he kept as close as possible to the French admiral, often within half-gun shot; and as that officer made signals to his fleet, he falsified them by additional guns, lights, and rockets. At half-past eight, when the French ships were observed coming round the Saintes, he made sail to the north-west, with a light at each mast-head, constantly making signals for Sir J. Colpoys, by firing a gun every quarter of an hour, throwing up rockets and burning blue-lights. At midnight, having received no answer, he tacked, and stood to the southward until six o’clock. Still seeing nothing of the admiral, and reflecting on the importance of conveying the information quickly to England, he gave up the hope of distinction to a sense of duty, and made sail for Falmouth. He arrived late in the evening of the 20th.’—p. 138-140.

The fate of that fleet—its good fortune in escaping the British, and its disastrous contest with the elements—is well known. One of the two-deckers, *Les Droits de l’Homme*, after having been blown out of Bantry Bay, had arrived, on the 13th of January, within

within a few leagues of her own coast, when—late in the evening—Sir Edward Pellew, with the *Indefatigable* and *Amazon*, fell in with and immediately attacked her. It was blowing a gale, with a heavy sea: this was in favour of the frigates, as it impeded the line-of-battle ship in the use of her lower-deck guns. The *Indefatigable* fought her single-handed for more than an hour before the *Amazon* could come up. The gale and the battle lasted all night. The damage done to the frigates by the heavier metal of the ship, made more serious by the violence of the weather, required all the resources of seamanship to enable them to keep close to the enemy. The action had now lasted eleven hours, when—about five in the morning—the officer and men who were on the look out in the *Indefatigable* descried the land through the gloom; her course was immediately altered, and the night-signal of danger was made to the *Amazon*, which with equal promptitude wore to the northward. The enemy did not yet see the danger in which he had, on his own coast, involved himself and his pursuers, and fancying that he had beaten off the frigates, poured into the *Indefatigable*, as she passed him quite close in the new direction, the most destructive broadside she had yet received; seven shot struck the hull, all the three lower masts were wounded, and an infinity of damage was done to the other spars and rigging. Mr. Gaze,* a master's-mate, and Mr. Thompson,† the acting-master, by great courage and exertion saved the main-top-mast, and very probably the ship.

'None at this time knew how desperate was their situation. The ships were in the Bay of Audierne, [a little to the southward of Brest,] close in with the surf, with the wind blowing a heavy gale dead on the shore, and a tremendous sea rolling in. To beat off the land would have been a difficult and doubtful undertaking for the best and most perfect ship. The *Indefatigable* had four feet water in the hold, and her safety depended on her wounded spars and damaged rigging bearing the press of sail she was obliged to carry; while the crew, thus summoned to renewed exertion, were already quite worn out with fatigue. The fate of the other ships was certain; for the *Amazon* had all her principal sails disabled, and the *Droits de l'Homme* was unmanageable.

'The *Indefatigable* continued standing to the southward until the captain of the mizen-top gave the alarm of breakers on the lee bow. The ship was immediately wore in eighteen fathom, and she stood to

* Mr. Gaze is now master-attendant at Sheerness. That able officer was rewarded for his conduct on this occasion with a master's warrant, and continued with Lord Exmouth to the last day of his public life. It was he who carried the Queen Charlotte in such admirable style to her position off Algiers. Lord Exmouth knew how to choose his friends, and never deserted them.

† Mr. Thompson afterwards rose to the rank of post-captain, and married, we believe, a lady of Lord Exmouth's family.

the northward till half-past six, when land was again seen close a-head on the weather-bow, with breakers under the lee. Running again to the southward, she passed the Droits de l'Homme, lying on her broadside in the surf, at the distance of about a mile, but without the possibility of giving the smallest assistance. Her own situation, indeed, was almost hopeless; and Sir Edward Pellew himself was deeply affected when, all having been done which seamanship could accomplish, he could only commit to a merciful Providence the lives of his gallant crew, all now depending upon one of the many accidents to the masts and rigging which there was so much reason to apprehend. Happily the sails stood well; the Indefatigable continued to gain by every tack; and at eleven o'clock, with six feet water in her hold, she passed about three-quarters of a mile to windward of the Penmarcks; enabling her officers and men, after a day and night of incessant exertion, at length to rest from their toil, and to bless God for their deliverance.

'The Amazon struck the ground about ten minutes after she ceased firing. Her crew displayed the admirable discipline which British seamen are accustomed to maintain under such circumstances; more creditable to them, if possible, than the seamanship which saved the Indefatigable. From half-past five until nine o'clock they were employed in making rafts, and not a man was lost, or attempted to leave the ship, except six, who stole away the cutter from the stern, and were drowned. Captain Reynolds* and his officers remained by the ship until they had safely landed, first the wounded, and afterwards every man of the crew. Of course they were made prisoners, but they were treated well, and exchanged not many months after.'—pp. 154-157.

The fate of the Droits de l'Homme was an awful contrast indeed to that of the Amazon. Four dreadful days and nights of cold, thirst, hunger, and—the main cause and greatest scourge of all—*indiscipline and confusion*, tortured her miserable crew. When the danger was first seen they gave the alarm to fifty-five English prisoners, officers and men, the crew and passengers of a letter-of-marque taken a few days before: these seem to have preserved their senses, and to have been mainly instrumental in saving such as were saved. By the close of the third day, 900 had perished; on the fourth morning a consultation was held to sacrifice some one to be food for the remainder—the cannibal-die was about to be cast when two vessels approached, and rescued the survivors: of a total number of between 1500 and 1600—crew,

* Captain Reynolds, one of the earliest and closest friends of Lord Exmouth, perished by a not less distressing shipwreck, that of the St. George, on her return from the Baltic, in the disastrous winter of 1811. She and the Defence which attended to assist her, were wrecked on Christmas-day, and only eighteen men of the two ships were saved. Rear-Admiral Reynolds and his captain remained at their posts till they sunk from the inclemency of the weather—stretched on the quarter-deck, hand-in-hand, they were frozen to death together.

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troops, and prisoners—it would seem that not so many as 400 were saved. Commodore Lacrosse, captain of the ship, General Humbert, commander of the troops, and *three British Infantry officers** (prisoners), remained on the wreck till the last:—they were taken off on the fifth morning, exhausted to the last extreme, but all recovered.

The years 1797 and 1798 were passed in the blockade of Brest and other *Channel* services, with great perseverance and so much success, that in the course of 1798 alone Sir Edward's squadron took no fewer than fifteen of the enemy's cruisers. One of the captures was of more than common interest. It was *La Vaillante*, a national corvette, taken by the *Indefatigable* after a chase of twenty-four hours. She was bound to Cayenne with prisoners, amongst whom were twenty-five priests; and, as passengers, the wife and family of an exiled deputy, M. Rovère, who were proceeding to join him, with all they possessed—about 3000*l*. Sir Edward and his officers vied in attention to the poor ecclesiastics, and, on landing them in England, he gave them a supply for their immediate wants; to Madame Rovère he restored the whole of her property, and *paid out of his own pocket* the proportion which was the prize of the crew.

Sir Edward's standing now required—according to the wise, and indeed necessary, gradation of service—his removal (no active captain ever considers it an advancement) into a line-of-battle ship, and 'he was complimented with the command of the *Impétueux*, the most beautiful, and probably the finest, ship of her class.'† But Mr. Osler tells us that, before he relinquished his frigate command, he had proposed to the First Lord of the Admiralty to run with his little squadron into Brest harbour, and destroy the dismantled fleet. If Sir Edward made such a proposition, we agree with Mr. Osler (p. 175), that it affords a strong presumption that he would have succeeded; but the conception is, as he admits, 'daring in so high a degree,' and so near to 'impossibility,' that we think he ought to have indicated at least the authority on which he has made the statement.

* One of those, Lieutenant Pípon, published, in the *Naval Chronicle*, vol. vii. p. 465, a most horribly interesting account of this shipwreck. See also James, vol. ii. p. 16, &c., for a detailed account of this remarkable fight and its consequences.

† We must take this occasion, once for all, to remark Mr. Osler's repeated negligence in omitting to state the force of the ships he has occasion to mention. A common reader has no means of supplying the deficiency—we have had some little trouble in ascertaining that the *Impétueux* was a third-rate, taken on the 1st of June, but she cannot be properly said to have belonged to a *class*, for she bore the *singular* denomination of a 78. Mr. Osler is also occasionally negligent of his dates. It seems to us surprising that historians and biographers so often neglect to favour their readers with a *running* date, instead of, or in addition to the *running title*, which latter in such works is quite superfluous.

Before Pellew left the *Indefatigable*, he was tried in a new and more difficult duty than he had yet experienced. The mutinies broke out. We shall not examine (though they well deserve the attention of naval authorities) the general *opinions* which Mr. Osler reports of Sir Edward Pellew, or suggests from himself, as to the causes of, and conduct of Government in, that alarming crisis: we shall confine our notice to Sir Edward's practical treatment of the cases that occurred to him. The *Indefatigable* and *Phœbe*, Captain Barlow, were lying in Falmouth harbour under sailing orders. When the *Indefatigable* was to be got under weigh, the lieutenant complained to the captain that the men were sulky and would not go round with the capstan: Sir Edward instantly came forward, and told the men that he was aware of their mutinous design—then, drawing his sword, he ordered the officers to follow his example: 'You can never die so well,' he said, 'as on your own quarter-deck in quelling a mutiny; and now, if a man hesitate to obey you, cut him down without a word.' The crew, accustomed to steady discipline, and 'attached to their officers,' says Mr. Osler,—awed, we should say, by the decision of their captain,—at once returned to their duty, and the *Indefatigable* was soon under sail. Not so the *Phœbe*; Captain Barlow—who wished rather to be sunk in her by the fire of his commodore—was obliged to submit, and allow the ship to be carried to the eastward.

Again. The ship's company of the *Impétueux*, which belonged to Lord Bridport's fleet, were peculiarly ill affected, and supposed that Sir Edward Pellew had been for that very reason selected to command them, his frigate having been almost the only ship on a home-station which had not actually mutinied: this impression—and a mistaken pride—confirmed their spirit of revolt. This false feeling would probably have worn out at sea as they had become better acquainted with their new captain; but, unfortunately, Lord Bridport anchored his fleet, of twenty sail of the line, in Bantry Bay:—

'Here the bad spirits of the fleet had leisure for mischief, and facilities to communicate with one another. A general mutiny was planned, and the disgraceful distinction of setting the example was assigned to the *Impétueux*.

'On Thursday, the 30th of May, at noon, Sir Edward, being engaged to dine with Sir Alan Gardner, had gone to dress in his cabin, leaving orders with the officer of the watch to call all hands at the usual time, one watch to clear the hawse, and the other two to wash decks. When the order was given, it was obeyed by all the marines, but by scarce any of the sailors. Very shortly after, signal was made to unmoor, upon which a noise of "No—no—no," was heard from the main hatchway, and the seamen came pressing forward in great numbers; those in the rear crying "Go on—go on!"

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The first lieutenant, Ross, and Lieutenant Stokes, the officer of the watch, demanded what was the matter, and, after some murmuring, were told that there was a letter. The officers asked for it, that it might be given to the captain; but the cry of "No—no—no!" was immediately renewed. Lieutenant Ross then desired Lieutenant Stokes to inform the captain, upon which the mutineers shouted, "One and all—one and all!" Sir Edward instantly ran out in his dressing-gown, and found between two and three hundred on the quarter-deck. On his appearance the clamour was increased, mingled with cries of "A boat—a boat!" He asked what was the matter, and was told they had a letter to send to Lord Bridport, complaining of tyranny and hard usage. He demanded the letter, declaring that he would immediately carry it himself, or send an officer with it to the admiral; but all cried out, "No, no—a boat of our own!" He persisted in his endeavours to pacify them as long as a hope remained of bringing them to reason, intreating them not to forfeit their character by such shameful conduct. But when some of the ringleaders declared, with oaths, that they *would* have a boat, and would take one, he quietly said, "*You will, will you?*"—gave a brief order to Captain Boys, of the marines, and sprang to the cabin for his sword. The marines, who had previously withstood every attempt of the conspirators to seduce them from their duty, now displayed that unwavering loyalty and prompt obedience, for which, in the most trying circumstances, this valuable force has always been distinguished. Sir Edward returned instantly, determined to put to death one or more of the ringleaders on the spot, but the evident irresolution of the mutineers spared him the necessity. He immediately ordered the quarter-deck to be cleared, the marines to be posted on the after-part of the fore-castle, and the fore-part of the quarter-deck and poop, and the sentries to be doubled. The carpenter, in the meantime, ran to Sir Edward's cabin, and brought swords for the officers, who, at the first alarm, had hastened to place themselves by their captain's side. The mutineers, after a moment's hesitation, ran off the quarter-deck, and threw themselves down the hatchways, exclaiming to put out all lights and remove the ladders. The officers followed them closely, and soon secured the ringleaders. Sir Edward himself seized one of the most violent, and threatening him with instant death if he resisted, dragged him up from below to the quarter-deck. The letter, an unsigned one, was now given up, and the ship's company returned quietly to their duty. The plot was thus entirely disconcerted; for the crews of the other ships, who knew nothing of the attempt and its failure, but waited for the example of the *Impétueux*, followed her when she obeyed the admiral's signal."—p. 189-192.

The *Impétueux* was immediately ordered, with Lord Gardner's squadron, into the Mediterranean, where Sir Edward Pellew—*in determined opposition to the more temporising policy of Lord St. Vincent, the commander-in-chief—insisted on the trial of the* mutineers,

mutineers, of whom three were capitally convicted and executed. At the moment of execution, Sir Edward addressed a few words, first to his *faithful* followers from the Indefatigable, and afterwards to the rest of the crew: '*Indefatigables*,' he said, '*stand aside! not one of you shall touch the rope. But YOU who have encouraged your shipmates to the crime by which they have forfeited their lives, it shall be your punishment to hang them.*'—p. 195.

The Impétueux was soon ordered back to Channel service, and was attached to the expedition against Ferrol. To Sir Edward Pellew was committed the landing of the army, which he accomplished, after silencing a formidable battery, without the loss of a man; and when the military commander resolved to abandon the attempt, Sir Edward, who took a very different view of the case, entreated to be allowed to lead on with his sailors, for he was satisfied the town would yield. Whether this was rashness, or only a more enlightened and bolder judgment, must remain undecided; but again the whole course of Sir Edward's life inclines us to be of his opinion.

The Impétueux now subsided into the ordinary routine of the Channel fleet, and the peace of Amiens soon placed her in ordinary, and her captain on half-pay.

But his active mind sought for employment, and the character (and we suppose the affluence) which he had acquired enabled him to aspire to a higher occupation than a repetition of his farming adventure. At the general election of 1802 he was solicited to stand for Barnstaple, and was, after a sharp contest, returned by a great majority. In the House of Commons, for the short time that he attended it, he took little share—his political predilections were in favour of Mr. Pitt, and he would therefore have been naturally disposed to give his confidence to Mr. Addington, who had lately been by Mr. Pitt's advice placed at the head of the government: but Mr. Addington had also been one of Sir Edward's earliest friends, so that his private feelings as well as his public principles attached him to that gentleman; and when Mr. Pitt and his own personal friends afterwards appeared disposed to oppose Mr. Addington, Sir Edward Pellew disdained to shift his colours. He adhered to Mr. Addington to the close of his administration, and preserved for Lord Sidmouth to the last a warm and reciprocal private friendship.

But, next to total inactivity, he disliked the House of Commons, and 'availed himself of the earliest opportunity to escape from it:' on the very day when the King's message was delivered, which indicated a renewal of hostilities, he solicited employment; and on the 11th March, 1803, was appointed to the Tonnant, 80, in which
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he hoisted a broad pendant, and with a small squadron, for many arduous and anxious, though uneventful winter-months blockaded the enemy's squadron in Ferrol. From this duty he was recalled for the *ostensible* purpose of being consulted with on the state of our naval defences—at that period a most important subject—but with no doubt the ulterior view of having the weight of his opinion in parliament in opposition to a motion of censure against Lord St. Vincent and his naval administration, which had been announced by Mr. Pitt, and which was to be supported by a kind of coalition between him and Mr. Fox. Sir Edward did not deceive the expectation of his friends. Though he had no personal obligations to Lord St. Vincent, and though he admired Mr. Pitt, he did justice to the former, and could not, as a sea-officer, approve the counter-system of naval policy proposed by the latter: his speech utterly defeated the *musquito fleet*, as he pleasantly and effectively nicknamed the gun-boat system* which Mr. Pitt had recommended; and the opinion of so eminent an officer, fresh and triumphant from the practical exercise of his opinions, had in all points of the question its due weight with the House and the country, and even—as it appeared by his measures when he soon after came into power—on Mr. Pitt himself. The *style* of the speech seems to have been not unequal to its *matter*. We remember to have heard it spoken of at the time as a strong specimen of mother-wit and natural eloquence, and it was much applauded by such judges as Sheridan and Courtenay—the latter of whom said, that ‘as long as eloquence shall consist in correct judgment and forcible expression, it will be admitted that the gallant officer has shown rhetorical powers of no ordinary quality.’

A general promotion now (April 23, 1804) advanced Sir Edward to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White, and he was immediately appointed Commander-in-Chief in the East Indian seas. He hoisted his flag in the Culloden, appointed as his captain Captain, now Sir Christopher, Cole, (the younger brother of his early friend,) who distinguished himself, in 1810, by the capture of Banda by storm—and was knighted for that brilliant exploit. Sir Edward Pellew had not been long in the East when he was surprised by the arrival of Sir Thomas Troubridge with an order to assume the command of the eastern and more desirable portion of the station.

‘When Sir Thomas went on board the Culloden on his unwelcome errand, Sir Edward inquired if he had brought out his own letters of recall. Finding that the Admiralty had overlooked the essential step

* When Sir Edward Pellew heard one of his naval friends expatiating on the effect with which gun-boats might be employed against a line-of-battle ship, he drily replied, ‘I should choose to be in the line-of-battle ship.’—p. 216.

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of sending them, he declared that till they arrived he could not resign any part of his command; he was charged with it by the King, and was required by the regulations of the service to hold it till recalled by the same authority. Sir Thomas thought that a commission was cancelled by a posterior one, without a direct recall; but Sir Edward, who was equalled by few in his knowledge of naval law, found it easy to convince him to the contrary, or at least to refute his arguments.—p. 229.

This explanation of one of the most critical and questionable actions of Lord Exmouth's life is, we believe, entirely erroneous. In the first place, there are some *formal* errors in this statement, which, however trivial they might be on other occasions, are of importance when the whole case is rested on a mere formality. There is no such thing in the naval service as *letters of recall*—nor are naval commissions granted by the *King*—but, passing over these verbal mistakes, we think we may assert that Mr. Osler is substantially wrong. We remember the affair, and it was canvassed with great interest at the time, and we never heard the allegation of any defect of official form. Sir Edward's original commission was cancelled not merely by the new commission to Sir Thomas Troubridge for part of the station, but by *another* new commission to Sir Edward himself for the remaining part, and both these commissions were from the same authority and in the same form as the original commission, so that the quibble mentioned by Mr. Osler would have been absurd. We have always understood that Sir Edward Pellew rested his manifest and perilous disobedience of orders on the high ground of political expediency—on the force of the enemy in those seas—on the state of his own preparations for opposing that force—neither of which, he alleged, could have been known to the Admiralty at the time they had dispatched Sir Thomas Troubridge to divide the station in which the operations were to be carried on, and the forces by which only they could be effected. He, accordingly, not only retained his entire command, but took, after a violent contest, the intended commander-in-chief, and the ships that had accompanied him, under his own orders upon his own dictatorial responsibility.

This was undoubtedly—in our judgment—the boldest of all Sir Edward Pellew's actions, but like all the others it was fully successful. The government at home, though politically hostile to Pellew, were satisfied by his reasons; and they adopted his views of the public service in that quarter of the world by continuing Sir Edward in his original command, and appointing Sir Thomas Troubridge to that of the Cape of Good Hope, which, however, this gallant officer was doomed never to reach. His ship, the *Blenheim*, had been ashore, and was considered not sea-worthy. Sir Edward Pellew 'entreated him to accept any other ship on the station

station for his flag, and send the *Blenheim* to be docked at Bombay; but Sir Thomas placed a fatal reliance,' says Mr. Osler, (p. 233,) on his own judgment. The *Blenheim* sailed in company with the Java frigate, and after the 5th of February, 1807—when they parted company from the *Harrier* in a gale of wind and apparent distress—neither was ever again heard of.

Of the events of Sir Edward's Indian command we shall only mention two. The French Captain Bergeret, his old acquaintance and former opponent in the *Virginie*, was again taken in a privateer frigate of thirty-six guns, after a most gallant defence against the superior force of the *St. Fiorenzo*, and brought on board the *Culloden*. The meeting, under such circumstances, was very affecting, and Sir Edward treated Bergeret with the most friendly and consolatory attention.

While in the *Tonnant* he had gone in quest of a Dutch squadron of three sail of the line and several frigates, destined for the East Indies, but was unable to come up with them. He now found that they had reached Java; and in his series of judicious operations he captured and burned them all. On one of these occasions he had the happiness to witness the gallantry of his second son, Captain Fleetwood Pellew, of the *Terpsichore*, who, with 500 picked men in the boats of the whole squadron, was sent to destroy the *Phoenix*, a 40-gun frigate, two corvettes, two sloops of 20 guns, and three brigs of 14, which—at the sight of the British—had run ashore under the extensive batteries of Batavia.

'The decision of Captain Pellew, which scarcely allowed them time to man their guns, made their fire almost harmless. He boarded the *Phoenix*, whose crew quitted her on his approach; turned her guns on the other armed vessels; burnt all the shipping, except three merchant-vessels, which were brought away; and in less than two hours returned with the boats, having effected the whole service with no greater loss than one man killed, and four wounded.'—p. 243.

The line-of-battle ships were taken and destroyed in the following year, at Griessee, a fortified harbour at the other extremity of the island.

Mr. Osler produces abundant testimony to Sir Edward's less striking, though not less valuable, services in the protection of our immense commerce in those extensive seas. At last, the time of his service having expired, he sailed homewards from India in February, 1809. Off the Isle of France, the *Culloden* and a fleet of Indiamen under her convoy encountered a violent hurricane—four of the convoy foundered—the *Culloden* was only saved by great exertion—but before she arrived in England had an even more narrow escape from fire. She had once before been on fire on the coast of Malabar, when the admirable presence of mind of the

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the admiral saved her. The details of this event were related by an eye-witness in the Paisley Advertiser of the 2nd February, 1833, which we rather wonder Mr. Osler has not inserted. We notice them for one remarkable fact—at the appalling cry of ‘The magazine is on fire!’ and before the conduct of the admiral had inspired confidence in the ship’s company, about a dozen of the crew had jumped overboard—they were picked up—but when the danger was over, Sir Edward caused them to be punished at the gangway for their insubordination and pusillanimity. ‘We were all,’ he said to the offenders, ‘in equal danger; but if all had behaved like you, where would have been the ship and the lives of all?’ The second fire happened the day before her arrival at Plymouth—a gunner’s mate, finding they were near home, thought it high time (not being it seems a very rapid penman) to prepare a letter to his wife announcing his return—but ink being wanting, he diluted a little gunpowder with vinegar in a phial, which he hung on a nail in the magazine passage, while—it being Sunday—he, with the rest of the ship’s company, attended divine worship on deck. While they were thus employed, some accident (perhaps the roll of the ship) threw down and broke the phial of factitious ink, and as the weather was very hot the solution soon dried. When the man returned after service to begin his letter, his phial was gone, and unfortunately he took his candle out of the lantern to look after it; a spark fell on the dried solution, which blazed up and set fire to some combustible matters, (indeed, what on board ship *except* the guns—is not combustible?) and the ship was in a moment on fire, and, we need not add, in the most alarming quarter. On this occasion, too, the admiral’s conduct was equally prompt, cool, and effective, and those who saw him on both these occasions, declare that they never were so struck by his superiority as in the tranquil and almost indifferent air which he assumed on these trying occasions, and by which he imparted to the ship’s company that calmness and confidence which alone could have saved them.

On his return to England he remained a short time ashore, but the evacuation of the Scheldt having given the North Sea squadron a great importance, Sir Edward Pellew was selected to command it, and he hoisted his flag on board the *Christian VII.* The prudence of the enemy gave him no opportunity for any peculiar exploit. The only anecdote which Mr. Osler gives is one which we quote only to contradict. He states that the northern pilots having one day refused, on account of the state of the weather, to take the fleet out of the Downs, when there was an alarm of the enemy’s putting to sea—

‘Pellew then enforced his order to sail, declaring that he would hang
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the pilot who should run his ship on shore; and to give effect to this threat, he caused gantlets to be rove to the yard-arms.'—p. 264.

Such a menace would have been absurd on the face of it, and we can venture to state that nothing whatsoever of the kind occurred. The pilots certainly represented the difficulty of the case; but,—they nevertheless promising to do their utmost to secure the safety of the fleet,—Sir Edward, with his usual decision, at once took upon *himself* the whole responsibility. Not even a verbal threat was used. Indeed we wonder that a man of Mr. Osler's good sense should have repeated so idle a story.

In the spring of 1811 Sir Edward Pellew succeeded Sir Charles Cotton in the Mediterranean command. The magnitude and state of readiness of the Toulon squadron, and the symptoms of resistance to the despotism of Buonaparte which began to exhibit themselves on all the European shores of that sea, rendered this now in every point of view the most important of our naval commands. The events are too recent to need, and too various and complicated to admit, any illustration from us; we must, however, observe that as to this most important part of Sir Edward's life, Mr. Osler seems very imperfectly informed, and gives us very little detail. The following passage is almost all that he says to illustrate a species of merit which Sir Edward had not before an opportunity of displaying:—

'Perhaps there was no ambassador on whom a greater diplomatic responsibility was imposed, than the commander in the Mediterranean. It formed by much the largest, and most anxious portion of Collingwood's duties; and the greatness of the trust—the impossibility of confiding it to another than the commander on the station,—and the uncommon ability with which Collingwood sustained it, gave the British Government much uneasiness when the state of that officer's health threatened to deprive them of his services. It increased materially in extent and importance after Sir Edward had succeeded to the command, when the reverses of the French in Russia opened a prospect of deliverance to all the states along the shores of the Mediterranean, including the southern provinces of France itself. Sir Edward exerted himself unceasingly to prepare them for this consummation, and to encourage them to seize the first opportunity to effect it; and the judgment he displayed in these services obtained from a British Cabinet Minister the declaration that, "Great as he may be as a sea-officer, he is still greater as a statesman."—pp. 278, 279.

All this diplomatic honour he would have gladly exchanged for what he called '*one glorious day*' with the Toulon fleet; and once or twice he had, by the extraordinary skill and boldness with which the inshore squadron was directed by him, and managed by its officers, a chance of bringing them to action—but the affairs of Buonaparte had now become too critical to allow him to run the risk of a naval defeat, and, accordingly, the magnificent array of
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twenty-two sail of the line—including six large three-deckers—which he had collected in Toulon, remained idle spectators of the waning fortunes of their master. One of the last blows struck was the capture of Genoa by a land-force under Lord W. Bentinck and a squadron of Sir Edward's fleet under Commodore Sir J. Rowley. All the places of strength round the Gulf of Spezzia capitulated, and preparations were making for the attack of the town, when the arrival of Sir Edward himself with several line-of-battle ships rendered resistance unavailing—the city surrendered—four gun-brigs were taken, and a fine 74 on the stocks was completed and launched, and still remains in our service under the appropriate name of the *Genoa*. Thus it was Sir Edward's good fortune to give to the British navy the *first prize* of the Revolutionary war and *the last*! and to have received, also, the *first* and the *last title of honour* which had been conferred for naval services.

Even before his arrival in England he was created Baron Exmouth of Canonteign, a mansion and estate in the South of Devon which he had purchased for a family property, and the pension was settled on him which is usually granted when a peerage is conferred for eminent public services. He also received, on the extension of the Order of the Bath, the Cross of Knight Commander. Some surprise has been expressed, and Mr. Osler seems to share it, that Lord Exmouth did not at once receive the Grand Cross; but it is to be observed, that in the first instance the second cross was given to *all* those officers who had previously received the distinction of knighthood for service, and that it was, as *Sir Edward Pellew*, that he was made, according to the general rule, a Knight Commander. Next year his general services were most properly acknowledged by the further distinction of the Grand Cross.

The return of Napoleon from Elba soon required a British force in the Mediterranean, and Lord Exmouth was again selected for this service, and again he performed with his usual prudence and energy all the duties which the position of affairs required or admitted.

Marseilles had shown some disposition to the Bourbons, and Marshal Brune was marching from Toulon upon that city, avowedly to destroy it. Lord Exmouth on this emergency took upon himself to embark about 3000 men, part of the garrison of Genoa, with which he sailed to Marseilles and landed in time to defeat the intentions of Brune. Forty years before he had landed at Marseilles a poor penniless boy turned out of his ship—he now entered it a British admiral and peer, and, what was still more gratifying to him, a conqueror and deliverer! The inhabitants, grateful for their preservation, were unceasing in their attentions

to the fleet and army, and, as a mark of their sense of his important services to their city, they presented him 'with a large and beautiful piece of plate executed in Paris, bearing a medallion of the noble admiral and a view of the port of Marseilles, and the Boyne, his flag-ship, entering it full sail, with this simple and expressive inscription—"A l'Amiral Lord Exmouth—La Ville de Marseilles reconnoissante." '—p. 292.

Peace now having been restored on the European continent, the British Government took advantage of the large fleet which had been assembled in the Mediterranean to put a check upon the piratical oppressions of the Barbary powers, 'to which,' says Mr. Osler, 'all the maritime population of the smaller Mediterranean states were continually exposed, while the great naval powers were deterred from exterminating these pirates, either by more pressing concerns, or by the failure of different expeditions which had been attempted.' This is not, we conceive, an exact statement of the case, which was not quite so clear in *principle* as Mr. Osler seems to think—the Barbary cruisers were indeed *commonly* called pirates, and undoubtedly their vessels were often, particularly in former times, guilty of piratical practices, but they *affected* to recognize the *theory*, at least, of international law, and to capture the subjects only of states with which they should be *at war*. This principle, which no maritime nation could deny, the Barbary states abused by maintaining, from the earliest times, *perpetual hostilities* against all Christendom—an outrageous assumption, in which, however, we fear, Christendom was the first aggressor, for it had from the times of the Crusades professed everlasting war to all infidels. This abuse, however, had been gradually corrected by both parties in modern times, and latterly the Barbary states affected only to capture the subjects of those with whom they were *actually* at war. We do not say *bonâ fide* at war, for these wars were for the most part only pretexts for piratical practices, and of course were made only against the weaker powers. The interests of England are so identified with the maintenance of the maritime right of belligerents, that it was neither her duty nor her policy to volunteer the redressing of the abuses of a system which did not injure her, and which were founded on a principle which she herself always maintained. This and the complicated connexion of the Barbary states with the Turkish empire, and the fear—*now so fully justified**—of disturbing the

* The English government seems to have become quite indifferent to the occupation of Algiers by the French, and to have lost sight of all the strange circumstances attending it. Let it, however, not be forgotten, that the Duke of Wellington's ministry—though it could not object to a fair *belligerent* attack on Algiers—insisted upon and obtained from Charles X.'s government an assurance that it was not to be held as a *possession*, and that this *assurance* was repeated by Louis Philippe with the strongest *personal pledges* of sincerity and good faith. Yet see the result!

balance of power in the Mediterranean, and of exposing those African ports to attempts on the part of France, have been the causes which for so long a time inclined England—and analogous feelings probably operated with France—to a system of non-intervention with the Barbary states. But our statesmen had observed these mal-practices with increasing disgust, and particularly that of treating their *prisoners* of war as *slaves*, which, though consistent with the ancient law of nations, and still practised by the Arabs and other orientals, had never been admitted by civilized Europe. Our ministers therefore were, we presume, not sorry when the possession of Malta and the Ionian Islands, and our alliances with Sardinia and Naples, not only gave them the right, but imposed the duty, of interference; and Lord Exmouth was accordingly directed, as Mr. Osler states, to proceed to the three Regencies to demand the immediate liberation of all Ionian captives as British subjects, and to insist on peace between them and Sardinia and Naples, and a liberation of captives on exchange or ransom. This was easily arranged at Algiers. On proceeding to Tunis, however,

‘accident gave an entirely new character to the subsequent proceedings. Lord Exmouth had directed the interpreter to tell the Bey that it would be very agreeable to the Prince Regent if slavery were abolished; but the interpreter, by mistake, said that the Prince Regent had determined to abolish it. Upon this, the negotiation was suspended; and the Divan assembled. Lord Exmouth soon became aware of the mistake, and availing himself of the important advantage which it gave him, he allowed them two hours for deliberation, and retired to the consul’s house to await the result. Before the time expired, he was sent for, and informed that the Divan had deliberated on his proposal, and would comply with it. Proceeding to Tripoli, he made a similar demand, and it was there submitted to without hesitation.’—p. 299.

This accidental success induced Lord Exmouth—who had occasion to return to Algiers for another object—to endeavour to carry the same point there, but he failed; his own person, and those of his officers who happened to be on shore, were insulted, and their lives endangered; and when they got to the ships—the state of the wind rendering it impossible to attack the town—a negotiation was commenced, which postponed the question to the result of ulterior communications to be held with the Ottoman Porte and the Cabinet of St. James’s. If Mr. Osler’s information be correct, and these proceedings were *not* justified by the English Admiral’s instructions, Lord Exmouth did indeed here incur a great responsibility by taking so serious a step in consequence of so slight an accident, and by attempting to vary the basis of the amicable

arrangement so recently concluded, and to impose on Algiers the results of the *mistake* of his interpreter at Tunis. The object in the eye of humanity was so desirable and so consonant with the established international principles of Europe, that it cannot be doubted that Lord Exmouth was fully justified in taking advantage of the disposition in which he found the governments of Tunis and Tripoli; and when he perceived that Algiers was a more difficult task, he seems to have escaped from his difficulty with considerable address. Mr. Osler, after thus stating that Lord Exmouth exceeded his powers, adds, that he was probably indebted for the subsequent approbation of the government at home to a speech made before his return by a member of the House of Commons in reprobation of the Algerine slave-trade. We do not understand why he chooses to conceal the name of the member—Mr. Brougham—but Lord Castlereagh's answer, as we find it in the Parliamentary Debates, seems to imply not only that Lord Exmouth had *not* exceeded his powers, but that they enabled and authorized him to carry the stipulations to a point beyond what Mr. Osler states; Lord Castlereagh, after refusing to produce the documents called for, as the negotiations were not yet concluded, says that

'the Dey of Algiers had for the first time agreed that the captives should be considered and treated on the European footing as prisoners of war, and set at liberty at the conclusion of every peace.'—*Par. Deb.*, June 19, 1816.

We do not understand how the biographer, who refers to and quotes Mr. Brougham's expressions, should have overlooked Lord Castlereagh's assertion, which is recorded in the same page, and which seems to us somewhat at variance with Mr. Osler's statement, and at all events deserving of some explanation when the rest of the debate is so minutely alluded to; our own impression, however, is that Mr. Osler's view of the matter is substantially correct. However this may have been, all these proceedings at Algiers turned out to be fruitless, except indeed as to the more accurate knowledge which the sharp-sighted admiral had obtained of the local defences.

On the 23d May, while Lord Exmouth was yet at Algiers, 'the crews of the *coral fishing vessels*' had landed at Bona to attend mass, it being Ascension-day, when they were attacked by a large body of troops and most barbarously murdered.—p. 306.

As Mr. Osler states this outrage as the grounds of the subsequent expedition against Algiers, he ought to have been a little more particular in explaining an event which led to such important results. What were the *coral fishing vessels*? were the crews British subjects or allies?—had they any right to land to celebrate their

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their mass at Bona?—was it not possible that the excitement which had taken place at Algiers might also have extended to Bona, and that the landing of the Christians might have borne the appearance of an attack combined with Lord Exmouth's renewed demonstration of hostility? These are questions, some of which we know might be satisfactorily answered, but all of which are important to the state of the question as Mr. Osler puts it, and therefore should have been considered by him.

As Bona is two hundred miles from Algiers, the circumstances of this massacre were not known before Lord Exmouth's departure, though the news reached England a few days before he did; and it seems to have quickened, if it did not create the determination of the government to reject the proposition for settling the slavery question by negotiation, and to fit out at once a force which should obtain from the Dey by intimidation, or by actual violence, reparation for the late outrage, and for the future a general and unconditional abolition of Christian *slavery* for ever, and the substitution in all cases, and for all nations, of the European system of *prisoners of war*.

This resolution seems to have been communicated to Lord Exmouth the day of his arrival in London—the command of the intended expedition was naturally offered to him, and he as readily accepted it. He had *carte blanche* for the amount, species and equipment of force which he deemed necessary to the object, and some surprise was excited when he contented himself with five sail of the line. These, with five frigates, four bombs, and five gun-brigs, were commissioned, fitted, and manned with volunteers within a month—an unexampled celerity: within another month the battle was fought; and, to use his own words—

‘My thanks are justly due for the honour and confidence his Majesty’s Ministers have been pleased to repose on my zeal on this highly important occasion. The means were by them made adequate to my own wishes, and the rapidity of their measures speaks for itself. Not more than a hundred days since, I left Algiers with the British fleet, unsuspecting and ignorant of the atrocities which had been committed at Bona. That fleet, on its arrival in England, was necessarily disbanded, and another, with proportionate resources, created and equipped; and although impeded in its progress by calms and adverse winds, it has poured the vengeance of an insulted nation, in chastising the cruelties of a ferocious Government, with a promptitude beyond example, and highly honourable to the national character, eager to resent oppression or cruelty, wherever practised upon those under its protection.’—pp. 432, 433.

Mr. Osler mentions—in, we think, too cursorily a way—an instance of magnanimity in Lord Exmouth. Every body unhappily knows how often it has happened when expeditions have failed,
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that the government and officers employed have imputed or insinuated against each other the blame of the miscarriage—Lord Exmouth would not merely have disdained to avail himself of any such excuse—he would not even reserve the power of doing so.

‘He wrote to the Admiralty before he left England, declaring himself fully satisfied with all the arrangements, and *taking on himself the responsibility of the result.*’—p. 310.

This appears to us as high a trait of *moral* and political courage as any officer ever displayed. It was equalled by the consummate skill and inspiring bravery with which he conducted the action. In no battle that ever was fought did it fall to the lot of one man and one ship to be so pre-eminently distinguished as Lord Exmouth and the Queen Charlotte were on that day—every man, every officer, every ship in the fleet did their duty nobly in the several stations assigned them, but Lord Exmouth used his privilege of commander-in-chief to take for himself the LION’S SHARE of the difficulty and danger. The Queen Charlotte led in—and under the admirable guidance of Mr. Gaze—now, and, as his lordship in his public dispatch calls him, ‘for twenty years, his companion in arms,’—was anchored on the *very spot* which had been designed—within fifty yards of the Mole-head—the *very horns of the bull*—and with but two feet water to spare. We need not give any account of this so recent and so glorious battle, but we cannot resist presenting what we wonder Mr. Osler should have omitted, a portrait of the personal bearing of the admiral in the *naïve* and graphic description of Mr. Salamé, his Arabian interpreter. Salamé had been sent with a flag of truce for the Dey’s answer to Lord Exmouth’s ultimatum, in which it had been stated that, if no answer was given within two hours, it would be taken as the signal of hostilities. Salamé waited *three* hours, and returned without the answer. The signal for action was immediately made; and ‘now,’ says Salamé, ‘on getting on board the flag-ship—

‘I was quite surprised to see how his lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild, but now he seemed to me *all-fightful*, as a fierce lion which had been chained in a cage and was set at liberty. With all that his lordship’s answer to me was—“*Never mind—we shall see!*”—and, at the same time, he turned towards the officers, saying, “*Be ready,*” whereupon I saw every one standing with the *match* or the *string of the lock* in his hand, anxiously waiting for the word “*Fire.*” During this time the Queen Charlotte, in a most gallant and astonishing manner, took up a position opposite the head of the mole—and at a few minutes before three, the Algerines, from the eastern battery, fired the first shot at the Impregnable, which was astern, when Lord Exmouth, having seen *only the smoke of the gun*, and before the sound reached him, said with great alacrity—“*That will do! fire, my fine fellows.*” I am sure that

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that before his lordship had finished these words our broadside was given with great cheering, which was fired three times within five or six minutes : and at the same instant the other ships did the same. This first fire was so terrible that they say five hundred of the enemy were killed or wounded by it.—*Salamé's Expedition to Algiers*, p. 39.

After describing (with most amusing candour and much good feeling) what he saw of the battle, Salamé proceeds to describe his meeting Lord Exmouth after it was over:—

‘ When I met his lordship on the poop, his voice was quite hoarse, and he had two slight wounds, one on the cheek and the other on his leg. Before I could pay my respects to him, he said to me in his usual gracious and mild manner:—“ Well, my fine fellow, Salamé, what think you now ?” In reply, I shook hands with his lordship, and said, —“ I am rejoiced to see your lordship safe, and am so much rejoiced with this glorious victory that I am not able to express the degree of my happiness.” It was indeed astonishing to see the coat of his lordship how it was all cut up by the musket-balls and by grape. It was as if a person had taken a pair of scissars and cut it all to pieces. After we had anchored, his lordship—having ordered his steward in the morning to keep several dishes ready—gave a grand supper to the officers of the ship, and drank to the health of every brave man in the fleet. We also drank to his lordship’s health, and then everybody went to sleep like dead men.’—*ib.* p. 52, &c.

There are traits of active courage and of inspiring confidence in honest Salamé’s narrative of Lord Exmouth’s deportment, which will not have escaped our readers. We shall add one other of Salamé’s quaint anecdotes:—

‘ The (Algerine) captain of the port [with whom Salamé was carrying on the negociations which ensued] asked me if this ship (the Queen Charlotte) was the *Boyne* in which Lord Exmouth had been before at Algiers. I told him, no ; that this ship was a quite new one and never had been in any action before, and that she is called by the name of her majesty *our queen*. He replied—“ Then your queen must be of a *very high star*,” (meaning *fortune*, because the Mahommedans believe that everybody must have a star in heaven,) “ since this ship, called by her name, the first day she has been in battle has gained this victory.”’—*ib.* p. 77.

The results of this splendid achievement cannot be better told than in the General Order promulgated by Lord Exmouth himself to the fleet on the 30th August, which we extract from the London Gazette of the 15th September, 1816:—

‘ The commander-in-chief is happy to inform the fleet of the final termination of their strenuous exertions, by the signature of peace, confirmed under a salute of twenty-one guns, on the following conditions, dictated by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of England:—

‘ I. The abolition, for ever, of Christian slavery.

‘ II.

' II. The delivery, to my flag, of all slaves in the dominions of the Dey, to whatever nation they may belong, at noon to-morrow.

' III. To deliver also, to my flag, all money received by him for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of this year, at noon also to-morrow.

' IV. Reparation has been made to the British Consul for all losses he may have sustained in consequence of his confinement.

' V. The Dey has made a public apology, in presence of his ministers and officers, and begged pardon of the Consul, in terms dictated by the captain of the *Queen Charlotte*.

' The Commander-in-chief takes this opportunity of again returning his public thanks to the admirals, captains, officers, seamen, marines, royal marine artillery, royal sappers and miners, and the royal rocket corps, for the noble support he has received from them throughout the whole of this arduous service; and he is pleased to direct, that on Sunday next a public thanksgiving be offered up to Almighty God for the signal interposition of his Divine Providence during the conflict which took place on the 27th between his Majesty's fleet and the ferocious enemies of mankind.'

We cannot refrain from giving also Lord Exmouth's own account of the action written to his brother in an effusion of fraternal confidence, and never intended for the public eye, but which will, we believe, have more interest than any elaborate statement would have.

' It has pleased God to give me again the opportunity of writing you, and it has also pleased him to give success to our efforts against these hordes of barbarians. I never, however, saw any set of men more obstinate at their guns, and it was superior fire only that could keep them back. To be sure, nothing could stand before the *Queen Charlotte*'s broadside. Everything fell before it; and the Swedish consul assures me we killed above five hundred at the very first fire, from the crowded way in which troops were drawn up, four deep above the gun-boats, which were also full of men. I had myself beckoned to many around the guns close to us to move away, previous to giving the order to fire; and I believe they are within bounds when they state their loss at seven thousand men. Our old friend John Gaze was as steady as a rock; and it was a glorious sight to see the *Charlotte* take her anchorage, and to see her flag towering on high, when she appeared to be in the flames of the Mole itself; and never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop; we were obliged to haul in the ensign or it would have caught fire. Every body behaved nobly. Admiral Milne came on board at two o'clock in the morning, and kissed my hand fifty times before the people, as did the Dutch Admiral, Van Capellan. I was but slightly touched in thigh, face, and fingers—my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot; but as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received even in the cockpit,

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cockpit, which was then pretty full. My thigh is not quite skinned over, but I am perfectly well, and hope to reach Portsmouth by the 10th of October. Ferdinand has sent me a diamond star. Wise behaved most nobly, and took up a line-of-battle ship's station;—but all behaved nobly. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service. Not a wretch shrunk anywhere; and I assure you it was a very arduous task, but I had formed a very correct judgment of all I saw, and was confident, if supported, I should succeed. I could not wait for an off-shore wind to attack; the season was too far advanced, and the land-winds become light and calmy. I was forced to attack at once with a lee-shore, or perhaps wait a week for a precarious wind along shore; and I was quite sure I should have a breeze off the land about one or two in the morning, and equally sure we could hold out that time. Blessed be God! it came, and a dreadful night with it of thunder, lightning, and rain, as heavy as I ever saw. Several ships had expended all their powder, and been supplied from the brigs. I had latterly husbanded, and only fired when they fired on us; and we expended 350 barrels and 5420 shot, weighing above 65 tons of iron. Such a state of ruin of fortifications and houses was never seen, and it is the opinion of all the consuls, that two hours' more fire would have levelled the town, the walls are all so cracked. Even the aqueducts were broken up, and the people famishing for water. The sea-defences, to be made effective, must be rebuilt from the foundation. The fire all round the Mole looked like Pandemonium. I never saw anything so grand and so terrific, for I was not on velvet, for fear they would drive on board us. The copper-bottoms floated full of fiery hot charcoal, and were red hot above the surface, so that we could not hook on our fire-grapnels to put the boats on, and could do nothing but push fire-booms, and spring the ship off by our warps, as occasion required.'—pp. 336—38.

Lord Exmouth's services, and those of his fleet, were acknowledged as became such a victory; he was created a viscount, with an honourable augmentation to his already so honoured escutcheon, and the word *Algiers* as an additional motto; he received from his own sovereign a gold medal * struck for the occasion, and from the kings of Holland, Spain, and Sardinia, the stars of their orders—a sword from the City of London;—and, finally—what was likely to please such a man most of all—an unusually large proportion of distinction and promotion acknowledged the merits of the brave men who had served under him.

We have been so copious in our account of the more active

* We cannot but notice the extraordinary skill with which the fac-simile of this medal has been engraved for Mr. Osler's work. It is indeed almost a fac-simile, and the appearance of *metallic relief* is preserved with an accuracy which could never be attained until this new method of engraving was invented, in France, we believe, within these few years. We cannot give equal praise to the *portrait* of Lord Exmouth prefixed to the volume. The engraving is good—but it seems to us a copy of a copy, and in the transition almost all resemblance has vanished.

portion of Lord Exmouth's life, that we have room to add little more than that he was appointed, in 1817, commander-in-chief of the Plymouth station, and had the peculiar satisfaction of exhibiting in the very scene of the most glorious of his early exploits the final and highest honours of his profession. At the expiration of the usual time he struck his flag, and terminated his naval service on the 1st February, 1821. It was *fifty years and three months* since he had first gone to sea, and in those fifty years, if we are not misinformed, there were but eight years—being the aggregate of four intervals of peace—in which he was unemployed!

He now resided principally in the pleasant neighbourhood of Teignmouth, where he cultivated the society of his family and his friends with a cheerful hospitality—deficient in nothing suitable to his acquired station, but in no respect inconsistent with the original simplicity of his manners, and the constant modesty and moderation of his personal deportment.

He occasionally attended his duty in the House of Lords. Mr. Osler, on this subject, falls into the cant, very inconsistent with his usual candour and good sense, of applauding him for not being a *party* man. Undoubtedly he never permitted what are usually called mere party feelings to interfere with his duties to the public or to individuals—under his pendant or his flag he was of no party—but if Mr. Osler means to deny that he had, like most English gentlemen, strong and faithful political attachments, and warm and steady political opinions, he is certainly mistaken, and his own work is evidence against his assertion. Lord Exmouth was attached, as we have seen, to Mr. Pitt's principles, and to Lord Sidmouth both politically and personally; and looking still higher, he maintained the strongest opinions on many of what were always called *party* questions, and was always ready to maintain what he thought the *party of the constitution*.—He never, we believe, either in the House of Commons or the House of Lords, gave one Whig vote. Amidst the party intoxication which misled and disgraced the country in 1820, he never wavered. During that turmoil he wrote to his brother—

'The fact is, the people are mad, and the world is mad; and where it will end, the Lord only knows; but as sure as we live, the days of trouble are very fast approaching, when there will be much contention, and much bloodshed, and changes out of all measure and human calculation. You and I have no choice. Loyalty is all our duty, and we shall, no doubt, stick to it.'—pp. 350, 351.

Again, on the state of Ireland and the Catholic question, which was, during the whole of Lord Exmouth's political life, the touchstone of party, Mr. Osler, after stating his own very just opinion that it was a great mistake to expect peace from concessions extorted

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torted by violence, and calculated only to give increased power to the enemies of existing institutions, adds—

‘ Lord Exmouth held a very decided opinion upon this point, and foresaw that strong coercive measures would become necessary in consequence. He well knew how feeble would be the restraint imposed by any conditions contemplated by the advocates of change; and in allusion to the remark of a nobleman of the highest rank, who had expressed a belief that he would think differently, when he saw the securities which would accompany the concessions—“Securities!” he said, “it is all nonsense! I never yet could see them, and I never shall.” While the question was in progress, he wrote—“The times are awful, when the choice of two evils only is left, a threatened rebellion, or the surrender of our Constitution, by the admission of Catholics into parliament and all offices. I think even this will not satisfy Ireland. Ascendancy is their object. You may postpone, and by loss of character parry the evil for a short space; but not long, depend upon it. You and I may not see it, but our children will, and be obliged to meet the struggle man to man, which we may now shirk. By God alone can we be saved from such consequences; may He shed his power and grace upon us as a nation!” ’—pp. 132, 133.

And again more recently—

‘ Most painful, therefore, were his feelings, when revolt and anarchy in neighbouring countries were held up to be admired and imitated at home, until a praiseworthy desire of improvement had become a rage for destructive innovation. In a letter written at this time, Nov. 12, 1831, after alluding to his own declining strength, he thus proceeds:—“I am fast approaching that end which we must all come to. My own term I feel is expiring, and happy is the man who does not live to see the destruction of his country which discontent has brought to the verge of ruin. Hitherto thrice happy England, how art thou torn to pieces by thine own children! Strangers, who a year ago looked up to you as a happy exception in the world, with admiration, at this moment know thee not! Fire, riot, and bloodshed, are roving through the land, and God in his displeasure visits us also with pestilence; and in fact, in one short year, we seem almost to have reached the climax of misery. One cannot sit down to put one’s thoughts to paper, without feeling oppressed by public events, and with vain thought of how and when will the evils terminate. That must be left to God’s mercy, for I believe man is at this moment unequal to the task.” ’—pp. 356, 357.

The truth is, that Lord Exmouth was not only a true-born Englishman—a creature in whose composition *party* has always been an *essential* ingredient—but he was also, as our readers have seen, a man of natural sagacity and long experience, who saw the political storm approaching, and thought that our best chance of weathering it was by resisting all proposals for unseasonable innovations and experiments on the fabric, the fittings, or the discipline, of the vessel of the state.

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The closing scene is now arrived. Early in 1832, after an extraordinary exemption from such trials in his own family, he lost one of his grandchildren; on that occasion he wrote, 'We have been long mercifully spared: death has at last entered our family, and it behoves us all to be watchful.' In May following died his younger brother, Rear-Admiral Sir Israel Pellew, who had shared much of Lord Exmouth's public service, and had distinguished himself on many occasions, particularly in the command of the *Conqueror*, 74, at Trafalgar. Lord Exmouth, though he now travelled with difficulty and pain, could not refuse himself the melancholy satisfaction of a parting visit; their elder brother also came up from Falmouth on this painful occasion; they all met for the last time. Lord Exmouth then returned home, never to leave it. He expired on the 23d January, 1833, placid and grateful, surrounded by his family, in the full possession of his faculties—in the soothing recollection of a glorious and a virtuous life, and in the still higher comfort and hope of a Christian spirit.

We should not do justice to Lord Exmouth's memory, nor to still more sacred interests, if we did not add Mr. Osler's testimony as to the feelings on the most important of all concerns, which inspired and guided this admirable man—*visibly* in all times, but towards the close of his life, *exemplarily*—when his heart had, as it were, leisure from the affairs of the world to develop its natural piety.

'That moral elevation, not always associated with powerful talent and splendid success, which forms the most admirable part of Lord Exmouth's character, was derived from religion. Young as he was when he first entered the service, and though such principles and feelings could not be supposed then to be very strongly fixed, yet he was guarded in his conduct, and always prompt to check any irreverent allusion to serious subjects. His youth was passed in camps and ships, at a time when a coarse and profane conduct too much prevailed, now happily almost unknown; but he was never deterred by a false shame from setting a proper example. On board his first frigate, the *Winchelsea*, the duties of the Sunday were regularly observed. He always dressed in full uniform on that day, and, having no chaplain, read the morning service to his crew, whenever the weather permitted them to be assembled. Advancing in his brilliant career, the same feelings were more and more strikingly displayed. It was his practice to have a special and general service of thanksgiving after every signal deliverance or success. Too often is it found, that with the accession of worldly honours the man becomes more forgetful of the good Providence from which he received them. From this evil, Lord Exmouth was most happily kept; and additional distinctions only the more confirmed the unaffected simplicity and benevolence of his character. Finally, after the last and greatest of his services,

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services, a battle of almost unexampled severity and duration, and fought less for his country than for the world, his gratitude to the Giver of victory was expressed in a manner the most edifying and delightful.

‘But when external responsibilities had ceased to divert his attention from himself, his religious principles acquired new strength, and exercised a more powerful influence. They guided him to peace: they added dignity to his character: and blessed his declining years with a serenity, at once the best evidence of their truth, and the happiest illustration of their power.

‘He cherished a very strong attachment to the church; and for more than thirty years had been a member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which he joined when the claims of the Society were so little appreciated, that only principle could have prompted the step. It might therefore be expected that he would feel deep anxiety, when the safety of that church was threatened. But upon this subject his mind was firm; and in one of the last letters he ever wrote, dated August 28th, 1832, he declares his confidence in the most emphatic language. After some personal observations to the friend he was addressing, one of his old officers, he alludes to the cholera, then raging in his neighbourhood; “which,” he says, “I am much inclined to consider an infliction of Providence, to show his power to the discontented of the world, who have long been striving against the government of man, and are commencing their attacks on our church. But they will fail! God will never suffer his church to fall; and the world will see that his mighty arm is not shortened, nor his power diminished. I put my trust in Him, and not in man; and I bless Him, that he has enabled me to see the difference between improvement and destruction.”

‘Sustained by the principles which had guided him so long, his death-bed became the scene of his best and noblest triumph. “Every hour of his life is a sermon,” said an officer who was often with him; “I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed.” Full of hope and peace, he advanced with the confidence of a Christian to his last conflict, and when nature was at length exhausted, he closed a life of brilliant and important service, with a death more happy, and not less glorious, than if he had fallen in the hour of victory.”—pp. 353—361.

‘They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in the great waters, these men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep!’*

* Psalm cvii. 23.

ART. VI.—*Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan.* By Miss Emma Roberts. 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1835.

THERE was a time, a golden age, when every man who returned from India was a 'Nabob'; and a nabob, as all the world knows, was a man of almost unbounded wealth. The very tinge of his complexion was respected as the reflection of mohurs and pagodas. But while his wealth secured to him influence and consideration, there was, nevertheless, something mysterious and questionable about the man. The son of a tradesman, a yeoman, or gentleman of limited fortune, or the result of some indiscretion in a higher circle,—probably the scapegrace of the school, the plague of the parish,—he had been shipped off for India as the most obvious mode of providing for him when there was no longer the smallest hope of his ever doing any good at home. After an absence of some years he returned, rich enough to purchase the properties of half the ruined squires whose orchards and poultry-yards had been the scenes of his early depredations. Yet, with all his wealth, the nabob was obviously not a happy man. Valued only for his money, and hated for his success,—too proud to court the society of those to whose level he believed himself to have been raised, and too vain to descend to that of the class from which he sprung,—estranged from all around him by the peculiar habits he had contracted, and haunted by an overweening idea of his own importance, he wandered about sallow and solitary,—spoke an unknown language to dusky heathen domestics, and was speedily discovered by the gossips of the place to be tormented by 'an evil conscience.' Crimes, by which his *plum* or two had been acquired, were darkly hinted. Something of dread and awe mingled with the feelings of envy which his elevation had excited, and few had charity enough to find out that his haggard looks, wakeful nights, and gloomy temperament, were but the ordinary effects of a diseased liver.

In proportion as the possessions of the East India Company were extended, the number of their servants was increased, and the facilities for amassing large fortunes diminished. 'Nabobs' became more rare, and though men continued to return from India in even greater numbers than before, with the same complexions and the same habits as their predecessors, they no longer brought with them the same riches. At length, the race of the nabobs seemed to be extinct, and the whole class was degraded from the dignity and acquitted of the iniquities which had been associated with that title, receiving in exchange the descriptive appellation of 'old Indians.' Though they mixed in general society, they were still a separate class. Their discourse was of scenes and

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and transactions with which no one else was familiar—of kingdoms and of princes known only to themselves—of battles, sieges, and conquests which had never figured in the gazettes, or had been read of only to be forgotten. Little was known of the country in which they had resided, and from which they derived their designation and their fortunes, except that it was inhabited by black men whose gold and jewels, voluptuousness and effeminacy, had for ages been a proverb. Of their mode of life while in that region, it was concluded that, as they were the conquerors of India, they must have lived in ‘*Asiatic pomp and splendour*,’—surrounded by all ‘*the luxuries of the East*,’—adorned with precious stones, enveloped in embroidered shawls and glittering brocades, attended by bands of male and female domestics, who ministered to their comforts and their pleasures; that they rode in golden pavilions mounted on elephants, were transported in luxurious palanquins on the shoulders of their slaves, or reclined on gorgeous couches in stately indolence, shampooed by dark beauties, or fanned to sleep by the menials of their countless trains; while princes and potentates lingered in their outer chambers, and the nobles of the land humbled themselves before them.

At length it was discovered that this picture was somewhat too highly coloured,—that every Englishman in India does not maintain a princely state and fare sumptuously every day,—that though a considerable number of young gentlemen, and some young ladies, besides a few elderly governors, bishops, and judges, are yearly transported to that land of promise, few of them live to come back; and that of the small number who do return with improved fortunes and impaired constitutions, by far the greater part are content to renounce all ‘*the luxuries of the East*’ for the modified pleasures of drinking the waters of Cheltenham,—congregating at their club in Hanover-square,—or vainly endeavouring, in the remoter places of their nativity, to realise the dreams of happiness in their fatherland which had haunted one and all of them during their exile. But what they have been doing for the quarter or half century they have been absent,—how they have spent their time or saved their money,—how much of the habits and feelings of their native country are preserved in the distant community to which they have belonged, or how much has been lost,—these are matters into which few have thought of inquiring; while many able and industrious men have devoted labour to elucidate the native institutions, habits, and customs of India, no one has taken much trouble to make us acquainted with the condition of European society in that country;—yet the state of that society, intimately connected, as it must be, with the government of a great empire, and necessarily exerting a continual influence

influence for good or for evil on a population five times as numerous as that of Great Britain and Ireland, is no trivial subject of consideration.

To the meagre catalogue of works containing authentic information on this subject, Miss Roberts has made a very valuable and acceptable addition. Though we took up the book, prepared by a previous knowledge of this lady's qualifications, to expect both instruction and amusement, we certainly had not ventured to anticipate anything so animated and interesting as these three volumes. They consist of a series of detached papers, which first appeared in the *Asiatic Journal*, and which their very favourable reception both in India and in England induced Miss Roberts to collect and publish in a separate form. There is, therefore, no connected narrative; but this, which at first sight might seem to be a disadvantage, constitutes one great merit of the work. We are conducted through no attenuated details, serving only to unite, by the slender thread of the author's personal identity, parts which have no necessary connexion, but are presented with a succession of vivid pictures, each of which is attractive throughout. They are all drawn with great spirit and accuracy, and remarkable for the truth of their colouring. Miss Roberts had peculiar advantages in the performance of the task she undertook. With an acute mind, matured and cultivated at home, she spent some years in Bengal, to which division of India her observations are confined, unencumbered by domestic duties; and having visited various parts of the country, and observed all the phases of the society in which she found herself, noted its peculiarities while the first impressions were still fresh, and returned home before long habit had obliterated the perception of novelty.

Several years before the East India Company possessed a foot of land in Bengal, they had acquired settlements and fortified places on the coast of Coromandel, and at Bombay. Their connexion with Bengal, which originated in the privileges granted to a medical gentleman, who had successfully prescribed for a female of the Imperial Mogul family, was long confined to their factory at Hooghly; and while the French, the Dutch, and Portuguese had fortified themselves on the Ganges, the English, in consequence of the insecurity of their original position, were forced to set out in quest of a new settlement, and after sailing from place to place, landed at the village of Calcutta, which they afterwards purchased, and where they built Fort William. Some years afterwards the soubedar or governor of Bengal attacked and took the fort, and plundered and destroyed Calcutta. That disaster was probably the remote cause of the rapid rise of this settlement to an importance far transcending that of the other presidencies,

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Madras and Bombay. To recover Fort William, re-establish the factory, and retrieve the Company's affairs on the Ganges, Clive was sent, in 1756, with a detachment from Madras. He found the wretched remnant of the Company's servants, who had fled during the siege, or escaped the more fatal horrors of the famous 'black hole' of Calcutta, on an unhealthy spot at the mouth of the river; and by a career, perhaps unparalleled, certainly not surpassed, in ability and daring, not only accomplished the objects of the expedition, but expelled the French from Bengal, asserted the supremacy of the English power, and, by the battle of Plassy, established the virtual sovereignty of the East India Company over a great kingdom.

Calcutta, now the capital of British India, though it contains about eight hundred thousand inhabitants, is, therefore, dating from its re-establishment, only eighty years old; and has grown up exclusively under the domination of the English. That part of it which is inhabited by the wealthier portion of the European community, boasts sufficient architectural magnificence to have obtained from the Anglo-Indians the imposing appellation of the City of Palaces.

'The approach from the river is exceedingly fine; the Hooghly, at all periods of the year, presents a broad surface of sparkling water, and as it winds through a richly-wooded country, clothed with eternal verdure, and interspersed with stately buildings, the stranger feels that banishment may be endured amid scenes of so much picturesque beauty, attended by so many luxurious accompaniments. The usual landing-place, Champaul Ghaut, consists of a handsome stone esplanade, with a flight of broad steps leading to the water, which, on the land side, is entered through a sort of triumphal arch or gateway, supported upon pillars. Immediately in front of this edifice, a wide plain or *meidan* spreads over a spacious area, intersected by very broad roads, and on two sides of this superb quadrangle a part of the city and the fashionable suburb of Chowringee extend themselves. The claims to architectural beauty of the City of Palaces have been questioned, and possibly there may be numberless faults to call forth the strictures of connoisseurs, but these are lost upon less erudite judges, who remain rapt in admiration at the magnificence of the *coup d'œil*. The houses, for the most part, are either entirely detached from each other, or connected only by long ranges of terraces, surmounted, like the flat roofs of the houses, with balustrades. The greater number of these mansions have pillared verandahs extending the whole way up, sometimes to the height of three stories, besides a large portico in front; and these clusters of columns, long colonnades, and lofty gateways, have a very imposing effect, especially when intermingled with forest trees and flowering shrubs.

'These are the characteristics of the fashionable part of Calcutta; but even here it must be acknowledged that a certain want of keep-

ing and consistency, common to everything relating to India, injures the effect of the scene. A mud-hut, or rows of native hovels, constructed of mats, thatch, and bamboos, not superior to the rudest wigwam, often rest against the outer walls of palaces, while there are avenues opening from the principal streets, intersected in all directions by native bazaars, filled with unsightly articles of every description. Few of the houses, excepting those exclusively occupied by Europeans, are kept in good repair; the least neglect becomes immediately visible, and nothing can be more melancholy than the aspect of a building in India which has been suffered to fall into a dilapidated state. The cement drops from the walls in large patches; the bare brickwork is diversified by weather stains, in which lichens and the fungus tribe speedily appear; the iron hinges of the outer venetians rust and break, and these gigantic lattices fall down, or hang suspended in the air, creaking and groaning with every breeze; the court-yards are allowed to accumulate litter, and there is an air of squalor spread over the whole establishment which disgusts the eye.'—vol. i. p. 1-3.

The interior arrangement of these dwellings is such as has been suggested by the necessity of admitting as much air and harbouring as few insects and reptiles as possible. The rooms are large, but the furniture is scanty, and the bare walls and matted floors are more comfortable than elegant. The lower verandahs and halls are crowded with domestics, some asleep, covered with white sheets, and 'looking like swathed corpses,' others huddled together in the midst of all kinds of rubbish, and all together presenting a *tableau* which to the eye of a person just arrived from Europe is peculiarly barbarous. These people range about the house in perfect freedom, with so little clothing, that at first sight they seem to have none. They wear neither shoes nor sandals, and move with a slow and stealthy step, which gives no warning of their approach; a 'new arrival,' therefore, on turning round, when she fancies herself to be alone, often finds at her elbow what appears to her to be a naked savage who has crept upon her unawares. But the superior servants, who are almost equally numerous, are well clothed. 'Every side of every apartment is pierced with doors, and the whole of the surrounding antechambers appear to be peopled with ghosts—servants clad in flowing white muslin glide about with noiseless feet in all directions.'—vol. i. p. 9.

Calcutta is divided into two distinct parts—that which is inhabited by Europeans, and that which is occupied exclusively by Asiatics. The Black town, as it is called, extends along the river to the north, and 'a more wretched-looking place can scarcely be imagined; dirty, crowded, ill-built, and abounding with beggars and bad smells.'

The state of female society at Calcutta, and more especially the situation and prospects of the fair damsels who come under the

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the designation of 'bridal candidates,' no doubt occupied the early attention of Miss Roberts, and one of her most amusing chapters is devoted to this subject. The whole is well worthy the serious consideration of ladies who meditate transferring their attractions from the shores of England to those of India; but we are not quite sure that they will all participate in the 'horror' with which Miss Roberts concludes they must regard the prospect of being 'compelled to make a love match'—a questionable proceeding, no doubt, at all times and in all places; but one for which young women do not, it is to be feared, entertain quite so wholesome a horror as their mammæ.

'Few opinions' (this competent judge informs us) 'can be more erroneous than those which prevail in Europe upon the subject of Indian marriages. According to the popular idea, a young lady visiting the Honourable Company's territories is destined to be sacrificed to some old, dingy, rich, bilious nawaub, or, as he is styled on this side the *Atlantic* (?), "nabob," a class of persons unfortunately exceedingly rare. Ancient subjects devoted to the interests of the conclave in Leadenhall Street, belonging to both services, are doubtless to be found in India, some dingy and some bilious, but very few rich; and, generally speaking, these elderly gentlemen have either taken to themselves wives in their younger days, or have become such confirmed bachelors, that neither flashing eyes, nor smiling lips, lilies, roses, dimples, &c., can make the slightest impression upon their flinty hearts. Happy may the fair expectant account herself who has the opportunity of choosing or refusing a *rara avis* of this nature,—some yellow civilian out of debt, or some battered brigadier who saw service in the days of sacks and sieges, and who comes wooing in the olden style, preceded by trains of servants bearing presents of shawls and diamonds. Such prizes are scarce. The damsel, educated in the fallacious hope of seeing a rich antiquated suitor at her feet, laden with "barbaric gold and pearl," soon discovers to her horror that, if she should decide upon marrying at all, she will be *absolutely compelled to make a love-match*, and select the husband of her choice out of the half-dozen subalterns who may offer; fortunate may she esteem herself if there be one amongst them who can boast a staff-appointment, or even the adjutancy or quarter-mastership of his corps.'—vol. i. pp. 18, 19.

The advantages of the company's 'civil service' make the young 'writers' rank amongst the most eligible candidates for the hearts and hands of the beauties of Calcutta, and 'a supply of these desirables, by no means adequate to the demand, is brought out every year.'

'This is the dangerous period for young men bent upon making fortunes in India, and upon returning home. They are usually younger sons, disregarded in England on account of the slenderness of their finances, or too juvenile to have attracted matrimonial speculations.

lations. Launched into the society of Calcutta, they enact the parts of the young dukes and heirs-apparent of a London circle, where there are daughters or sisters to dispose of. The "*great parti*" is caressed, fêted, dressed at, danced at, and flirted with, until perfectly bewildered; either falling desperately in love, or fancying himself so, he makes an offer, which is eagerly accepted by some young lady, too happy to escape the much-dreaded horrors of a half-batta station. The *writers*, of course, speedily acquire a due sense of their importance, and conduct themselves accordingly. Vainly do the gay uniforms strive to compete with their more sombre rivals; no dashing cavalry officer, feathered, and sashed, and epauletted, has a chance against the man privileged to wear a plain coat and a round hat; and in the evening drives in Calcutta, sparkling eyes will be turned away from the military equestrian, gracefully reining up his Arab steed to the carriage window, to rest upon some awkward rider, who sits his horse like a sack, and, more attentive to his own comfort than to the elegance of his appearance, may, if it should be the rainy season, have thrust his white jean trowsers into jockey boots, and introduced a black velvet waistcoat under his white calico jacket.'—vol. i. p. 20-22.

But even the young *writer* does not appear to be any very great prize after he has been, by dint of skilful angling, firmly hooked. His allowances are still small, and he is forced to borrow money, and contract debt and marriage together. As for the lady,—

'The bride,' (says Miss Roberts,) 'who would not find it quite so easy to borrow money, and whose relations do not consider it necessary to be very magnificent upon these occasions, either contrives to make her *outfit* (the grand expense incurred on her behalf) serve the purpose—or, should that have faded and grown old-fashioned, purchases some scanty addition to her wardrobe. Thus the bridal paraphernalia, the bales of gold and silver muslins, the feathers, jewels, carved ivory, splendid brocades, exquisite embroidery, and all the rich products of the East, on which our imaginations luxuriate when we read of an Indian marriage, sink down into a few yards of white sarsnet.'—vol. i. pp. 23, 24.

This is hard—but there are worse cases than that of the poorest *writer's* bride. Miss Roberts speaks with very peculiar sensitiveness of feeling in this next paragraph.

'There cannot be a more wretched situation than that of a young woman who has been induced to follow the fortunes of a married sister, under the delusive expectation that she will exchange the privations attached to limited means in England for the far-famed luxuries of the East. . . . Soon after their arrival in India, the family, in all probability, have to travel to an up-country station, and here the poor girl's troubles begin: she is thrust into an outer cabin in a budgerow, or into an inner room in a tent; she makes perhaps a third in a buggy, and finds herself always in the way; she discovers that she is
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a source of continual expense ; that an additional person in a family imposes the necessity of keeping several additional servants, and that where there is not a close carriage she must remain a prisoner. She cannot walk out beyond the garden or the verandah, and all the out-of-door recreations, which she may have been accustomed to indulge in at home, are denied her. If she should be musical, so much the worse : the hot winds have split her piano and her guitar, or the former is in a wretched condition, and there is nobody to tune it ; the white ants have demolished her music-books, and new ones are not to be had. Drawing offers a better resource, but it is often suspended from want of materials ; and needle-work is not suited to the climate. Her brother and sister are domestic, and do not sympathize in her ennui ; they either see little company, or invite guests merely with a view to be quit of an incumbrance. If the young men who may be at the station should not entertain matrimonial views, they will be shy of their attention to a single woman, lest expectations should be formed which they are not inclined to fulfil. It is dangerous to hand a disengaged lady too often to table, for though no conversation may take place between the parties, the gentleman's silence is attributed to want of courage to speak, and the offer, if not forthcoming, is inferred.—vol. i. p. 33-36.

A man who has ' no intentions ' is thus placed in a most embarrassing position, and those who have not courage enough to brave the accusation of having retreated unhandsomely, prefer the imputation of want of gallantry, and avoid the dangerous honour of leading an unmarried lady too often to the dinner-table. The consequence is, that young women, from the presumption that their charms are irresistible, are in some instances treated with every appearance of neglect and rudeness. ' These are sufficiently frequent to be designated by a peculiar phrase : the wife or sister who may be obliged to accept a relative's arm, or walk alone, is said to be *wrecked* '—a catastrophe which appears to be as formidable to an Indian lady as to an India-man.

It seems, however, that whilst some gentlemen exhibit this extreme and questionable caution, others display an adventurous gallantry quite as remarkable ; and that if the ladies incur the hazard of being ' wrecked,' the lords of the creation are exposed to the no less alarming danger of being ' jewaubed :—

' The opinion entertained by the Princess Huncamunca respecting the expediency of short courtships seems to prevail. A gentleman, desirous to enter the holy pale, does not always wait until he shall meet with some fair one suiting his peculiar taste, but the instant that he hears of an expected arrival, despatches a proposal to meet her upon the road : this is either rejected *in toto*, or accepted conditionally ; and if there should be nothing very objectionable in the suitor, the marriage takes place. Others travel over to some distant station, in the hope of returning with a wife ; and many visit the presidency on the same errand. Numbers return without achieving
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their object, and these unfortunates are said to be members of the 'jewaub club*,' a favourite Indian phrase, which is exceedingly expressive of the forlorn state of bachelors upon compulsion.—*voi. i. p. 40.*

Of all the horrors, not excepting that of being 'compelled to make love-matches,' to which a 'new arrival' in India is exposed, that of assisting at a great dinner is perhaps the most appalling. With the thermometer at 90° or 100° in the shade, a body of men and women, whose frames are exhausted by a climate which depresses their spirits and extinguishes every symptom of appetite even in the few who have eaten no 'tiffin,' are set down at a board heaped with mountains of smoking meat, and speedily find themselves enclosed in a dense mass of attendants who, surrounding them as with a living wall, exclude every breath of fresh air, and, in the excess of their zeal and kindness, struggling through the crowd with earnest looks and dewy brows, ever and anon thrust before the stifled guest, already loathing the very savour of her food, a mess of steaming viands which might satiate the appetite of a hungry ploughman.

'The receipt for an Indian dinner,' according to Miss Roberts, 'appears to be, to slaughter a bullock and a sheep, and to place all the joints before the guests at once, with poultry, &c. to match. . . . The natives are excellent cooks, and might easily be taught all the delicacies of the *cuisine*:—their hashes, stews, and harricoes are excellent; but a prejudice exists against these preparations amidst the greater number of Anglo-Indians, who fancy that "black fellows" cannot do anything beyond their own pelaws, and are always in dread of some abomination in the mixture.

'For these, or some other equally absurd reasons, made-dishes form a very small portion of the entertainment given to a large party, which is usually composed of, in the first instance, an overgrown turkey (the fatter the better) in the centre, which is the place of honour; an enormous ham for its *vis-à-vis*; at the top of the table appears a sirloin or round of beef; at the bottom a saddle of mutton; legs of the same, boiled and roasted, figure down the sides, together with fowls, three in a dish, geese, ducks, tongues, humps, pigeon-pies, curry, and rice of course, mutton-chops, and chicken cutlets. . . . In the hot season, fish caught early in the morning would be much deteriorated before the dinner hour; it is therefore eaten principally at breakfast. There are no *entremets*, no removes; the whole course is put on the table at once, and when the guests are seated the soup is brought in. The reason of the delay of a part of the entertainment, which invariably takes the precedence in England, is rather curious. All the guests are attended by their own servants, who congregate round the cook-room, and assist to carry in the dinner: were the soup to enter first, these worthies would rush to their mas-

* The 'jewaub club' means literally the club of those who have had their answer.

ters' chairs, and leave the discomfited *khansamah* at the head of his dishes without a chance of getting them conveyed to table by his *mussaulchees* under an hour at least. The second course is nearly as substantial as the first, and makes as formidable an appearance: beef-steaks figure amongst the delicacies, and smaller articles, such as quails or ortolans, are piled up in hecatombs. At the tables of old Indians the fruit makes a part of the second course; but regular deserts are coming, though slowly, into fashion.

‘There is always a mixture of meanness and magnificence in every thing Asiatic; the splendid appointments of silver and china which deck the board have not their proper accompaniment of rich damasks, but appear upon common cotton cloths, the manufacture of the country. All the glasses are supplied with silver covers, to keep out the flies; but the glasses themselves are not changed when the cloth is removed. It will easily be perceived that there is an air of barbaric grandeur about these feasts, which reminds a stranger of the descriptions he has read of the old baronial style of living; but, unfortunately, the guests invited to assist at the demolition of innumerable victims want the keen appetite which rendered their martial ancestors such valiant trencher-men. The *burrahkanas*, as they are called at Calcutta, certainly afford a festal display, in which the eye, if not the palate, must take pleasure. In a hall paved with marble, supported by handsome stone pillars, and blazing with lights, sixty guests perhaps are assembled: punkahs wave above their heads; and chowries, of various kinds, some of peacock's plumes, others of fleecy cow-tails, mounted upon silver handles, are kept in continual agitation, to beat off the flies, by attendants beautifully clad in white muslin. At every third or fourth chair the *hookah*, reposing on an embroidered carpet, exhibits its graceful splendours; but, unhappily, the fumes of the numerous chillums, the steam of the dishes, the heat of the lamps, and the crowd of attendants, effectually counteract the various endeavours made to procure a free circulation of air. The petticoated bottles, which make the circuit of the tables instead of decanters, form one of the peculiarities of an Indian table; their ugliness is compensated by their utility, as the wine is kept cool by the wetted cloths, which are somewhat fancifully arranged round the necks of the bottles; Port, Claret, and Burgundy are characteristically attired in crimson, with white flounces; while Sherry and Madeira appear in bridal costume. Mr. Hood's pencil would revel in the delineation of these grotesque appendages.’—vol. i. p. 94-97.

Suppers, it seems, are almost fac-similes of these portentous dinners.

‘The delicacies consist of hermetically-sealed salmon, red-herrings, cheese, smoked sprats, raspberry-jam, and dried fruits: these articles, coming from Europe, and being sometimes very difficult to procure in a fresh and palmy state, are prized accordingly. Female taste has here ample room for its display; but a woman must possess the
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courage of an Amazon to attempt any innovation upon ancient customs amid such bigoted people as the Indians, Anglo and native.

'The receipt of a celebrated wit for dressing a cucumber is unconsciously followed with great precision, with respect to an Indian entertainment; for after all the pains and expense bestowed upon them, the dinners and suppers given by the Anglo-Indians are, literally as well as figuratively speaking, thrown away; not a fiftieth part can be consumed by the guests—the climate will not admit of keeping the remainder, for in the cold season it will get dry, and in the hot weather decomposition speedily takes place—while it is only the very lowest caste of natives who will eat anything which comes from an European table.'—vol. i. p. 99.

That any men, possessed of the ordinary amount of good sense, in which the Anglo-Indians are not generally deficient, should permit themselves to be led into a system so largely augmenting their expenses, and yet detracting so much from their comforts and their pretensions to good taste, is certainly strange. It must convey to the natives of India the most unpleasant impressions of their European rulers, whom they cannot fail to regard as gross and foul feeders and sensualists, at once deficient in refinement and prudence. Pork, abhorred by the Musselman, and beef, abjured by the Hindoo, appear side by side on the table of the European; not at Calcutta only, but in remoter parts of the country, where the first shudder of disgust which our habits and manners excite in their minds has not been tranquillized into the sort of callous tolerance with which men learn to regard anything, however shocking, which they have long been forced to endure. The gorging of a cannibal could hardly be more offensive to our sensibilities than these feats of the English to many of the natives of India; and it must be somewhat puzzling to their philosophers—to some Hindoo or Musselman Monboddo, if any such there be—to account for the co-existence, in the same people, of so much intellectual advancement and so unrestrained an indulgence of the promiscuous carnivorous propensities of savage life. Our common soldiers, whom they usually distinguish by the appellation of *junglah*, or wild man, they have always looked upon as a race of untamed savages.

'The horror with which even those Asiatics who adopt foreign fashions in equipages and household furniture regard the manners and customs of the Europeans brought in close contact with them is sometimes openly displayed by urgent remonstrances to those for whom they have contracted a friendship; but this is nothing compared to the expression of their disgust in private. In Delhi the opinions entertained upon the subject are widely, though secretly, circulated through the medium of the native *ukhbars*, scandalous chronicles very much resembling a few of our English newspapers, except that they

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they are in manuscript; the language is Persian, and the editors do not scruple to write at full length the names of those who are the subjects of the most atrocious libels. It is not very easy for an European to procure a sight of these animadversions upon the conduct of himself or his friends; some artifice is requisite to obtain samples of the method employed to amuse the reading portion of the native community at the expense of persons differing so widely in the habits of their public and private life. As the writers are not very scrupulous in the language they use, there is not a little difficulty in making an extract, which will display the spirit of their comments, without shocking the eye by the coarseness of expression. The following description of an European entertainment will convey some idea of the estimation in which such promiscuous meetings are held.

"*The gentlemen of exalted dignity* had a great feast last night, to which all the military chiefs and lieutenants were invited. There was a little hog on the table, before Mr. ———, who cut it in small pieces, and sent some to each of the party; even the women ate of it. In their language a pig is called *ham*. Having stuffed themselves with the unclean food, and many sorts of flesh, taking plenty of wine, they made for some time a great noise, which doubtless arose from drunkenness. They all stood up two or four times, crying 'hip! hip!' and then roared before they drank more wine. After dinner, they danced in their licentious manner, pulling about each other's wives." Here follows a bit of personal scandal:—"Captain ———, who is staying with Mr. ———, went away with the latter's lady (arm-in-arm), the palanquins following behind, and they proceeded by themselves into the bungalow: the wittol remained at table, guzzling red wine."

"The uncourteous, ungracious manner which too many Englishmen assume towards the natives is touched off with truth and spirit in the following paragraph:—"The government has manifested singular want of sense in appointing Mr. ——— to be ——— at ———. The man is a capricious blockhead, and very hot-tempered; he can do no business himself, yet he has the extreme folly to be angry when abler persons wish to do it for him. When some most respectable Hindoostanee gentlemen waited upon him yesterday, he just stood up, half-dressed, when they salaamed, and said, 'Well, what do you want?' And when they answered, 'Only to pay our respects,' he growled out 'Jow' (go)." This sort of rudeness is, indeed, but too common, and seems to excite the native ire as much as dancing, wine-bibbing, and eating the flesh of pigs.

"Even the highest person in the state is not exempt from the lampoons of these purveyors of scandal, as the following extract will attest:—"The European king and his viziers, having heard that the Governor-general is a fool, exceedingly slack in managing affairs, he is to be recalled, and a clever lord sent out to save Bengal."*—vol. iii. p. 187.

* Lest any doubt should be entertained of the authenticity of these extracts from a Delhi *ushbar*, we think it right to mention that we have ourselves perused the original document from which Miss Roberts produces these translations.

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From these *piquant* extracts we proceed to some which will do higher credit, in a different way, to the ingenious authoress.

‘Want of urbanity, a too common trait in the English character, will, it is to be feared, retard the good understanding which ought to exist between natives of rank and the servants of their foreign rulers; but there can be little doubt that our retaining the possession of India will mainly depend upon the conciliation of a class of persons whom it appears to have been hitherto the policy to depress and neglect, if not to insult. Natives of rank, property, and influence must speedily acquire a knowledge of their position and of their strength; and unless they should obtain the respect, consideration, and importance which seem so justly their due, it can scarcely be expected that they will continue to give their support to a government whose servants are resolutely opposed to their interests. . . . A spirit of inquiry is now awakened in the minds of the natives, which cannot fail to lead to very important results; their anxiety to render themselves acquainted with the means by which science has been enabled to produce such extraordinary effects, will establish the bond of union so much wanted between them and the European residents. At the formal visits, to which the intercourse has until now been too much restricted, the greater portion of gentlemen holding official situations have found the mode of conversation carried on according to Eastern etiquette too irksome for a long endurance; and rather than submit to usages and customs which were new and disagreeable, they abridged all communication as much as possible, giving very little encouragement to the natives to persevere in the attempt to cultivate a better understanding.

‘While we must regret that so long a period has been suffered to elapse without cementing a closer bond of union between the Anglo-Indian and the Asiatic community, it would be unfair not to make allowances for the peculiar position of the British residents in Hindostan. An Englishman always finds it very difficult to accommodate himself to foreign usages and customs, and as the greater number of civil and military servants were placed in very responsible situations, they might consider it advisable not to incur the suspicion of an interested partiality, by an intimate personal acquaintance with natives, whom in their official capacity they might be supposed to favour from some selfish motive. It must also be considered that, although we have now full and undisputed possession of the whole of the peninsula, the quiet settlement of the country under British rule has been effected within a limited period, and that in the difficult position in which Europeans were placed it would have been impolitic to mix themselves up with persons who, in all probability, would have taken advantage of confidence too rashly placed. It is highly honourable to the British character that, in spite of its want of urbanity, and the little personal affection which it creates, its uprightness and steadiness have secured the fidelity of immense multitudes bound to a foreign government by the equal distribution of justice and the security of property. It is
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unfortunate that we cannot unite the more endearing qualities with the moral excellencies for which we are distinguished; but, as the aspect of affairs is altering in India, we shall do well to consult the signs of the times, and remedy those defects which we have found in our system before it be too late.'—vol. iii. p. 88.

Miss Roberts closes this subject in these striking words:—

'It is greatly to the credit of the natives of India, that they are disliked and despised only by those who are unacquainted with their language, or have been very little in their society. From such men as Mr. Hastings, Sir John Malcolm, Colonel Tod, Sir Thomas Munro, Mr. Elphinstone, and, indeed, all who have had opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with them, they have received justice; their faults and vices are those of their religion and their laws; but, notwithstanding almost innumerable circumstances adverse to the formation of moral character, they possess many endearing and redeeming virtues, and no people in the whole world are so quick at discerning merit, or so ready to acknowledge it.'

The more extensive employment of the natives, regarded as a question merely of expediency, has had its opponents as well as its advocates; but the greatest men India can boast of have maintained their fitness for employment, and the policy as well as the justice of attaching them to our interests by promoting their own. It is now useless to discuss this question, for it is no longer a matter of choice. The inadequacy of the revenues of India permanently to meet the expenses of so large an European establishment as is now maintained in that country has been put beyond all doubt; and, consequently, the necessity of substituting, where it can be done safely, the less costly agency of the natives is incontrovertible. It is, therefore, desirable to prepare for a change which is inevitable, by making such arrangements as, without deteriorating the position and circumstances of the Europeans in the service, may gradually lead to the more extensive employment of the natives, while we still have it in our power to do so deliberately and experimentally; progressively opening to them situations of greater trust and emolument than those to which they have hitherto been confined. It is satisfactory to believe that the dictates of a sound policy would direct us to the same result, even if no such financial necessity existed.

The tendency of our system has unfortunately been gradually to extinguish all grades intermediate between the European governors and the labourers, rather by closing the channels through which individuals would have been enabled under the native rulers to raise themselves in the scale of society, and supply the decay of the families whom we found comparatively wealthy, than from any peculiar pressure on those families themselves. But the native aristocracy, which is thus melting away, and which our present system includes no provision to replace, formed in India, as elsewhere,

where, the most important and durable link of connexion between the rulers and the body of the people, an immense majority of which is there agricultural. It afforded the readiest means of influencing the feelings, as well as of representing and advocating the interests, of a population from which we are divided by too many distinctions, and too great a distance, to permit us to ascertain or understand their real feelings and interests, and with whom we have too little in common to be capable of guiding or leading them, though we have the power to command.

This was in itself a serious evil, which was very imperfectly compensated by the apparent security we derived from the absence of individuals possessing influence enough to combine or organize resistance; for it was not from this class that any act of rebellion was to be apprehended: their power, individually, was too small to be formidable—they were incapable of combination, and they had too much to lose, and were too well aware of the hopelessness of resistance, to hazard all they possessed. But so long as a great part of India continued to be under the independent control of native princes, and their territories afforded a field for the exercise of native talent and the gratification of ambition, the consequences of our system were less injuriously felt, and its tendency less generally perceived. Now, however, that the whole peninsula is either subject to our direct rule, or indirectly feels the effect of our domination and its depressing influence on the higher classes, both that portion which still remains and that which has recently been absorbed into the mass of the people, but still preserves the remembrance of better days, is animated by no very friendly sentiments towards the British Government.

While feelings of alarm and discontent are thus excited in the native aristocracy by the hopelessness of its position—by its absolute exclusion from employment, and the impossibility of finding any road to preferment, to honour, or to wealth—the decline of the higher classes produces its natural effect—a depreciation of the intellectual standard of native society in our provinces. The great mass of the population under our immediate government, with some limited exceptions which shall be noticed, is undergoing a progressive degradation. The labouring classes, to whom the financial necessities of the Government have permitted no relaxation of their heavy exactions, are pressed to the utmost limit of their power to pay. The European collectors of the revenue, men distinguished—as the whole body of the Company's servants now is, beyond the *employés* of perhaps any other government—for intelligence and integrity, finding themselves valued rather in proportion to the amount they may realize than to the prosperity of the districts intrusted to their charge—and left without any intelligent and trustworthy interpreter of the feelings of the people,

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any testimony of their real condition in which both parties may confide, or any influential advocate of their interests—too often find no measure by which to regulate their demands but the ability of the people to meet them.

At the same time there is growing up, at all places where Europeans are numerous, more especially at Calcutta, and even at the smaller stations, amongst the persons more immediately in contact with Europeans, as well as at the public schools instituted under the auspices of the British Government, a class of men who have drawn instruction from a new source, and have received an impulse in a new direction. The literature, the science, and the political opinions of Europe have had attractions for many who, from motives of personal interest, from a purer love of knowledge, or from constant exposure to a new agency—from breathing a new atmosphere—have imbibed notions on religion, politics, and morals unknown to their ancestors; and shaking off the chains of their ancient prejudices and superstitions, rejoice in a recent emancipation from the restraints they imposed. Having yet discovered no limit to the liberty they have attained to, they are inclined to regard it as unbounded; and, though they no doubt entertain a respect for the institutions and the intellectual advancement of the people whose sentiments they believe they have adopted, many of them are disposed to prove their attachment to their new principles by pushing them to the utmost possible length. In their speculations Christianity becomes Unitarianism, and free government democracy; but that they are at all prepared to apply their theories to any practical purpose—that they are capable of tracing any real connexion between speculations on the principles of political economy and the practical government of any country—that they have compassed even a confused perception of the workings of a popular representation—or have derived from their political studies any other intelligible result than that they individually, and the natives of India collectively, are entitled to be much more important and influential personages than they now are—it would be a ludicrous error to suppose. But this is precisely the opinion which all men, in all situations, are most ready to adopt, because it is what the vanity of ninety-nine in every hundred has prompted them all along to suspect. The facility of disseminating such principles is therefore great, and their tendency is obvious. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that this is the only instructed class of the natives of India which is connected with us by any community of views, of sentiments, or of interests; and that through them will probably be conveyed to its population generally the first impulse to improvement—that they are more available to us as instruments of government than any other body of men—and that they possess peculiar qualifications for becoming
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a new link of connexion between the Europeans and their own countrymen. Their political opinions are as yet merely speculative; and in good hands they might be made valuable members of the community, as many of them now are, under the influence of the Company's servants. But at Calcutta, where they are most numerous and most influential, they are placed in a more hazardous position; and the individuals of our own nation who seek to inflame their minds with exaggerated notions of liberty would do well to reflect how far it may be conducive to the true interests of India or of England to foster feelings of ultra-liberalism in the minds of men whom it may be necessary ere long to employ more extensively than heretofore in conducting the details of a government, which for centuries to come must in its principles be essentially despotic, though not therefore necessarily oppressive.

It is not by inculcating opinions fitted neither to their political situation nor to their comprehensions—by filling their minds with wild speculations on schemes of government inapplicable to their country, and of the practical operation of which they have not, and probably never can have, any opportunity of judging,—that the natives of India are to be attached to our domination—made contented with the condition in which they are unavoidably placed, or rendered fit instruments to promote the welfare of their fellow-subjects. If they are taught to look to the speedy realization of extravagant notions of liberty, as an object which they can hope to attain and the only one which they ought to aim at; if they learn to regard everything short of this visionary standard of excellence as worthless, and every restraint which may be imposed or retained as a violation of their just rights, and a legitimate ground for seditious clamour or open resistance—they may, indeed, succeed in expelling the English from India, and thus relieving themselves from the real or imaginary oppressions of which they may have been taught to complain, but they will have plunged themselves and their country into an abyss of misery, deeper and more direful than the history of the calamities of nations has hitherto recorded. But the fact is, that the natives are *practically* too wise to fall into such an error, and amusing themselves with mere speculations, leave the greater folly of proposing their application in India to the more ignorant and senseless of their European instructors—persons who have recently, we are very sorry to say, received countenance and support in very high quarters.

‘Nothing,’ (Miss Roberts observes,) ‘save acts of folly and ignorance on the part of *new legislators*, deeply versed in theories, and bent upon making experiments at any expense, could threaten the destruction of British power in the East; but a change of *masters* may effect a great deal, and the present generation may very possibly be enlightened upon the subject of mismanagement by the loss of Hindostan.’

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We choose for the present to leave this brief extract without comment. Our *Indian* readers will understand the motives of our reserve. We must however observe that, whatever arrangements may be necessary to relieve the finances of India, it is an indispensable condition that the interest of the Company's servants should be protected. This is a point on which, we presume, there can scarcely be any serious difference of opinion, for to their high character, zeal, and efficiency the safety of that empire must still be intrusted. It is admitted on all hands that the scale on which they are remunerated for their services has *now* been reduced *at least as low* as with justice or prudence it can be reduced; and we see no reason to believe that it is impossible to reconcile the protection or even the advancement of their individual interests with those of the people they have ruled with so much equity, or that of the government they have so faithfully served.

Nothing in these amusing volumes is more worthy of attention than the instances which Miss Roberts has recorded of the veneration with which the natives regard the memories of some of their European superiors. How completely, in these cases, must every unfavourable perception of religious distinctions have been obliterated, and how many barriers interposed by the prejudices of both parties must have been swept away by the kindly intercourse arising from the sense of benefits received on the one hand, and the equally powerful feelings of attachment that grow up in the mind of him who in a right spirit bestows them! Instances of the posthumous respect which the natives show to Europeans, whose kindness had won their affections, are by no means rare—some of the most striking had already been mentioned by Bishop Heber. Their tombs are honoured as the tombs of saints—a lamp is kept constantly burning, and the ground around is swept and carefully preserved from all impurity by some old man, devout after his own fashion, who, having renounced the world, spends the remainder of his days in tending the grave of his benefactor, or the benefactor of his forefathers. The natives never pass the spot without saluting it in reverence, and an aged sepoy may often be seen leading his son to offer up his prayers at the resting-place of an officer under whom the veteran had won his laurels, and who had been to him, as he himself expresses it, 'his father and his mother,' his only friend and protector. These were the true conquerors of India.

The tomb of General Wallace, an officer who died but a few years ago at Seroor, a cantonment in western India, is an object of peculiar veneration; and Miss Roberts has alluded to the more whimsical honours which are paid to the spirit of the departed soldier. The guard on a place called 'the Piquet Hill' turns out at a stated hour of the night, and presents arms to the general, who

who, on his favourite white charger, and attended by an orderly long attached to him, is supposed regularly to visit the post. It is worthy of observation, that the sepoys, who firmly believe in this apparition, and many of whom believe they have seen it, show neither agitation nor alarm in performing the voluntary duty, and consider it quite as much a matter of military etiquette as if the fine old man were alive—as would he were—to exact it. But—

‘The most interesting, though not the most splendid, monument commemorating the virtues of an English resident in India, occurs in the neighbourhood of Rajmhal. It is a cenotaph, of Hindoo architecture, raised by the natives of the adjacent hill-districts to the memory of Augustus Cleveland, who formerly filled the office of judge at Boglipore. Two fakirs are employed to keep a lamp continually burning within the building, and once a year a festival is held at the spot, the annual celebration of the apotheosis of that highly-reverenced individual, whom the poor people, who were the objects of his benevolent care, regard with feelings nearly approaching to idolatry. . . . A tomb, in the neighbourhood of Agra, in which the remains of an European officer, who spent his whole life in the performance of kindly deeds, are deposited, is much venerated by the natives, who bestow upon it the honours of a lamp. . . . Had it been the fortune of Warren Hastings to have found a sepulchre in Bengal, the crowds who now recite verses in his honour, and link his name with enthusiastic blessings, would have assembled annually at his tomb, and rejoiced in the supposition that his spirit still hovered over the land which had rightly appreciated those services which were so shamefully unrequited in his own country.’—vol. ii. p. 39-44.

Why has no one written the life of Warren Hastings? He was one of the most remarkable men of our times, and assuredly by far the ablest of all who have ever governed India. The large expanse of his views—the successes he achieved—the uncompromising and harassing opposition he encountered in his government from a majority of the council, whose vote decided every measure, and from the usurpations of the judges—the unbending but temperate firmness and courage with which he bore down all resistance, and surmounted every difficulty and danger—the persecution he endured from his enemies, perhaps the keenest wits and most eloquent men of their time, who, during the seven long years to which his trial was protracted, subjected his character to a searching inquisition, such as that of no other public man was ever exposed to—the calm dignity and true greatness which enabled him to endure, and ultimately to shake off, the load of obloquy which had been heaped upon him—and the enthusiastic affection with which he was regarded, and with which his memory is still cherished, by the very people whom it was his imputed crime to have oppressed and plundered—these features, taken altogether, furnish a more remarkable subject for biography than the life of almost

almost any man of our age. An immense mass of materials for such a work is already before the public;—but there is reason, we are informed, to believe that his family could furnish much that has never yet appeared.

Amongst the earlier worthies of British India, Job Charnock, the father of Calcutta, as he is called—its founder and first governor—occupies a prominent place.

'The private life of Governor Charnock' (we are told by Miss Roberts) 'presents a romantic incident not very uncommon at the period in which he flourished. Abolishing the rite of Suttee, in a more summary manner than has been considered politic by his successors, he, struck by the charms of a young Hindoo female about to be sacrificed for the eternal welfare of her husband, directed his guards to rescue the unwilling victim from the pile. They obeyed, and conveying the widow, who happened to be exceedingly beautiful, and not more than fifteen years old, to his house, he took her under his protection, and an attachment thus hastily formed lasted until the time of her death, many years afterwards. Notwithstanding the loss of caste, which the lady sustained in exchanging a frightful sacrifice for a life of splendid luxury, the governor does not seem to have been at any pains to induce her to embrace Christianity. On the contrary, he himself appears to have been strangely imbued with Pagan superstitions, for, having erected a mausoleum for the reception of the body, he ordered the sacrifice of a cock to her manes on the anniversary of her death, and this custom was continued until he was also gathered to his fathers. This mausoleum, one of the oldest pieces of masonry in Calcutta, is still in existence. Monuments of the like nature, with the exception of the annual slaughter of an animal, are to be seen in many parts of India; connexions between Indian women and English gentlemen of rank and education being often of the tenderest and most enduring description. Nor do these unions excite the horror and indignation amongst the natives that might be expected from their intolerant character; so far from it, indeed, that in many instances they have been known to offer public testimonials of their respect to those who have been faithful in their attachments throughout a series of years.'—vol. ii. pp. 55-57.

The native women of India are 'dark but comely;' many of the higher classes have great beauty of features, and an exquisitely delicate and feminine elegance of form which, though of a different character, is perhaps not inferior to the most admired models of symmetry in Europe. Even amongst the lower orders, where there is generally less to admire in the countenance, there is almost always something graceful in the gait and elegant in the outline of the figure. But, like the natives of other warm climates, their beauty begins early to decline, and women of twenty-five exhibit signs of the advance of age. Their dress, though singularly graceful

graceful on the young, is little calculated to conceal the decay of their charms, and a more degrading spectacle than an Indian grandmother sometimes exhibits, it would be difficult to imagine. The skull of Yorick could but faintly convey the lesson of humility which a youthful beauty might receive without the aid of a comment, from the shrivelled forms enveloped in pendant wrinkles that are seen crawling about with little artificial covering in the villages of Hindostan. Women of the higher castes rarely form connexions with Europeans, and the days are gone by when, like the gallant Job Charnock, an Englishman could employ his guards to transfer a fair Brahminee from the funeral pile of her husband to his own zenana. As the facilities for contracting more respectable engagements have increased, a greater proportion of Europeans have availed themselves of them, and the number of Englishmen who now have harems is comparatively small. Instances of great devotion in Indian women to their European protectors are not uncommon, and to their assiduous attentions and tender care during sickness many owe their recovery. It rarely happens, however, that an intercourse of this description fails in some degree to deteriorate the European character—there is more or less of approximation on both sides, and the influence of the woman, as usual, in some moment of weakness, is too often sufficient to tempt the man to some dereliction of duty, which, but for her persuasions, he might have avoided.

We cannot concur in Miss Roberts's opinion, that Asiatic women consider it no hardship to be shut up as they are; nor can we admit the reasoning, by which she supports it, to be satisfactory. That the females who reside with Europeans voluntarily continue to seclude themselves, is no evidence that they may not consider themselves, when they do so, as sacrificing a certain amount of comfort and enjoyment to the appearance of respectability,—it merely shows that they submit to the rules of propriety, which regulate the only society with which they are acquainted, or to which they can belong. Miss Emma Roberts may think it hard that she cannot go to a ball or a play without putting herself under the charge of some married lady of her acquaintance—but she submits to the conventional rule in these cases, though no one may be entitled to take her to task should she choose to violate it; and she probably would be displeased with us should we presume to infer that she was capable of disregarding so generally received a maxim of decorum. Still she may not the less feel the hardship of being subjected to the restraint. A Hindoo woman voluntarily mounts the funeral pile of her husband, and dies in the flames, because she considers it her duty so to do; but would it be reasonable to infer from thence that it is not to her a painful duty?

ART. VII.—1. *Ueber den Halleyschen Cometen.* Von Littrow.
Wien. 1835.

2. *Ueber den Halleyschen Cometen.* Von Professor von Encke.
Berliner Jarbuch. 1835. &c. &c. &c.

THE intellectual powers of man have never been exercised with more transcendent success than in the theory of astronomy. The discovery of the gravitating force at once revealed the immediate cause of the great phenomena of the universe. The courses of the heavenly bodies are the visible effects of its influence—to it are also due the innumerable irregularities to which their motions are liable; and even such as seemed at one period to be at variance with this law of nature, now bear testimony to its universal empire. By that power the stability of the solar system is maintained, and the forms of the celestial bodies show that this was the agent employed by the Almighty Architect at its creation. Comets, which wander for ages in the depths of space, return to the sun in obedience to his attraction. Nor is gravitation confined to our system, which forms but a point in the immensity of the works of God; as far as telescopic vision has hitherto extended, sun revolves about sun in the far distant heavens, by the same power that causes the rain to descend and the tides to flow. This unseen agent of the Supreme Intelligence, mysterious in its nature as spirit itself, connects the parts of the universe so intimately, that action is instantaneously answered by re-action through distances which elude even the grasp of imagination; yet the law of this force, though the most general and exalted that man has discovered, is so simple, that the effects of gravitation, however numerous and complicated, have been, or may be, predicted with unerring certainty.

Practical astronomy, being necessarily a work of approximation, has not kept pace with the brilliant career of theory. However diligent or skilful the practical astronomer, he must wait time and opportunity. His progress depends also upon the perfection of his instruments; the observer and the mechanician must go hand in hand. Much admiration is due to the perseverance and acuteness of early astronomers, who, possessing such defective means, were still able to determine the paths of bodies moving in the heavens from a spot which is itself in motion. They even detected some of the more prominent disturbances to which the courses of the celestial bodies are liable, especially those that affect the moon; but it was not till theory had pointed the way, that astronomers arrived at a knowledge of the greater number of these inequalities, and added to the triumph of the Newtonian theory, by showing the exact fulfilment of its prophecies

even in their minutest details. For the accurate determination of the motions of the planets, it is necessary to ascertain their size and solidity compared with those of the earth; the exact form and magnitude of their paths round the sun, and the position of these paths with regard to that of the earth; quantities which could only be known after many successive years of observation, and the more so, as most of them are liable to slow variations which it is likewise necessary to estimate. In consequence of these circumstances, the tables that were formed in accordance with observation, and employed for finding the places of the planets in the heavens at any given time, soon became defective, and that, in proportion as the means of observing were improved. It therefore became necessary to correct these tables perpetually, or to compute new ones, till the place assigned to the planet by theory was found to correspond with its actual position. Both departments of astronomy have now arrived at a very high state of perfection. A difference of half a second between the computed and real time of the passage of a planet at the meridian is not looked upon as any extraordinary degree of accuracy; and a difference of five seconds, which has lately been detected between theory and experience, is reckoned so much beyond what can be attributed to error in observation, that it has led M. Bessel, one of the greatest astronomers of the present age, to suspect some new and unknown cause of disturbance—so that this minute discrepancy may even be the means of discovering some unsuspected agent in the economy of nature.

The planets, revolving round the sun in paths which never extend beyond the bounds of vision, perpetually afford opportunities for observation, and consequently a thorough knowledge of their motions is obtained in a comparatively short time; whereas comets, seen only for a brief period, are generally invisible for ages, and therefore, although the theory of their motions is perfectly established, a remote posterity alone can arrive at a knowledge of their tracks in the heavens, and of the periods of their revolutions. Only *three comets* return to the sun at known periods. By far the greater number of those that frequent our system wander in unknown paths. The mystery attending their motions, as well that of their physical character, is no doubt one of the reasons of their having produced such a sensation in all ages. The planets, however beautiful, are too constantly with us to attract much general attention; but comets make a most vivid impression upon the imagination by their unusual aspect, their sudden arrival, and the prodigious velocity with which they dart through our system, and return to the deep recesses of the heavens. And this is heightened by the uncertainty whether they are only to re-appear

pear to generations yet unborn, or never again to revisit these regions.

The earth and all the planets revolve about the sun from west to east, in nearly circular paths confined to a very narrow belt or zone of the heavens; and but for the brilliancy of the sun's light would always be visible. But comets appear to range through the wide extent of the heavens, and in every direction, with regard to the path of the earth. Some move in a plane at right angles to that path, others nearly in the same plane with it; many revolve from west to east, and nearly as many from east to west; they often approach very near the sun, and then retreat to the remotest distances. It was reserved for Newton to show that there is an order as perfect in the motions of these bodies as in all the other works of creation; that comets, which seem to move by no fixed rules, are subject to the very same laws which guide the planets in their motions; that, like them, they revolve about the sun, but that their paths, instead of approaching to a circular form, are very much elongated, having the sun near one of the extremities. Hence, on the first appearance of a comet, it seems to move in a straight line; its motion becomes more curved in approaching the sun, till at last it sweeps round him; and in retreating, its path is perfectly similar to that in which it came. The shape of the paths of comets is much more varied than those of the planetary orbits. The earth moves in a path whose length, in proportion to its breadth, is as 7001 to 7000, which differs so very little from a circle, that we are always at nearly the same distance from the sun, the proportion of our least and greatest distances from him being as 30 to 31; and in the orbit of Juno, which is much more elongated than that of any other planet, the greatest and least distances from the sun are only as 5 to 3. According to Professor Encke, Halley's comet, now the object of so much attention, moves in a path four times longer than it is broad—in consequence of which, the comet is sixty times farther from the sun at one extremity of its orbit than it is at the other; and many go to a much greater distance; for example, if the computation be accurate, the comet of 1763 retreats forty-three times farther from the sun than Halley's.

Two small comets, however, belonging to our system, seem to form a link between these extremes. One, whose orbit was determined a few years ago by M. Encke of Berlin, accomplishes its revolution about the sun in twelve hundred and four days nearly, and, therefore, never goes farther from him than the orbit of Pallas. The path of the other, which was computed by M. Gambart of Marseilles, does not extend much farther, since the period of its revolution

revolution is only about six years and three quarters.* These two bodies experience greater changes of temperature than the planets, though they are never subject to the same extremes of heat and cold as the other comets. The light and heat which Halley's comet receives when nearest to the sun, is 3600 times greater than it experiences when at the farther end of its orbit. The great comet which appeared in the year 1680, according to the computation of Newton came 166 times nearer to the sun than the earth is, and must have experienced a degree of heat twenty-seven million five hundred and fifty-six thousand times greater than we do in summer—a heat far beyond any that can be produced artificially, and sufficient to convert into vapour the greater number of terrestrial substances. At the other end of its orbit, the sun could have little more influence on the comet than the fixed stars have on the earth: it must, therefore, have been exposed to the temperature of space, which is 90° below the freezing point of Fahrenheit's thermometer. These enormous variations of temperature, which cause part of the substance of comets to change successively from a solid state, probably of congelation, to the liquid and gaseous form, show that they are of an organisation totally unlike that of any of the other celestial bodies with which we are acquainted, and that they are probably destined to fulfil very different parts in the economy of the universe. However, circumstances might be mentioned, which may possibly temper these violent alternations.

The planets are compact solid bodies, with sharply defined discs, which, as far as we know, never vary in size; whereas all the comets that have come to our system within the period of astronomical observation seem to be loose aggregates of gaseous or nebulous matter, more or less condensed towards the centre, and subject to remarkable changes of magnitude—forcing upon us the inference of a necessary connexion between an attenuated texture and a remarkable elongation of orbit. What fixed relation exists between the extent of the orbits and the physical structure of the comets revolving in them remains to be seen; but there certainly is a gradation in comets, from such as consist of a mass of highly attenuated vapour, to those which actually have or indicate some approach to a solid form.

Vast numbers of comets are only visible with telescopes, and many of these are like round cloudy spots or films of vapour, frequently without the smallest appearance of tails. Those which came into view in the years 1795, 1797, 1798, and the little comet of 1804, the diameter of whose head was about 5000 miles, were of this nature, being merely globular masses of vapour somewhat condensed towards the centre. In general, however, a comet

* This comet was discovered by M. Biela, an officer in the Austrian service.

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resembles a planet surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, which is drawn out into a tail on the side opposite to the sun.

The ball of vapour which forms the head of a comet is sometimes of uniform brightness, and is occasionally so transparent, that the smallest stars may be seen through it; this fact was observed in the days of Seneca, who takes notice of it as a distinction between a star and a comet. He says, '*Nunquam apparet stella per stellam: acies nostra non potest per medium sidus exire, ut per illud editiora prospiciat. Per cometen autem non aliter quam per nubem ulteriora cernuntur, ex quo apparet, illum non esse sidus sed lenem ignem et tumultuarium.*' Olbers perceived a very small star through the head of the comet of 1796, and he saw a smaller star shining with undiminished lustre through the very centre of that of 1802. Stars were likewise seen through the heads of the comets of 1774 and 1825, by M.M. Montaigne and Valz. Encke's comet passed also centrally over a small double star in 1795, and in its revolution in 1828 it passed over several minute stars without perceptibly diminishing their light. Sir John Herschel saw a whole cluster of very small stars almost through the centre of Biela's comet. They would have been entirely hid by the slightest fog; and yet their light must have passed through 50,000 miles of the cometic matter. No effects of the refraction of light have ever been noticed, consequently that matter must be infinitely less dense than our atmosphere. This shows how much the substance of these comets must be dilated, though it cannot be concluded that they have no solid part, since it may have been beyond the line of vision—and yet we can scarcely suppose that to have happened in all the instances recorded. The head, however, is frequently more condensed, and sometimes sufficiently opaque to eclipse the stars it passes over, and the brilliancy gradually increases towards the centre, as if the comet were formed of layers of increasing density.

An extremely small brilliant point, which is called the *nucleus*, has sometimes been seen with the naked eye in the centre of the head, supposed to have been the solid part or actual body of the comet. It has generally, however, been so minute and ill-defined in its edges, that little reliance can be placed on the calculations made of its magnitude. From various measurements, Sir William Herschel computed the diameter of the apparently solid part of the comet of 1807 to have been 538 miles, while Schröter made it 997 miles. These two great astronomers differed still more with regard to the comet of 1811: one estimated the small brilliant speck in the head to have a diameter of 2637 miles, while the other made it only 570. It may, therefore, be concluded, that what seemed to be the solid part of that comet had no fixed demarcation. This point,

so brilliant to the naked eye, has sometimes appeared to be merely an indeterminate increase of light, when viewed with a telescope, and it is said, in some instances, to have required excellent telescopes to bring it into view. We know by experience, that bodies attract one another more or less powerfully, exactly in proportion to their density—that is, to the number of material particles they contain: now, comets are powerfully disturbed in their motions round the sun by the attraction of the earth and planets, but they never have had the smallest effect in disturbing the motions of any of the bodies of the solar system, though they have passed so near the planets that they must have altered their course and velocity very materially if their mass had been of any magnitude.

The comet of 1770 was very brilliant, and the diameter of its head was supposed to be thirteen times as great as that of the moon; yet it passed twice through the system of Jupiter's satellites, without producing the smallest disturbance in their motions, though it remained four months each time within the sphere of Jupiter's attraction. In July, 1770, this comet passed about six times the distance of the moon from the earth, without affecting our tides; La Place computed that, if its mass had been equal to that of the earth, it ought to have lengthened our sidereal year by two hours and forty-seven minutes, but as no change has taken place in the length of the year, he concluded that its mass could not have amounted to the five thousandth part of that of the earth. Moreover, the moon always turns nearly the same face to us, because the time of her revolution about her axis is exactly equal to the time of her revolution round the earth. The smallest attraction of a foreign body would destroy this equality; and as comets have come very near the moon, it may be concluded that their masses must have been too small to destroy this delicate equilibrium.

There is always an envelope of light, consisting of a nebulous or gaseous matter, like a luminous haze or atmosphere of very great tenuity, sometimes in connexion with the nucleus, but oftener separated from it by an obscure space, beyond which there is a succession of alternate bright and dark rings, caused by a series of envelopes of vapour, like the coats of an onion of greater or less density, alternately reflecting more or less of the sun's rays. There are often three or four of these bright envelopes suspended round the nucleus, varying in distance as well as in thickness; but they are frequently incomplete on the side opposite to the sun.

The heat comets are exposed to in their passage round the sun changes the substances at their surface into vapour, and is, in all probability, the cause of their tails, and of the nebulous envelopes surrounding their nuclei—a probability borne out by the circumstance

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stance of their tails never attaining their greatest length till after the comet has emerged from the sun's rays in its passage round him.

Sir W. Herschel says, with regard to the first comet of 1811—

'In every instrument in which I have examined the comet, I perceived a very faint or rather darkish interval surrounding the head, wherein the gradually diminishing light of the central brightness was lost. This can only be accounted for by admitting a transparent elastic atmosphere to envelope the head. Its transparency I had an opportunity of examining on the 18th September, when I saw three very small stars of different magnitudes within the compass of it: and its elasticity may be inferred from the circular form under which it was always seen; for being surrounded by a certain bright equidistant envelope, we can only account for the equality of the distance, by admitting the interval between the envelope and the head to be filled with an elastic atmospheric fluid.'—*Phil. Trans.* 1812.

Sir William's observations led to the following theory of the formation of the luminous coatings already described. When a comet comes within a certain distance from the sun, a quantity of vapour rises from its surface and remains suspended in its atmosphere; as the comet approaches still nearer to the sun, this first envelope becomes more rarefied, and ascends higher in the atmosphere, where it remains suspended, while another layer or envelope rises at the surface, and being more dense than the first, maintains a lower station. In this manner a succession of these coatings is formed, amounting occasionally to three or four; the internal one being always more dense than that immediately above it, and consequently capable of reflecting more light—corresponding exactly with observation: for the comet of 1744, which approached to within a fifth part of the earth's distance from the sun, had a double envelope three weeks before it arrived at its shortest distance from him, and a week after it had passed that point it had acquired another, and these three layers were brighter in proportion as they were near to the centre of the comet. The envelopes are always brighter on the side next to the sun, because of his direct light, and also because we look through a greater depth of matter at that part than elsewhere. During the time the sun is volatilizing the matter of the comet, the light of the nucleus is often obscured by the haze which this occasions, but as soon as the envelope is completed it shines forth with its wonted lustre. Sometimes, as the comets retreat from the sun, these coats seem to be more or less condensed, and fall down in vapour on the surface of the nucleus. Indeed, during their whole course round the sun, the aspect of comets is in a state of perpetual change. The size of the coatings shows their atmosphere to be very extensive. The nebulous matter surrounding the
head

head of the comet of 1799 was about *twenty-one thousand miles* thick, but it was far surpassed by the luminous coatings of the comets of 1807 and 1811, which were—one *thirty thousand* and the other *twenty-five thousand* miles—more than three times the diameter of the earth. When a comet has a tail, these luminous coatings completely surround the head on the side next to the sun like a hemispherical cap, but they diverge all round on the opposite side, and constitute the tail, which, consequently, has the singular property of being hollow; and as the line of vision passes through a greater depth of nebulous matter at the sides of the tail than in its centre, they reflect a greater quantity of light, which makes the lateral edges of the tail look like two luminous streams, uniting at a short distance from the head, and leaving a dark shade between them which does not extend through the whole length of the tail. The extremity of the tail is generally ten or twelve times broader than the head, which gives the whole the figure of a cone or sugar-loaf. Nothing can give a stronger proof of the extreme tenuity of the tails, than that stars have been seen through them, though they are often *many millions* of leagues thick.

When a comet first appears, it shines with a very faint light and has little or no tail; its brilliancy increases, and the tail becomes longer as it approaches the sun, and both acquire their utmost splendour during its passage round him. By the time the comet emerges from the sun's rays, the tail has attained its greatest length; it then gradually diminishes, and the light of the comet grows feeble in proportion as its distance from the sun increases, till at last it becomes too dim to be visible. As the tail is almost always in a direction opposite to the sun, it follows the comet in approaching him, and precedes it in its return.

Comets which come nearest to the sun generally have the longest tails; there are no doubt some exceptions: for example, the comet of 1811, which had so splendid a tail, never came so near the sun as the earth is: but it cannot be supposed that bodies which differ so much in external character should have the same conformation, and therefore they must yield more or less to the evaporating force of the sun's heat, according to their different densities. It is, probably, for this reason that comets vary so much in the length of their tails; many have no tail, as that of 1804; the second comet of 1811 had a short and faint one, while the first comet of that year had a tail forty-four millions of leagues long, and those which came to our system in the years 1618, 1680, and 1769, had tails which extended over 104, 90 and 97 degrees of space, so that when the heads of these comets were set, the extremities of their tails were still over head in the zenith. They sometimes consist of several branches, separated by dark intervals.

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A very remarkable instance of this occurred in one of 1744: its tail was composed of six branches, all in a direction opposite to the sun; possibly this unusual appearance may have been caused by the tail being formed like the head of separate coatings: for if three hollow cones of nebulous matter were placed within one another, leaving a space between, the lateral edges of each one would appear like two streams of light, so that there would be six branches or luminous streams separated by darker intervals, similar to that observed. A comet which traversed our system in 1824 exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of two tails diametrically opposite to one another: that towards the sun was much smaller and fainter than the other; they were visible ten days, and latterly they did not retain their opposite position.

The tails of comets often increase with extraordinary rapidity; that of the celebrated comet of 1680, which came so near the sun, grew to the length of twenty millions of leagues in *two days*. The state of our atmosphere has a great effect upon their *apparent* dimensions; they seem to be much longer between the tropics than in our climates. That of Halley's comet in 1759 was scarcely visible in Europe, though it was distinctly seen on the Indian Ocean. The light of a comet's tail is so feeble, that it is rendered invisible by a very little moonlight.

Apian of Ingolstadt first remarked that comets' tails are always opposite to the sun, and in the direction of the straight line which joins the centres of the sun and the comet; but more exact observations show that a little time before the comet reaches its shortest distance from the sun, the tail is gradually bent more or less towards the region the comet has left, the bending being greater as the distance from the head increases, exactly as if it met with resistance in passing through some fluid; and this is rendered more probable by the tail being better defined and more luminous on the side towards which the comet is moving than on the other. This bending has often given comets the appearance of a Turkish scimitar, and their resemblance to that instrument of death added to the terror excited by their appearance in the dark ages. The tail of the comet which came to the sun in the year 1689 had this form, and that of the comet of 1744 was bent like the quarter of a circle.

No subject has opened a wider field for conjecture than the causes which operate in producing the tails of comets; and it must be confessed that there are circumstances altogether inexplicable, such as the fact of some comets having several tails, and others none. Some light has, however, been thrown on this obscure subject by a recent discovery. The two very small comets already mentioned never retreat far from the sun, and accomplish their revolutions round him in very short periods, which has given an opportunity

portunity of watching their motions and ascertaining the nature of their paths with very great accuracy. The disturbances which they experience in passing near the earth and planets have been carefully determined, and as these comets never go out of the limits of the solar system, their motions cannot be influenced by the attraction of any invisible and unknown bodies that may lie beyond it. Indeed, the motion of Encke's comet is so well known, that there cannot be an error of more than one minute in the time of its revolution.

Notwithstanding all these circumstances, the two comets accomplish their revolutions round the sun in less time than they did formerly. Encke's is accelerated in its motion by two days, and that not by a sudden start, but by a gradual decrease in the length of its period at each revolution; Biela's comet fulfils its period more rapidly than formerly by about one day. This acceleration, however, has no effect whatever in altering the position of the orbits. As science is in far too advanced a state to admit of a doubt as to the accuracy of these results, it is concluded that comets are influenced in their motions by some cause which has no sensible effect on the motions of the planets.

The theory of light had previously led to the belief that the wide expanse in which the solar system and all the stars of heaven exist is not void, but filled with a highly elastic fluid, without weight, and so rare that it has had no sensible effect on the motions of the planets, though revolving in it for ages. Although this extremely attenuated fluid may not be able to resist such solid bodies as the planets and satellites, it must have a powerful effect in impeding the motions of comets, which can only be regarded as masses of vapour. It is also evident that such resistance would be entirely confined to the plane of the comet's orbit, without, in any degree, altering the position of the orbit in space.

There can be no doubt that the accelerated velocity of these two comets must be owing to this cause, because its effects, computed according to theory, agree perfectly with the acceleration actually observed. It does not at once appear why the speed of a body should be increased by moving in a resisting fluid, but a little consideration will show that such must be the case. The velocity with which a celestial body moves arises from two forces, which exactly balance each other—the centripetal and centrifugal; the latter force decreases as the speed decreases; and, as the speed of a comet is diminished by the resistance of the ethereal fluid, the balance between the two forces is destroyed—the attraction of the sun prevails; it draws the comet towards him which causes it to move in a smaller orbit, and as it now revolves nearer to the sun where his attraction is greater, its velocity must be greater also

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also to restore the balance. The comet, therefore, accomplishes its revolution in a shorter time. The existence of this fluid being established, it must be more dense near the sun than elsewhere because of his powerful attraction, a circumstance which is confirmed by the thick atmosphere which is observed to surround him, the influence of which must be great upon the motions of bodies that plunge deep into it. Consequently, Encke's comet is more accelerated by it than Biela's, whose orbit is at a greater distance from the sun.

The production and the form of the tails of comets have been attributed to the agency of the sun, combined with that of the ethereal fluid pervading space, and constituting the sun's atmosphere. It is now the received opinion that light is not a substance, but merely a sensation produced upon our organs of sight by vibrations of this ethereal fluid, in the same manner as sound is a sensation in the ear, occasioned by the impulse of the vibrations of the air. The sun and all luminous bodies possess the property of communicating these vibrations to the ethereal fluid, which dart through it like waves in water or air.

Now, the matter which constitutes the tail of a comet is of such extreme tenuity, that, according to Sir Isaac Newton, the whole tail of a comet might be comprised in the space of a cubic inch, and even then its density would not exceed that of our atmosphere. Matter in this highly rarefied state must be extremely buoyant and capable of yielding to the smallest effort; and as the tail is generally on the side opposed to the sun, both in advancing towards him and in retiring from him, it has been conjectured that the sun, after raising this nebulous matter from the surface of the comet by his heat, drives it forward to form the tail by the same kind of impulse which occasions those vibrations of ether constituting light: this may also account for the rapid formation of the tails of comets: but it must be confessed that the comet of 1825, which had two tails, one directed towards the sun and one from it, throws some doubt on the preceding hypothesis. There are, however, indications of rapid rotation in the tails, which may account for some of the phenomena. In several instances, the two streams of light which constitute the tail of a comet have been observed to change their relative positions, in such a manner as to show that the comet must have had a rotatory motion about an axis passing through the middle of the tail. This phenomenon appears to have been noticed first by Messier in the comet of 1769, and then by Sir William Herschel in the great comet of 1811; and Mr. Dunlop saw it so distinctly in the comet of 1825, observed by him at Paramatta in Australia, that he ascertained the period of its rotation to be $20\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

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The curvature of the extremity of the tail during the comet's passage round the sun may be attributed to two causes. The attraction of the comet for the particles of its tail, combined with the direction of its motion in approaching the sun, causes the parts of the tail adjacent to the head to follow the comet's motion more rapidly than those at a greater distance, which are less under the influence of its attraction; hence, when the speed of the comet is increased in passing round the sun, the increase of rapidity is not instantaneously transmitted to the farther end of the tail, which consequently lags behind. Moreover, the end of the tail consists of matter in a much more attenuated state than that near the head;—it therefore yields more readily to the resistance opposed to it by the dense atmosphere of the sun, which, combined with the former cause, occasions the end of the tail to assume a curved form. The edge of the tail in the direction of the comet's motion is usually brighter than the other, as already mentioned; and this arises evidently from the ether pressing the particles on that side more closely together, which makes them reflect more of the sun's light, while the other edge, on the contrary, becomes more attenuated and scattered, and therefore less luminous. Thus the existence of the ethereal fluid, which has been proved by the motion of comets, is confirmed by the form of their tails.

There is another point fraught with difficulty; the nebulous part of comets which envelopes their head being raised and expanded by the heat of the sun, might be expected to shrink gradually by condensation into smaller dimensions as the comet retreats into the colder regions of the heavens. This, however, is by no means the case; on the contrary, the nebulous part actually expands as the comet leaves the sun—a phenomenon noticed first by Hevelius, then by Pingré, and since confirmed by the remarkable changes in the nebulosity of Encke's comet. On the 28th of October, 1828, this comet was nearly three times farther from the sun than it was on the 24th of December, and yet at the first of these periods the real diameter of the nebulosity was twenty-five times greater than at the second, and this change took place gradually as the comet retired from the sun. Various hypotheses have been proposed in solution of this difficulty. It has been supposed, that as comets come so near the sun, they must traverse the denser layers of his atmosphere, and experience degrees of pressure proportional to their density or weight, and that on this account the nebulosity from its elasticity must diminish on approaching the sun, and again expand on leaving him. This view of the matter was suggested by M. Valz, who, having assumed a probable hypothesis as to the density of the sun's atmosphere and the elasticity of the comet, found that the changes in the comet's size, computed according

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cording to theory, agreed perfectly with the observed variations. Unfortunately, however, this solution is not tenable, because the loose texture of the nebulous matter would be penetrated by the solar atmosphere, instead of being compressed by it. Sir John Herschel conjectured that the variation in the dimensions of the nebulosity may be owing to the alternate conversion of evaporable materials in the upper regions of the transparent atmosphere of comets into the states of invisible gas, and visible cloud, by the effects of heat and cold in approaching to and receding from the sun. Possibly, too, as the comet retreats from the sun into a darker part of the heavens, some of the higher and more rarefied strata of the envelope may come into view which had previously been eclipsed by the superior brightness of the sun. Other surmises have been made as to the cause of the phenomenon, but no established conclusion has been attained.

In consequence of some unknown cause, the tails and luminous envelopes decrease every time comets return to our system, and they must in time be entirely dissipated, so that comets will ultimately be reduced to such solid parts as the sun has not had power enough to convert into vapour, an event that must befall them sooner, in proportion as the periods of their revolution are shorter. Perhaps this is the reason why so few comets return to our system, and why that of the year 1532 has not again been seen, although its period was supposed to be known. Encke's small comet, which returns to the sun after an interval of about 1204 days, has sensibly diminished at each revolution, and doubtless will soon be altogether dissipated, or reduced to such minute dimensions as to become invisible. Such comets as consist altogether of vapour will vanish for ever, from this cause. But this is not the ultimate destiny of every comet: there is strong reason to believe that some will end by falling into the sun. The comet of 1680 seems to be tending rapidly to this fate. A body of such tenuity moving at the astonishing rate of 880,000 miles in an hour, must have met with great resistance from the sun's atmosphere, especially as it came nearer to his surface than any other comet on record, and must therefore have passed through some of its denser layers. The rapidity of its motion must have been checked, and the sun's attraction proportionably augmented, so that it must have come nearer to the sun in 1680 than at its preceding revolution, and subsequently would move in a smaller orbit; and as the same causes must have an increasing effect every time it returns to the solar system, it will by degrees come nearer and nearer to the sun, till at last it must inevitably fall on his surface.

Encke's and Biela's comets are both hastening to the same consummation, if they are not entirely dissipated by evaporation before

before it takes place. As a necessary consequence of the resistance of the ethereal fluid, they will perform their revolutions nearer and nearer to the sun, till at last they will be precipitated upon his surface. How many years must elapse before these extraordinary events take place, it is impossible to say, from our ignorance of the density of the sun's atmosphere, and of the comet.

Comets shine with a very pale and scattered light, which Schröter had an opportunity of comparing, on various occasions, with that of the planet Mars, and found it to be not more than one-third or one-half as bright. It has long been matter of doubt whether comets shine by their own or by reflected light. Unless they possess a solid nucleus capable of reflecting the sun's rays at its surface it could not be expected that they should exhibit phases like the moon or Venus, for if they be mere masses of vapour, the sun's light will penetrate into their interior, and being scattered, must give them that dull diffuse appearance which they generally have. We have stated that it has been doubted whether comets have any solidity at all; nevertheless, Cassini thought he could perceive phases in the comet of 1744; and certainly, that comet was in a favourable position for seeing them, being within the orbit of Mercury, and nearly between the sun and the earth. Phases, from the crescent to the full, are recorded to have been observed in the comet of 1769, and something of the same kind is mentioned of the comet of 1682. The comet of 1819 is said not only to have presented this phenomenon, but to have passed over the disc of the sun like a misty spot. These would be quite sufficient to establish the point, could they be relied on, but unfortunately the observations require confirmation. Some comets are recorded to have been as bright as any star in the heavens, and to have been visible during day-light. That which appeared in 1744 had the brilliancy of Sirius in one part of its course and that of Venus in another; and it was visible on the first of March at mid-day, even with the naked eye. From all recorded circumstances M. Arago has concluded that there is a gradation in comets from those that consist merely of vapour, and are altogether transparent, to such as probably have solid and opaque nuclei, and that comets, like planets, owe their lustre to the sun's rays. Light, emanating from all self-luminous bodies, is seen at distances when the bodies themselves are too small to be visible: while, on the contrary, such as shine by reflection, often become invisible from mere want of light, though still near enough to have sensible dimensions. We only know of the existence of the fixed stars by the light they send to us—their own we never see—for viewed with the best telescopes they are only brilliant points, without sensible dimensions; so also the light of a candle is visible when the

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the candle itself is too distant to be seen. Comets, on the contrary, gradually grow more faint as they retire from the sun, and at last become too dim to be visible, while yet near enough to be of sensible magnitude. It frequently happens, that the night before a comet has vanished, it has appeared like a dull silver coin, ill defined, or a round film of vapour with a sensible diameter. Were these bodies self-luminous, they would be visible, like the stars, long after they had lost all sensible magnitude. Hitherto the most brilliant comets have become invisible when about five times as far from the sun as the earth is; nor is there one comet on record which has not approached nearer to the sun than Jupiter does; and the comet of 1756, after its last appearance, remained five years within the circuit in which Saturn revolves, without being seen. Thus vast numbers of comets must come to our system unperceived; and even if they come near enough to be within sight, one out of two must be concealed from view by daylight, fogs, and great southern declination. M. Arago estimates, that more than seven millions of comets frequent the planetary orbits. Hardly a year passes without the appearance of two or three, though the greater number are too distant, or too small, to be seen without a telescope.

Among such multitudes it is impossible to recognize the same comet on its return to our system from its aspect alone, since their external character changes at each revolution—not to mention the alterations they undergo during the short time they are in sight. It seemed at one time equally impossible to know them again by the path they move in, and it really was so as long as astronomers considered their motions with reference to the earth only; but as soon as they took into consideration the appearance they would present to a person in the centre of the sun, perfect regularity was found to obtain—the nature of their paths was discovered, and a method of ascertaining the identity of a comet on its return was established. To determine the real motion of a comet round the sun, from its path in the heavens, as seen from the earth, was perhaps the most difficult problem in astronomy, and a task worthy of Newton.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Apian's observations on the direction of the tails led astronomers to suspect that there might be some connexion between comets and the sun, to which their motions and their tails might be owing. At that time an opinion prevailed, that comets were merely vapours moving in our atmosphere; but Tycho Brahe found, by the ordinary means for ascertaining the distances of the celestial bodies, that a comet which appeared in the year 1577 was nearly three times as distant as the moon; from which he was induced to believe that

comets were exhalations from the planets, and that they revolved about the sun, beyond the orbits of Mercury and Venus, in paths resembling the outline of an egg. Hevelius, by tracing the orbits of several comets upon a planisphere, showed that one part of the orbit was much curved, and the rest was very nearly a straight line; from which he inferred that the paths of comets must be elongated curves of a lenticular shape. He also thought comets were formed by exhalations from the planets, and that their course might be similar to that of bodies projected into our atmosphere—such as a cannon ball, which moves by the force with which it is thrown combined with the attraction of the earth. He therefore assumed, that comets move in consequence of two forces, one directed to the sun, and the other arising from the velocity with which they had left the planet they were exhaled from; and upon this supposition he found the path they describe to be a parabola. This curve has one end oval, but the two sides, instead of coming together, diverge so as never to meet.

The ovals in which comets are now known to move are so much elongated, that they may readily be mistaken for parabolas, since only a very small portion of the curved end is visible to us; so perfect indeed is the resemblance, that in the first instance, at least, the orbits of new comets are always computed as if they moved in a parabola, and the necessary alterations are made afterwards. Hevelius even remarked, that the velocity of comets must be greatest at the point where the orbit is most curved, which really is the case; from this he concluded, that the sun must be situate in the plane of the comet's orbit, and in the straight line passing through its centre, called the axis. A very great step was thus made by Hevelius; but, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, hazarded the conjecture, that comets move in elliptical or oval paths. Newton, at length, arose to settle the question for ever, by the unerring truth of demonstration. Having already discovered that the bodies of the solar system are governed by the laws of gravitation alone, the comet of 1680—the most splendid, and in many other respects the most remarkable, upon record—induced him to investigate the motions of comets also: the result was, a clear proof that these bodies obey the very same laws that regulate the revolutions of the planets and satellites. It may be asked, why comets move in paths differing so much in form and position from those of the planets, if they be subject to the same laws of gravitation?—the answer is, that the form of the path of a celestial body depends entirely upon the relation between the sun's attraction and the force with which the body was projected into space at its creation, while the position of the orbit depends upon the direction of that force.

A comet

A comet or planet propelled into space perpendicularly to its distance from the sun, with a force exactly equal to the force of the sun's attraction, would move in a circle. Should the propelling force be less, or greater than the force of the sun's attraction, but not greater by so much as forty-one per cent., the body would move in an ellipse. Should the force of projection be exactly forty-one per cent. greater than the sun's attraction, the path of the body would be a parabola; and, if the propelling force be still greater, the orbit would be a hyperbola, which is also a curve closed at one end, and having two infinitely diverging branches at the other.

For instance, the earth, when nearest to the sun, moves with a velocity of 102,300 feet in a second; this velocity arises from the force with which it was first thrown into space, combined with the sun's attraction; and the path in which it travels is an ellipse, differing very little from a circle; but had it been thrown from the same point with a force so much greater as to produce a velocity of 144,700 feet in a second, it would have gone once round the sun, and then darted off in nearly a straight line, never to return: the curve would have been a parabola. Had the primitive impulse been still greater, the earth would have moved in a hyperbola. And, lastly, had the force of projection been such as to make the earth's velocity only 101,000 feet in a second, its orbit would have been a perfect circle. These four curves are the conic sections. The preceding velocities are suited to the shortest distance of the earth from the sun; but the great comet of 1680, which nearly swept over his surface with a velocity of 880,000 miles an hour, is consequently constrained to move in an extremely elongated ellipse. In fact, if its speed had not been so enormous, it would have fallen into the sun. It appears then from the investigation of this curious subject, that circumstances are most favourable to produce motion in the ellipse or hyperbola, since an infinity of relations between the two forces will cause a body to move in either of these, while circular and parabolic motion depend upon one relation only. The probability therefore is, that comets do really move in orbits of the elliptical form, more or less elongated, though instances are not wanting where the path seems to have two infinitely diverging branches. A comet moving in that curve would go once round the sun, and then vanish for ever into the deep recesses of the universe, possibly to wander from system to system, and from sun to sun. There is reason to believe that the comets of 1771 and 1824 moved in such paths. None of the celestial bodies move in a circle, nor is it possible that they should as the laws of nature are constituted, since, even if a body had

begun to move in that curve, the smallest disturbance would have changed its path for ever. For the same reason, parabolic motion, if it does exist, is probably very rare. The circular motion of the two first of Jupiter's satellites is not a case in point, because there are other causes in operation.

Comets are visible only for a very short time during their passage round the sun, which includes a very small portion of their orbit, and that portion is such that it is difficult to distinguish to which of the three curves mentioned it belongs, in any of which the comet might move, for the circle is out of the question. But although these three curves are so much alike throughout a small extent, they differ widely from one another in the remainder. It has already been stated that one is an ellipse or very elongated oval, of which there may be an infinite variety, all passing through the point which is the shortest distance of the comet from the sun: the other two are precisely similar to the ovals at one end, but the sides, instead of meeting at the other extremity, diverge more and more, and never meet again. Now it is clear, that if a comet moves in the first, it will return to our system again and again; but if either of the other two be the form of its path, it will appear once, and then for ever retire. There are no observations sufficiently exact to enable astronomers to determine with certainty in which of these curves a new comet moves; yet the form of the small portion of the orbit visible to us, and its position with regard to the ecliptic or path of the earth, may be made out sufficiently to trace with some probability that part of its course which extends beyond vision, and to enable us to determine its identity with the orbit of any comet that has already appeared, or may hereafter come into view; and it is indeed the only means we have of doing so. The exact path, and the length of the period of its revolution, can only be ascertained with certainty at its return.

The chances are many millions to one, that two comets do not move in orbits exactly alike. It is very improbable that the shortest distance of a comet from the sun should be the same in two instances, or that in any two cases the point of the orbit in which that happens should have exactly the same position in the heavens. Moreover, the orbits or paths of the earth and a comet do not lie in the same plane as they would do when drawn on a sheet of paper; they may have an infinity of inclinations with regard to one another, and the odds are as much against the probability of the orbits of two comets having the same position in space as they are against their agreeing in form.

Equality in the periods of their revolution also affords means

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of identifying comets, and amounts to certainty when combined with identity in the form and position of the orbit. Hence, if a portion of the orbit be made out in form and position, and if a comet should appear, after a certain time, which follows nearly in the same track and moves in the same direction with the former, there would be a strong presumption of their identity; but if, after an equal interval, a comet should a third time follow the same path in the same direction, it may be concluded that the three bodies are identically one and the same, revolving in an elliptical orbit, and returning to the sun at stated intervals. It is from the duration of the comet's revolution that the length of its orbit is known; this, however, is a nice point, for an error of a few seconds in observation may produce a difference of many hundred years. It is therefore obvious, that there is always much uncertainty as to the length of the path until the comet has repeatedly returned.

Twenty years after Newton had applied his method to the great comet of 1680, and determined the circumstances of its motion round the sun, Halley collected all the observations of comets he could procure, and with infinite labour determined the forms and positions of the orbits of twenty-four, which, out of 415 mentioned by ancient authors, were all that had been observed with sufficient accuracy to admit of computation;—indeed, of the greater number no observations whatever had been made. These he arranged in a table, to which additions have constantly been made, and it now contains the circumstances of the form and position of the orbits of more than four hundred. This table furnished Halley with the means of ascertaining the motions and orbit of the comet which bears his name, and of fixing the period of its revolution round the sun. For many years it was the only comet known to return to our system, and it will be for ever memorable for having established Newton's theory—that comets revolve about the sun in extremely elongated orbits, in obedience to the same laws which rule the motions of the planets.

On surveying the table, Halley perceived that the orbits of the comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682, were nearly the same in form and position;—as the times of their return were separated by periods of seventy-five and a half years nearly, he considered them to be identical; and his belief was confirmed by records of more ancient comets, among which he found three nearly corresponding in their periods with the former, namely the comets of 1305, 1380, and 1456. He now declared his opinion that the same comet had appeared at these six epochs, and as the period of its revolution was about seventy-five and a half years, that it might,

might, therefore, be expected to return in the year 1758. The following table will show the correspondence of the periods more clearly—

<i>Years</i>	1305—1380—1456—1531—1607—1682
<i>Intervals</i>	—75—76—75—76—75

Two circumstances cast a doubt on this conclusion,—an inequality in the intervals of the appearance of the body itself, and a slight difference in the position of the orbit, with regard to the ecliptic or path of the earth at each return.

If the planets did not attract one another, they would all move in perfect ellipses round the sun, but in consequence of the law of universal gravitation, by which every body attracts, and is itself attracted by every other, the planets mutually disturb one another, so that their motions are sometimes accelerated and sometimes retarded, and their orbits are changed both in form and position. These changes, indeed, are very small, because they are in proportion to the size and density of the bodies producing them. Since the sun is larger than all the planets and satellites put together, the elliptical motion is always very nearly maintained, and each planet has only power enough to make the others deviate in a small degree from their regular paths, now in one direction, now in another, and to make them move more or less rapidly according to their relative positions. Jupiter and Saturn have the chief share in causing these disturbances, because they are by much the largest of the planets, and also because they are farther removed from the overpowering influence of the sun. Their reciprocal attraction shows how exactly the force of gravitation is in proportion to the mass; for Jupiter contains more than twice the quantity of matter that Saturn does; and while the average velocity of Jupiter is accelerated by the attraction of Saturn, in return the average velocity of Saturn is retarded more than twice as much by the action of Jupiter. Some ages hence, precisely the contrary effect will prevail; for the mean motion of Jupiter will be retarded, while that of Saturn will be accelerated by more than double the quantity.

Halley was well aware of the reciprocal action between Jupiter and Saturn; he likewise knew that the other planets are liable to mutual disturbances though in a less degree: he, therefore, concluded, that if such heavy bodies as the planets could be disturbed in their motions by their mutual attractions, a comet, which is merely a mass of vapour, would be still more disturbed in coming near such large and solid bodies as the planets, especially if far removed from the influence of the sun; and that, as the motion of the comet in question is so rapid, a very small increase of velocity from any disturbing cause would change the form of its elliptical orbit.

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Though science was not sufficiently advanced to enable Halley to compute these disturbances, he remarked that, during the interval between 1607 and 1682, the comet had been so near to Jupiter, and so situate with regard to him, that his attraction must have augmented the velocity of the comet, and consequently shortened its period. He, therefore, concluded, that as this period had only been seventy-five years, the next would be seventy-six or more, and that, accordingly, the comet would not re-appear till towards the end of 1758 or the beginning of 1759. It assuredly was a bold analogy in the days of Halley, to attribute a difference of more than a year even in the motion of a comet, to the same cause that occasioned a change of only a few days in the motions of the planets: his confident prediction may, therefore, be regarded as one of the most remarkable events in the history of astronomy.

Ere the comet had accomplished another revolution, mathematical and mechanical science had arrived at a high degree of perfection, and men of the most sublime genius had arisen, who followed up Newton's theory and developed the consequences of universal gravitation established by him. The celebrated problem of the three bodies had already engaged the attention of Euler, D'Alembert, and Clairaut: in this it was required to determine the path of the moon round the earth, when disturbed by the attraction of the sun. Clairaut applied this principle to the comet of 1682, and endeavoured to determine its path when attracted by the sun and disturbed by a planet. In this complicated problem, the disturbing action of one planet only can be estimated at a time, therefore the numerical computations must be repeated for each disturbing body. But that is not all: the disturbing action of a planet can only be computed for an extremely small portion of the orbit at a time, and the sum of all these is the whole effect. The calculations were undertaken by Lalande and Madame Lepaute, a skilful calculator, under the direction of Clairaut, and they required six months incessant labour to complete them, having computed the distances and corresponding action of Jupiter and Saturn for each degree of the orbit of the comet during a period of 150 years. The result was, that in consequence of the attraction of these two planets, the period of the comet's revolution about the sun would be four hundred and thirty-two days shorter than in the preceding revolution between the years 1607 and 1682, so that it would come to the point nearest to the sun on the 18th of April, 1759; but he afterwards found that it would be on the 4th. Its passage through that point did take place between three and four in the morning on the 13th of March of the same year, thirty-seven days before the time assigned; but Clairaut, on revising the calculations which he had published prematurely from fear of
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being anticipated by the arrival of the comet, reduced the error to twenty-three days, and La Place has shown that it would have been thirteen days only, had the mass of Saturn been as well known then as it is now.

Newton and many of his followers believed in the existence of an ether filling space, though there was no proof of it at that time, and they were aware that it would accelerate the motions of the heavenly bodies without altering the position of their orbits, yet no one attempted to estimate its effects till Clairaut endeavoured to determine what influence it would have upon Halley's comet, and he found that the acceleration would not amount to more than seven and a half minutes. Clairaut computed under very unfavourable circumstances; he had no observations for the basis of it but those of Apian, which were far from accurate; the mass of Saturn was unknown, and the planet Uranus undiscovered, which no doubt affected the motion of the comet; neither did he take into consideration the attraction of the earth, near which the comet must have passed in 1682. These circumstances were sufficient to occasion the error in Clairaut's calculation, but his own account of the causes of it are very remarkable from a prediction which has since been fulfilled. With regard to the comet, he says:

‘Un corps qui passe dans des régions aussi éloignées, et qui échappe à nos yeux pendant des intervalles aussi longs, pourrait être soumis à des forces totalement inconnues, telles que l'action d'autres comètes, ou même de quelque planète toujours trop distante du soleil pour être jamais aperçue. S'il paraît peu vraisemblable que de telles causes de dérangement aient lieu, il suffit qu'elles soient possibles pour n'annoncer qu'avec extrême réserve le résultat de la théorie.’

Sir William Herschel has since discovered the planet Uranus, and the existence of an ethereal fluid pervading the regions of space has been established by its action on the motions of comets.

Clairaut's prediction of the return of the comet excited the curiosity and wonder of the learned and the unlearned, all over Europe. Astronomers looked for it with the utmost impatience, but they had the mortification to find themselves anticipated by a peasant, George Palitzch, residing in the neighbourhood of Dresden, who discovered it on the evening of the 25th of December, 1758, with a small telescope. Palitzch is one added to the number of self-taught astronomers, of whom there have occurred so many examples, men who, by dint of native genius, unaided by those advantages now so common, have overcome difficulties apparently invincible.

The time when a comet first comes into view must not be mistaken for the instant of its arrival at the point of its orbit nearest to the sun, called its perihelion. The revolution of a comet is always

always estimated from the perihelion; the interval of time which elapses between two consecutive returns of a comet to that point is termed its period, or its periodic time. The distance of the perihelion from the sun, and its exact position in the heavens, are two of the most important circumstances in the theory of a comet, essential for ascertaining the nature and position of its orbit. Clairaut predicted that the comet would *come into view* about the end of 1758, or the beginning of the following year, but that it would *arrive at its perihelion or shortest distance from the sun*, about the 4th of April, 1759. The first prediction was fulfilled, as we have already remarked, on the 25th of December, 1758, and the latter on the 13th of March, 1759.

A few days after the comet had been discovered by the peasant, it was seen by an astronomer at Leipsic, who, unwilling to have rivals in his discovery, kept it secret, and it was not observed till about a month afterwards by Messier, who had looked for it in a different part of the heavens, in consequence of a mistake of Delisle, whose assistant he was.

On its first appearance the comet was round and brilliant, and distinguished by a vapour or nebulous atmosphere, but without a tail. It plunged into the sun's rays in its passage round him, about the middle of February, and emerged towards the end of March. A few days after, passing through the point of its orbit nearest to the sun, it was in the most favourable position for being seen in all its splendour. On the 17th of April, it ceased to be visible in the morning; on the evening of the 29th, it appeared about the size of one of the largest stars, and after the 3d of June it was no longer visible. It is very remarkable that this comet, which in former times had excited the terror of all Europe, from the length of its tail, had now no tail perceptible to the naked eye, or even with a telescope. However, during the month of April, when the tail ought to have been longest, the comet was far from the earth, and only appeared in the twilight, which may have eclipsed its faint light. There is no doubt that the same comet may, at successive returns to our system, sometimes appear to have a tail, and sometimes to be without one, according to its position with regard to the earth and the sun; the position of the observer, too, has considerable effect, for Halley's comet was seen by La Caille at the Isle of Bourbon, and at Pondicherry by Père Cœur-Doux, to greater advantage, and the tail was distinctly visible to the naked eye at both places.

The magnitude and splendour of this comet have certainly both diminished since the year 1456, when its tail occupied a third of the visible heavens. Baron Pontecoulant says, that although the terrors of its aspect were somewhat exaggerated on this occasion,

'il fallait bien que cette apparition eût en effet quelque chose de miraculeux puisqu'elle balança la terreur, que les rapides succès de Mahomet II., qui venait de s'emparer de Constantinople, répandaient à cette époque dans toute la Chrétienté, et que le Pape Calixte II., ordonna des prières publiques et formula une bulle où il exorcisait à la fois la comète et les Turcs : ce qui n'empêcha pas toutefois, il faut bien l'avouer, la comète de poursuivre paisiblement son cours, et Mahomet de faire de Sainte Sophie sa principale mosquée.'

At its subsequent returns much more of its splendour seems to have vanished, for in 1706 it had hardly any tail, and in 1682 it scarcely attracted the attention of astronomers, so much so, that Lalande apprehended it would be so diminished at its next return, as to be invisible;—happily for science, however, this was not the case.

Since the year 1682 the comet has come within the attraction of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and the Earth. Of these Jupiter, from being of greater magnitude, has had by much the greatest effect in disturbing its motions. The tendency of his attraction has been to increase the length of the comet's path, consequently to augment the time of its revolution, whereas the attraction of Saturn, Uranus, and the Earth, acting in a contrary direction, has tended to shorten the comet's path, and to diminish the time of its revolution. The real change produced is, therefore, the difference of the two, so that the disturbing action of these four planets has enlarged the comet's orbit, and augmented its periodic time.

Fifteen years have now elapsed since Halley's comet began again to engage the attention of astronomers, and all who have computed the time of its arrival at its perihelion from ancient observations, had fixed on the beginning of November of 1835 for the accomplishment of that event. The inaccuracy of the data has, no doubt, led to some discrepancy in the path assigned to the comet by different astronomers, yet their computations, which can only be regarded as approximations, from our ignorance of the motions of the comet during its former revolutions, may be considered as the most splendid triumphs of science, since, notwithstanding all the known and unknown causes of derangement, the comet appeared at the very time, and in the exact spot that was predicted, and its actual passage at its perihelion only differed from its computed passage by a very few days, and that in a period of no less than seventy-five years.

The orbit, determined by Lieutenant Stratford, of the navy, from recent observations, represents with great accuracy the comet's true path in the heavens, and that calculated by Professor Rosenberger very nearly coincides with Mr. Stratford's; according to both of these astronomers, the comet came to its perihelion about noon on the 16th of November.

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From the numerous observations that have been made throughout the world, all the circumstances of this comet's motion will now be perfectly known, and the time of its return to its perihelion seventy-five years hence will be accurately ascertained. There may, indeed, be bodies of a planetary or cometary nature in the far distant regions of the heavens where the comet wanders, which may disturb its motions and change the period of its revolution, and it is even not impossible that another planet may be revolving about the sun beyond the orbit of Uranus, which may at different times alter the comet's orbit; but so accurately can the disturbing action of all the known bodies of our system be calculated, that the existence of these unknown sources of perturbation would be made evident to future astronomers, should any difference be then found between the computed and actual orbit of the comet.

The influence of the ethereal medium on the motions of Halley's comet cannot be known till after it has accomplished another revolution. Professor Rosenberger has, indeed, computed its effect on the duration of its last period, but that is a point which, in the present state of our knowledge, can only be ascertained by experience; it must depend upon the magnitude and density of the comet, and upon the law by which the density of the fluid varies with the distance from the sun, points of which we are ignorant. Moreover, the opinion is generally received, that the ethereal fluid has a rotatory motion about the sun from west to east, communicated to it by the planets revolving in that direction since their creation, or that this motion is coeval with creation itself. Should such rotation exist, it must have a widely different effect upon Halley's comet, which moves from east to west, from that which it produces upon Encke's and Biela's comets revolving in a contrary direction; therefore, although the influence of the fluid upon Encke's comet, computed on hypothesis, accords with observation, we are still too little acquainted with the nature and motions of Halley's comet to decide what part of the variations in the period of its revolution are due to that cause.

Some idea may be formed of the vast size of the comet's orbit by comparing it with our distance from the sun. The mean distance of the sun from the earth is about ninety-five millions of miles: now the length of the comet's orbit is thirty-six times as much, and its breadth is a fourth of its length. The comet moves in this vast orbit from east to west with a speed subject to great variations. In approaching the sun, its velocity continually increases, till it darts round him with astonishing rapidity, coming as near as within forty-seven millions of miles of his centre. Its velocity gradually diminishes after leaving the sun, till it reaches the most remote point of its path, where its distance from him is about three thousand,

sand, three hundred and seventy-two millions of miles, but even there the sun's attraction is sufficient to recall the comet towards him, its velocity being so much reduced that his influence prevails. The sun viewed from the comet at this enormous distance cannot appear larger than a star, but at the nearest point of the orbit his apparent magnitude will be four times greater than at the earth.

When the comet was first seen in England it appeared to be merely a faint nebulous mass with a concentration of light on one side of its centre; still it was brighter than either Encke's or Biela's comets. By the end of August the concentrated light had attained the size of a star of about the tenth magnitude, which in approaching the earth and sun became so well defined that it might have been mistaken for a solid nucleus; and although the whole of the comet increased in brilliancy, it never reached its ancient splendour. These appearances, observed in England, are confirmed by those made in other countries. We have received from a friend in St. Petersburg the following very interesting account of Halley's comet, by M. Struvé, at Dorpat, in Livonia, an eminent astronomer, possessing the best instruments: in a letter dated the 7th of September, at Dorpat, he says,—

'Halley's comet has been discovered here and at Nicolaef on the 20th of August. Since that day I have been most fortunate in the manner in which the place of the comet has been determined on fifteen nights, with a precision that leaves nothing to be desired; being limited only by the form of the comet which presents no solid nucleus, but only a concentration of light towards the centre, which is, however, a little excentric on the side opposite to the sun.'

And in a subsequent letter of the 20th of September, he adds—

'You congratulate me on being favoured with weather quite astonishing for our climate; I have only succeeded yesterday in finishing the copy of a series of observations presenting the phenomenon of a celestial body moving with the velocity of the moon, which might, without doubt, be employed for the determination of longitudes, if many astronomers were to measure the differences in declination between the comet and a neighbouring star. This rapid motion affords a hope of being able to observe from time to time occultations of fixed stars by the comet, which if they were sufficiently luminous, and to pass through the centre of the comet, might throw important light upon its nature. Unfortunately the comet has hitherto passed through constellations poor in stars; nevertheless I observed on the 29th of September a central occultation of a fixed star of the 9th magnitude, which, according to calculation, passed at $1''.5$ of a degree from the centre of the comet; *the star remained constantly visible without any considerable diminution of light, and it was the nucleus of the comet that disappeared at the moment of conjunction from the brilliancy of the star.*

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‘The reductions of the micrometric measurements made during the whole of the passage of the comet will show whether the star experienced refraction from the comet or not.’

But still more extraordinary information is communicated in Mr. Struvé’s letter of the 4th of October:—

‘The observations of the form of the central part of the comet are very curious. I have seen an elliptical nucleus, the greater diameter of which was from $1''.5$ to $3''$ of a degree, and the lesser diameter was about $0''.4$. It resembled a burning coal: from thence issued, in a direction nearly opposite to that of the tail, a divergent flame varying in intensity, in form, in direction, sometimes even double—one might fancy that luminous gas was issuing from the nucleus.’

This remarkable phenomenon of light diverging from the nucleus peculiar to Halley’s comet, as far as is known, has been noticed by many in this country and in France. M. Arago, and other astronomers at the Royal Observatory in Paris, on the 15th of October, saw a luminous sector or diverging light issuing from the head of the comet, a little to the south of the point immediately opposite the tail: it was much more brilliant than the rest of the nebulosity, and was bounded by two lines of fainter light directed towards the centre of the head; next evening not a trace of this sector existed; but at a point diametrically opposite the axis of the tail a new sector was formed of more than 90° of angular extent—more elongated—much more brilliant than the former, and bounded by two very bright lines tending to the centre of the head. On the 17th this appearance had diminished in splendour; and on the evening of the 18th, though the atmosphere was extremely clear, the whole of the comet, together with its tail, had lost much in brightness. The comet was not seen again till the 21st, and then there were three luminous sectors or brushes of light seen in the nebulosity, the most feeble and dilated of which was exactly in the prolongation of the tail. By the 23d of October these had totally vanished; but the whole aspect of the comet had changed so suddenly, and so completely, that at first M. Arago imagined some moisture must have been deposited on the lenses of his telescope. The nucleus, hitherto so brilliant and well-defined, had become large and diffuse; and although it still occupied the centre of the head, the brilliancy of the nebulosity on the eastern side far surpassed that on the western. Diverging flames, such as already described, have not been seen in any other comet, although they were noticed by Hevelius in Halley’s comet, in the year 1682. He says,—
‘In ipso capite, beneficio longioris telescopii, non nisi unicum nucleum figuræ ovalis et gibbosæ constanter notavimus; nisi quod die 8^{va} Septembris,

Septembris, ex dicto nucleo clarissimus simul *radius*, ex parte etiam incurvatus in caudam exiret: quod ut notari meretur (cum ejus generis faciem in nullo adhuc cometâ, quantum memini, observaverim) sic lubens volui faciem capitis et caudæ delineatam dare, uti ex figura subsequente suo loco videbis.'

A rotatory motion may be inferred from the rapid changes of appearance in these sectors.

According to the observations of M. Valz, of Nismes, the nebulousity of Halley's comet dilates on approaching the sun, but the changes in its physical constitution are quite unprecedented. Its tail, before arriving at its perihelion, extended over about thirty-eight or forty degrees, and was curved at the end; it never was very bright, but it will be seen to much greater advantage in the southern hemisphere after leaving the sun.

Although authentic records of Halley's comet go no farther back than the year 1456, yet, by assuming that it returns at intervals of $75\frac{1}{2}$ years, it may be traced to much more remote times, and, with some small degree of probability, even to a period before the Christian era. The evidence rests upon its periodic revolution alone, as no observations on comets were made in those days when they were regarded as prodigies rather than astronomical objects. Since the period of Halley's comet may vary as much as 18 months, from the disturbing action of the planets—its identity with comets of remote ages must be regarded as very doubtful, especially as the accounts given of them by historians are evidently written under the influence of fear, and therefore too much exaggerated to be much depended upon.

The description of the comet, which appeared at the birth of Mithridates, 130 years before the Christian era, is so wonderful, that it corresponds with Halley's comet in no circumstance but that of time. We are told that it surpassed the sun in brightness, and occupied one quarter of the heavens, and was of dimensions so enormous that it took four hours to rise and four to set. If this exaggerated account refers to Halley's comet, it must have accomplished six revolutions before it again attracted the notice of historians, for the next that corresponds in its period came to our system in A.D. 323. Another appeared in A.D. 399, after an interval of 76 years, which is mentioned by all the historians of the Lower Empire to have been of prodigious magnitude, horrible aspect, and with a tail that seemed to reach to the earth. A comet again came to the sun after a period of twice $75\frac{1}{2}$ years, that is, in the year 550, remarkable for the sack of Rome by Totila. From that period, there is no other comet on record corresponding with Halley's till the years 930, 1005, and 1305.

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The latter is described to have been very dreadful, and followed by a pestilence. It is to be remarked, however, that astronomers have since determined what the position of the orbit of Halley's comet was at that time, and have found that the comet must have passed very near the earth, which may have made it appear of extraordinary magnitude.

Comets came to the sun in the years 1379 and 1380, which were most probably identical with Halley's, but that which visited our system in the year 1456, exactly 76 years after the preceding, is very remarkable in the annals of science. The length of its tail attracted the notice of the learned all over Europe, and although there are no actual observations of this comet, yet the time at which it arrived, and the path it held, have been described with sufficient fidelity to enable Halley to recognize in it the comet of 1682, and consequently its identity with that which bears his name. Since the path of Halley's comet has been known, astronomers have traced back its motions to the year 1456, and have ascertained that its position, with regard to the sun and earth, was such as to make it sufficiently splendid to excite as much terror as the troops of Mahomet II.

The returns of this interesting body are established beyond a doubt from the year 1456; henceforth, says M. de Pontecoulant,—

‘Il faudra que quelque événement surnaturel efface cet astre du ciel ou la civilisation de la terre, pour qu’il puisse se soustraire aux investigations des astronomes. Au commencement de cette nouvelle période la comète trouvera l’esprit humain en travail, et chacun de ces retours subséquens sera marqué par de nouveaux progrès dans les sciences mathématiques et astronomiques. Ce tableau consolant nous dédommagera des seize siècles de barbarie qu’il nous a fallu traverser pour voir l’homme se dégager enfin des langes de l’ignorance et des entraves de la superstition.’

The observations of Apian on the comet of 1531 have already been adverted to—their number in some degree compensated for their inaccuracy, and Halley was able from them to compute its motions, and prove its identity with that of 1759. On its return in 1607, it was first seen at Prague, by Kepler, while walking home on the evening of the 26th of September. Its brilliancy was equal to that of one of the largest stars; he could perceive no tail, though those with him did, but it had become distinctly visible by three o'clock in the morning, and of considerable length—exhibiting one of the many instances of the rapidity with which the tails are formed, and showing also the buoyancy of the matter of which they are constituted. Longomontanus saw this comet two days afterwards with the naked eye, and compared it in size to Jupiter,

Jupiter, though it was inferior in lustre. Its tail was more dense than comets' tails usually are, and its light was fainter than that of the head. The great comet of 1680 had caused such consternation all over the world, that when Halley's comet appeared in 1682 it excited little attention; practical astronomers, nevertheless, had become so expert, and instruments were so much improved, that observations were made of it in every country in Europe. In Paris it was observed by La Hire, Picard, and Dominic Cassini. Observations were made by Hevelius, at Dantzic; by Montanari, at Padua; and by Halley and Flamsteed in England—which has furnished a greater number of good observations than any other country. Such were the foundations on which Halley computed the path of his comet, upon the principles recently established by Newton.

Although Kepler had made out the laws of planetary motion in the year 1626, he, like most of the philosophers of his day, was misled by vain speculations, and never dreamt of applying the same principles to the motion of comets.

Hevelius and Cassini alone, of all the continental astronomers, seem to have formed just views of the nature of comets; and if Cassini had but regarded the sun instead of the earth as the centre of their motions, he might have anticipated Newton in bringing these wandering bodies within the laws of planetary motion. The *Principia* of Newton put an end to conjecture, in the year 1686, by fixing the motions of the solar system upon immutable laws.

Though the history of Halley's comet is infinitely more interesting than that of any other, and especially at the present moment: yet there are others which claim some notice, particularly the two that revolve about the sun in small orbits and short periods, known one as Encke's, the other as Biela's comet. A very small comet was discovered by M. Pons, at Marseilles, on the 26th of November, 1818, whose orbit, computed by M. Bouvard, was found to correspond with the path of one which had been observed by several astronomers in the year 1805. Although there could be no doubt of the identity, the period of its revolution could not then be made out, because it was supposed that, as the comet is a telescopic object, it might have accomplished more than one revolution in thirteen years without being seen, which proved to be the case. Upon further examination it turned out to be the same comet which had been observed by MM. Messier and Mechain, in 1786, and by Miss Caroline Herschel in 1795. M. Encke ascertained the period of its revolution to be about 1208 days, a result which occasioned great astonishment, and some degree of doubt, because astronomers had adopted the belief that the periods of comets must necessarily be very long.

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He, however, computed its motion from the year 1819, and predicted that, as its period would be reduced to 1203 days by the disturbing action of the planets, it would re-appear in 1822, about the beginning of June, but that it would only be visible in the southern hemisphere; and it actually was discovered on the 2nd of June, at Paramatta, in $33^{\circ} 49'$ of south latitude. The same able astronomer predicted its successive returns in the years 1825, 1829, 1832, and in July of 1835. The path of this comet is almost in the plane of the ecliptic, and is twice as long as it is broad: one extremity reaches a little beyond the orbit of Pallas, and the other extends to that of Mercury: the comet, therefore, retreats as far as 443 millions of miles from the sun, or to nearly four and a half times the earth's distance, and approaches within about 34 millions of miles of him, but the length of the orbit is gradually decreasing from the resistance of the ethereal fluid. M. Encke, after having carefully computed the motions of the comet, and taken into account the effect of every planet that could disturb it, found, that the time of its return by computation is anticipated by its actual arrival by about two days at each revolution. Although the length of the orbit be continually decreasing, no alteration whatever is produced in its position, which might be expected, as the ether only retards the progress of the comet without altering its course. It has been computed, that if the ether be 360 billions of times less dense than atmospheric air, its resistance would be sufficient to produce the acceleration which has taken place. This comet is a small telescopic object of extreme tenuity, very pale, and without a tail; yet it has opened a wider field of discovery, and more new and interesting views, than any other on record, Halley's excepted. It has furnished the means of proving the existence of an ethereal fluid, and has afforded a striking instance of the changes which take place in the nebulous matter on approaching and retreating from the sun, and also an opportunity of measuring these changes. Stars seen through it, more than once, have attested its tenuity. The smallness of its orbit, and the shortness of its period, remove it but little from the nature of a planet. The constant decrease in the size of the orbit from the resistance of the ether may possibly precipitate it on the surface of the sun, if, before that event takes place, the perpetual diminution of its mass does not offer an example of condensation to the solid state, or annihilation: and its perturbations have been of use in giving more accurate values of the masses of some of the planets than have been obtained by other means.

The other comet that revolves in a small orbit was discovered by M. Biela, of Johannesburg, on the 27th of February, 1826.

It was seen ten days afterwards by M. Gambart, at Marseilles, who, having ascertained, by computing the form of its path, that it is identical with the comets of 1789 and 1795, concluded that it accomplishes its revolution in six years and three quarters. M. Clausen, of Altona, has proved it to be the same with the comets of 1772 and 1805; and that the inequality in the periods of its revolution was owing to the disturbing action of Jupiter in the years 1782 and 1794. The orbit of this comet does not differ much from a circle, its length bearing the proportion to its breadth of three to two. It revolves nearly between the orbits of Jupiter and the earth, and is almost in the plane of the ecliptic; consequently, it never goes to a greater distance from the sun than a little way beyond Jupiter, nor comes nearer to him than the earth. The magnitude of the orbit is perpetually diminishing, as well as the length of the period of its revolution, from the resistance of the ethereal fluid; at its last revolution it arrived at its shortest distance from the sun about a day sooner than it ought to have done, according to computation. This comet also is a telescopic object, and so dim that it is not easily found even with a good instrument. It consists of a mass of vapour, so highly attenuated that Sir John Herschel saw through it a small cluster of extremely minute stars, though he estimated its diameter to be more than 5000 miles.

From the resistance which these two comets experience, it is evident that the ethereal fluid must increase in density towards the sun, since Encke's comet, which revolves between the orbits of Mercury and Pallas, is accelerated two days at each revolution; while Biela's, revolving between the orbits of the earth and Jupiter, is accelerated something less than one day. Should the ether revolve about the sun from west to east, which is very probable, the gaseous nature of the two small comets, and the elongated form of their orbits, which cross the current of the fluid, must make them more liable to its resistance than the planets, which revolve in nearly circular orbits along with the vortex; besides, the mass of the planets is vastly greater than that of the comets, while their volume bears a much smaller proportion to it.

A comet's orbit, and the time of its revolution, can rarely be known with accuracy from one visit to the sun; yet there are several instances where the form is so decided throughout the small part that is visible from the earth, that the time of the return may be confidently predicted: as, for example, the comet discovered by Olbers, in 1815. The period of this comet, which is seventy-five years, has been so accurately determined by astronomers, that its return in 1890 may be regarded as all but certain.

The elliptical orbits of twelve or thirteen comets have been computed, and their periods assigned, although the calculations are

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are liable to doubt, since a very small error in observation would lead to one of magnitude in the revolution. Of these, only the three that have been mentioned have as yet proved the accuracy of the computations by their return.

The comet of 1680 was perhaps the most splendid that has visited our system, from the brilliancy of its light and the length of its tail, which extended over half the vault of heaven, from the zenith to the horizon. The observations made on this comet in 1680 enabled Newton and Halley to ascertain the period of its revolution to be 575 years; it is therefore expected to return in the year 2255. It came within only 150,000 miles of the surface of the sun, and after rushing past him, with the inconceivable velocity of 880,000 miles in an hour, retreated to a distance of 2898 millions of miles from him. Other comets have gone much farther from the sun; for example, that of 1763, whose greatest distance was 15,500 millions of miles; and some are said to have gone even to 66,500 millions of miles. At a distance so enormous one could scarcely imagine that the sun could be seen at all, had there not been examples of fixed stars visible at infinitely greater distances.

The sun's attraction must be very much diminished by this extreme distance, but as the motion of the comet is very slow at that remote part of its orbit, his influence must be greater; and it is, at all events, sufficient to recall the comet to this spot of the universe. Extensive as this sphere of attraction is, it is prodigiously within the limits assigned to it by La Place, who conjectures, that the influence of the sun's attraction reaches to 100 millions of times the distance of the earth from the sun. If that be true, the fixed stars must be vastly more remote, since they have hitherto had no sensible effect upon the motions of the solar system, which viewed from them must seem to be a mere point; consequently, the attraction of the fixed stars must be the same as if the sun and all the planets formed only one body. Sir William Herschel, indeed, thought he could perceive a general tendency of our whole system towards the constellation Hercules; but whether this proceeds from the action of some great central body, around which all the suns in the universe revolve, or whether it be from the attraction of any of those sparkling gems visible to us, must remain for ages unknown.

The extensive excursions of comets may be the means of revealing to future generations much regarding those regions into which our vision cannot penetrate; and perhaps they may eventually make known the limits of that sphere to which the sun's attraction extends:—but how distant the period of gaining such knowledge, even if attainable! The comet, indeed, which has now arrived,

will return every seventy-five years; but the comet of 1763 will not again be seen by mortal eye till after the lapse of 7334 years: from all we know of the subject, the average period of comets seems to be about one thousand years. We have already been able to follow the course of some comets through their extensive tracks from the small part of their paths that were visible from the earth, and as soon as their periods shall be determined, and the variations in their motions, occasioned by the planets, accurately appreciated, the disturbances from any foreign cause will be known, and may not only lead to the discovery of planets revolving unseen beyond the boundaries now assigned to our system, but disclose the position of their orbits, and possibly their physical nature. Unseen bodies may either turn aside from their course such comets as are known to us; or they may bring others towards the sun which might otherwise for ever have remained far from our view.

One example, singular in its nature, has already occurred from the attraction of Jupiter. The comet of 1770, commonly called Lexel's comet, is remarkable for having experienced disturbances from the great bodies of our system, unprecedented in the annals of astronomy. Lexel made out that the orbit of this comet was an ellipse whose length was only three times the diameter of the earth's orbit (about 570 millions of miles), and that it would return to the sun at intervals of five years and a half. Nothing could be more surprising than this result, as the comet had never been seen before, though very brilliant; and what is perhaps more wonderful, it never has been seen again. There can be no doubt of the truth of Lexel's calculations, because the comet was visible through a very considerable part of its orbit, and they were also confirmed by the investigation of Buckhardt, who discovered the cause of this anomaly. He found that, previous to the year 1767, the comet's path had been so extensive that it required fifty years to accomplish a revolution, and as it had never before come nearer to the sun than Jupiter does, it could not be seen from the earth. In January, 1776, however, it came so near Jupiter, and his attraction diminished the size of its orbit to such a degree, that instead of fifty years it completed its revolution in five years and a half; and it would have been seen in March, 1776, had it not been so situated, with regard to the earth, as to be entirely hid by the sun's rays. The comet again met with Jupiter when coming to the sun in 1779, and remained under the influence of his attraction from June till October. While passing through the midst of the satellites, in August, it came so near Jupiter, that it was two hundred times more powerfully attracted by him than by the sun, which has increased

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increased its orbit so much, that twenty years are now required to complete a revolution; and as it never comes nearer to the sun than the orbit of Ceres, it will for ever be hid from us unless compelled to approach nearer by some new disturbing force.

The comet of 1811 is by far the most splendid that has appeared within the memory of man. Its envelope was 30,000 miles thick, and the centre of the nucleus or head was separated from its interior surface by a space of 36,000 miles, so that the radius of the head must have been 66,000 miles. It had a brilliant point in the centre, 428 miles in diameter; but it must again be acknowledged that little reliance can be placed on measurements of mere specks, so ill defined and so distant. The tail of this comet, at its greatest length, extended to 123 millions of miles, but its extremity never came nearer to us than 141 millions of miles. Brilliant as the light of this comet was, when brought to a focus by a large mirror, it was not equal to a tenth part of the light of the full moon; and it had no sensible effect on the blackened ball of a thermometer, which was so delicate a test of variation of temperature that it would have indicated the hundredth part of a degree; this shows the total inefficacy of comets to influence our climate. The period of its revolution is estimated to be about 3383 years.

La Place and Herschel both ascribe the origin of comets to the vast quantity of nebulous matter that is scattered throughout space—sometimes like extensive clouds, sometimes in small patches, and not unfrequently so like comets that they are only distinguished from those bodies by remaining motionless. Sir William discovered 2000 nebulae in the northern hemisphere alone; these his son has already increased to 2500, and in all probability he will double the number before he finishes his interesting observations in the southern half of the heavens. The nebulae seem to be in various states of condensation—some just beginning to form, and appearing like a flimsy veil of gauze, scarcely visible even in the darkest night, with the best telescopes—while others are so far advanced towards the solid state that they resemble bright stars seen through a haze. Comets are supposed to have been minute nebulae within the sphere of the sun's action, which by the mutual attraction of their particles have become sufficiently dense to be attracted by the sun, and compelled to move in orbits round him. Sir William has observed, that on their approach to the sun, the subtle fluids are driven off into the envelopes and tail, while the denser parts are consolidated; that, in retreating from the sun, a great portion of the envelopes and tail is dissipated and lost in space; and he concludes that, by a repetition of this process, a solid is at length formed, or perhaps the whole dis-

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sipated, according to the nature and circumstances of the primitive nebulous mass. The consolidation will be soonest effected in the comets that come nearest to the sun and return most frequently towards him; and the rotation of a comet will hasten the process by diminishing the gravitation of the particles and facilitating evaporation. The hypothesis of the nebulous origin of comets accounts for the length of their orbits, for as they begin their motions at a prodigious distance from the sun, they consequently must return to the same point at each revolution, provided they move in oval paths. It likewise explains the cause of the great obliquity of their orbits to the plane of the ecliptic, and why their motions are sometimes direct and sometimes retrograde.

The smallness of the orbits of Encke's and Biela's comets may appear to be adverse to this theory, but as Mr. Milne, in his excellent Essay on Comets, observes, they may, like Lexel's comet, have moved formerly in longer paths, which have been subsequently reduced to their present dimensions by the action of the planets.

The various motions of comets, and the disturbances they meet with, have led to an inquiry whether the attraction of the planets may not compel a comet to quit its path round the sun, and become a satellite to the earth or some other planet. The supposition is by no means absurd, though there is no example of such an event. But however possible it may be for the earth to acquire a new satellite, La Place has shown that the moon never has been a comet, though her arid and vitrified appearance has led some to infer the contrary. Be that as it may, it is well known that thousands of comets are moving in every direction through the heavens—and that many remarkable changes have taken place, and may again occur, in their motions, from the disturbing action of the planets;—it concerns us more nearly, therefore, to inquire what effect comets have had upon the earth—whether the path of any comet may be so altered by the action of the planets as to bring it into collision with the earth—and what the result of such a shock would be.

The comet which came nearest to the earth is that of 1577, which Tycho Brahe observed to be within three times the distance of the moon, that is, 720,000 miles from the centre of the earth; but as nothing has been recorded to have happened in consequence, probably it had no sensible effect. The comet of 837 remained four days within 1,240,000 leagues of the earth's orbit, without any perceptible influence; and it has been already stated, that Lexel's comet approached to within six times the distance of the moon from us. Its own period was diminished more than two days by the earth's action, but the reaction of the comet did not even

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even affect our tides. Indeed, the greater number of comets move so rapidly, that even were their attraction greater than it is, there is not time for a sufficient accumulation of impetus to produce any effect on the ocean—so that we have not a deluge to dread.

The masses are generally so small, that there is little chance of the earth or planets being deflected from their paths by a comet, neither is there any likelihood of the earth being burnt, for the great comet of 1680, which was so intensely heated by having nearly touched the sun's surface, never can come nearer to us than nine millions of miles after leaving him, and we know of no other that ever has been so close to the sun. No comet on record has ever had the smallest effect upon our climate, and M. Arago has shown that there is no connexion whatever between the number of comets that have appeared in any season and its temperature, farther than that, as most comets are telescopic objects, they can only be seen in very clear fine weather, and therefore more are discovered in a good year than in a cloudy and foggy season. Besides, as they shine by reflected light, they are probably of low temperature, and even what they have must be much reduced during the long periods in which they wander through a medium 90° below the freezing point of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

Since the proximity of comets gives no ground of alarm, the only other cause of apprehension that remains to be considered, is the chance of collision, which is by no means impossible, when we consider the multitudes of comets that are constantly traversing our system in all directions: certainly the velocity with which they move would make the concussion dreadful if the mass were of any magnitude, but the chance of collision is still less than that of appulse; and much would depend upon the direction in which the two bodies might be moving at the instant of meeting. Should the motions of both be in the same direction, each would slide off from the surface of the other without doing more than local harm. It might, indeed, cause a deflection in the path of the earth, and a change in its velocity. The most fatal effects would be produced by comets having retrograde motions, the course of which might be directly opposite to that of the earth, and the momentum might be sufficient to destroy the progressive motion of both bodies, in which case the sun's attraction would cause both to fall to his surface. Such would be the fate of the earth if it were struck by a comet, with a mass only about four times that of the moon, and moving in a contrary direction at the rate of one million seven hundred and thirty-four thousand feet in a second:—both bodies would arrive at the sun in about fifty-four and a half days. If anything had destroyed the velocity of the comet of 1680,

1680, when nearest to the sun, it would have fallen to his surface in three minutes, which places the comparative distances of that comet and the earth from the sun in a strong point of view.

Were the earth to receive a violent concussion from a comet of considerable density, the position of the axis of its diurnal revolution would, in all probability, be changed. The consequence would be a sudden rush of all the waters of the ocean from their ancient bed, which would overflow the land, sweeping before them animate and inanimate beings in one undistinguishable ruin. All the countries of the globe bear testimony to the vast and destructive effects of floods of mighty waters. The debris of multitudes of plants and animals deeply buried in the ground show that, long before man became its inhabitant, the earth was tenanted by innumerable races of beings altogether different from those which share with us the present state of things, and which must have vanished from existence thousands of ages ago, because the strata under which they are found show that sometimes the waters prevailed for numberless centuries over the beds containing them, and sometimes the dry land. Enormous masses of rock torn from their native hills have been borne over extensive countries to far distant regions; and deposits of the natives of the deep on the tops of the loftiest mountain-chains declare the irresistible force and magnitude of the vast waves which, in remote times, have carried destruction over the face of nature. These effects have been attributed to the inundations produced by the shock of a comet in former ages; but the astronomer has shown that such is not the case; that the length of the day, which is the measure of the celestial motions, is immutable and exhibits no trace of change; and that if the earth had ever been struck by a comet so as to change the axis about which it performs its diurnal rotation, the effects would still be perceptible in the variations which it would have occasioned in the geographical latitudes. As nothing is known of the earth's primitive velocity, a comet may have given it a shock, and only destroyed a part of its progressive velocity, without changing the axis of rotation. In this case the effect would have been to make it go nearer the sun, and move in a smaller orbit, which, though not absolutely impossible, is very improbable. Indeed, instead of having become warmer, the tropical nature of the fossil remains in the most northern countries of Europe and America have led to the belief that the general climate of the earth is of a lower temperature now than it was in the extremely remote ages in which these plants and animals must have flourished.

The earth is in greater danger of a shock from the two small comets belonging to our system than from any others. Eucke's comet, which revolves in an orbit lying nearly between those of Mercury

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Mercury and Pallas, crosses the earth's path more than sixty times in a century, and, in the immensity of time, it may meet with the earth, and, but for its extreme tenuity, might do incalculable damage ; still it is not easy to say, how far velocity might compensate for want of mass in increasing the momentum.

Biela's comet also frequently comes very near the earth's orbit. In the year 1832, M. Damoiseau created very serious apprehension in France, by predicting that the comet would pass within eighteen thousand four hundred and eighty-four miles of the earth's orbit, a little before midnight, on the 29th of October, that year ; and as M. Olbers had computed that the radius of the comet's head, that is, the distance from the centre of the comet's head to its surface, would be twenty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-six miles, it was clear that its nebulosity would envelope a portion of the earth's orbit ; and if any cause had retarded the arrival of the earth one month, it must have passed through the comet's head. M. Arago dispelled the fears of his countrymen in a very admirable treatise on the subject, in which he assured them that the earth never would be nearer to the comet on that occasion, than twenty-four million eight hundred thousand leagues. It had been ten times as near to the earth in 1805 without creating alarm.

If the nucleus of a comet having a diameter equal only to one-fourth part of that of the earth, should come nearer to the sun than the earth is, its orbit being otherwise unknown, M. Arago has computed that the probability of the earth receiving a shock from it is only one in two hundred and eighty-one millions, and that the chance of our coming in contact with its nebulosity is not more than ten or twelve times greater. Thus, though it cannot be affirmed that the earth never will come into collision with a comet, there is no reasonable cause to dread such an event. The time has now come when all such fears are at an end, and the return of a comet which formerly spread dismay over the world, is regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of science.

Lo! from the dread immensity of space

Returning with accelerated course,

The rushing comet to the sun descends ;

. The enlighten'd few,

Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,

The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy

Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,

That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky ;

While, from his far excursion through the wilds

Of barren ether, faithful to his time,

They see the blazing wonder rise anew.'

ART. VIII.—*Reminiscences of an Intercourse with George Berthold Niebuhr, the Historian of Rome.* By Francis Lieber. London. 12mo. 1835.

THIS is a pleasant book. We wish to love those whom we admire; and we are grateful to that Boswellism which, with friendly fidelity, but without awakening any suspicion of its veracity, shows us authors of great literary distinction under the character of high-minded and amiable men. Mr. Lieber, indeed, did not enjoy the advantage of Niebuhr's society for any considerable time; and was not perhaps qualified, particularly during the early period of his intimacy, to sound the depths of his understanding, or to draw forth all the accumulated riches of his knowledge; but he has preserved many sagacious remarks and many well-matured opinions of the Roman historian, which, if they do not invariably command our assent, severely task our intellect in investigating their truth, and always deserve our respect for their freedom and candour. Mr. Niebuhr's friends will scarcely allow this hasty though agreeable glimpse of his social and domestic character to be the only record of his fame; but, as we have not heard whether any more full and complete memoir is in preparation, we cannot pass over the work before us without some notice.

As the generous conduct of Niebuhr to his present biographer is one of the most characteristic passages in the volume, we must first introduce the author of it to our readers. His singular and rambling life is in itself sufficiently amusing. Francis Lieber, whom we have already noticed in this Journal as the author of a respectable book on America, was one of those honest and enthusiastic German youths whose imaginations were kindled with the brilliant visions of the regeneration of Greece. He was not like the more prudential of the 'Philhellene crew' in this country, (we too have some honourable exceptions,) whose classical ardour was contented with modest speculations in Greek loans; and whose patriotic zeal for the liberation of Athens and Sparta, some how or other, was singularly connected with the value of the said scrip. So the poet sang—

'As we see in the glass that tells the weather,
The heat and the silver rise together.'

Francis Lieber, in a different spirit, devoted all he possessed—his own person, and his small fortune, a strong arm and a zealous heart—to the cause. Let him speak for himself as to his reasons for abandoning that cause:—

'After having suffered many hardships and bitter disappointments, and finding it impossible either to fight or to procure the means for a bare

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bare subsistence, however small, I resolved, in 1832, to return, as so many other Philhellenes were obliged to do. The small sum which I had obtained by selling nearly every article I possessed was rapidly dwindling away: I should have died of hunger had I remained longer.

Mr. Lieber soon found himself at Ancona, but poverty and passports equally precluded his ardent hope of visiting the Eternal City. A friend, to whom he wrote, a young German artist, obviated the first difficulty; his own dexterity the second. But it availed little to have made his way into Rome, without permission and without funds to enable him to reside there. In this embarrassment he threw himself at once on the generosity of Mr. Niebuhr, then Prussian Minister of the Papal Court, frankly explaining his situation, and the arts which he had practised, excusable as he hoped they would appear to so zealous an admirer of Roman antiquities, in order to reach Rome. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Mr. Niebuhr; his favours were conferred in such a manner as not to be refused by a man of the most sensitive delicacy.

The following trait is diverting. His first personal interview with the ambassador was concluded with an invitation to return to dinner. To Niebuhr's astonishment, the young Philhellene hesitated:—

‘When I saw that my motive for declining so flattering an invitation was not understood, I said, throwing a glance at my dress, “Really, sir, I am not in a state to dine with an excellency.” He stamped with his foot, and said with some animation, “Are diplomats always believed to be so cold hearted? I am the same that I was in Berlin when I delivered my lectures: your remark was wrong.” No argument could be urged against such reasons.’—p. 21.

The said dress was certainly not exactly court-attire:

‘My dress consisted as yet of nothing better than a pair of unblackened shoes, such as are not unfrequently worn in the Levant; a pair of socks of coarse Greek wool; the brownish pantaloons frequently worn by sea-captains in the Mediterranean; and a blue frock-coat, through which two balls had passed—a fate to which my blue cloth cap had likewise been exposed. The socks were exceedingly short, hardly covering my ankles, and so indeed were the pantaloons; so that, when I was in a sitting position, they refused me the charity of meeting, with an obstinacy which reminded me of the irreconcilable temper of the two brothers in Schiller’s “Bride of Messina.” There happened to dine with Mr. Niebuhr another lady besides Mrs. Niebuhr; and my embarrassment was not small when, towards the conclusion of the dinner, the children rose and played about on the ground, and I saw my poor extremities exposed to all the frank remarks of quick-sighted childhood.’—p. 24.

Mr. Niebuhr supplied the young student with books—his own history

history was the first work which Lieber was most anxious to borrow—and very soon invited him into his house to assist in the education of one of his sons. He was thus domiciliated with the historian during the remainder of his residence in Italy. He was indebted likewise to his generous patron for much good advice, which we fear was rather thrown away; we extract the passage for the benefit of young men of the like ardent temperament:—

‘He had observed that my mind had not been cheerful for some time past, and he said,—“I believe I understand your pensiveness. My dear friend, pray to God,—‘I will keep thy commands, give me tranquillity in return.’ A kind Providence will not refuse so simple a prayer. It is not the destiny of men of your cast of mind to go quietly on the path of faith from childhood to old age. You must struggle, but be not afraid. Many before you have had to pass through the same struggle. Keep your mind active and your soul pure, and all will come right. Whatever aspect the world around you may have, keep steadily to the love of truth. You could not help becoming old before your age; but there are at present many, it seems to me, who wantonly lose their youth, and trouble their minds with cares and griefs of which they know nothing but the name. The vigour of manhood depends much upon a healthy and natural, not premature, state of mind in youth.”—p. 91, 92.

But Mr. Lieber has a propensity to ‘agitation,’ which is not indulged quite so easily, or to so much advantage, on the Continent, particularly in the Prussian dominions, as in our more favoured country, and he found himself, soon after his return to his native land, ‘*again*’ lodged in a prison. The kindness of Niebuhr did not desert him: he visited the place of his incarceration, a village a few miles from Berlin; and it was chiefly through the privy-councillor’s influence that Lieber was liberated. He then came to England, where he entertained thoughts of offering himself as candidate for a professorship in the London University. His restless spirit, however, did not await the decision; though we should have supposed that the powerful recommendation of Niebuhr to some of the most influential, and certainly most respectable, patrons of that institution, with the irresistible claim of having been twice imprisoned for his love of liberal opinions, must have ensured his success. However that may be, he passed over to America, with a view, we understand, of instructing our trans-Atlantic brethren in the noble science of *gymnastics*. He has, however, settled down into the more congenial, and, we unfeignedly hope, more lucrative situation of professor of history and political economy in the college of South Carolina. There, no doubt, in the Utopia of perfect freedom, if he has the prudence to exclude from his historical lectures all allusions to the question of negro slavery, and to admit its advantages

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tages in those on political economy, he may end his days in peace and respect. That this may be the case, Francis Lieber has our hearty good wishes.

Niebuhr, however, now demands our attention. The Historian of Rome was not a mere author, a German professor confined within the walls of his lecture-room and the library of his University; he was a public man, employed in offices of trust and responsibility by the Prussian government. As an author, his career is remarkable for the concentration of his whole mind upon one great subject: most of his smaller works bear relation to contested or difficult points in some period of the Roman history; even the scheme which he superintended for some time, the new edition of the Byzantine Historians, has a kind of reflected interest, as a continuation of the annals of the Eternal City. Of his public life, the present volume contains only a brief and unsatisfactory outline. He was the son, as it is well known, of Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller in the East. He was born in Copenhagen, August 27, 1776; but he always considered South Ditmarsh, a small province in Germany, in which, during his second year, his father received an appointment, as his native country. Many allusions to the singular constitution of society in that district are introduced as illustrations in his history. He was chiefly indebted to his father for his early education. The traveller had adopted the wise maxim, so much neglected in modern systems of instruction, 'That a man did not deserve to learn what he had not principally worked out for himself; and that a teacher should be only a helper to assist his pupil out of otherwise inexplicable difficulties.' But the strong bias of the father's mind could not but betray itself in the direction of young Niebuhr's studies. He was ambitious to make his son a great traveller like himself. Geography was the science cultivated with the greatest interest—the father fed the young imagination of his son with passages of Eastern history 'instead of fairy tales;' and works of this class were the first placed in his hands.

'I recollect, too, that on the Christmas-eve of my tenth year, by way of making the day one of peculiar solemnity and rejoicing to me, he went to a beautiful chest containing his manuscripts, which was regarded by us children, and indeed by the whole household, as a sort of ark of the covenant; took out the papers relating to Africa, and read to me from them.'—p. xx.

The fondness of the mother and a feeble constitution caused the abandonment of the father's scheme. But the gratitude of the elder Niebuhr to the English for 'their distinguished kindness' led to a second unaccomplished plan for sending his son to India; this attachment, however, to England produced a more permanent effect

effect upon the mind of the future historian. He was instructed, by preference, out of English books—encouraged to make himself acquainted with English literature; at nineteen he went to the university of Edinburgh for a year and a half, and passed six months in travelling through England. His profound study of our English institutions may be continually traced in his great work. Young Niebuhr, previous to this time, had become acquainted with commercial affairs during a residence at Hamburg; and he had studied law for a year at the university of Kiel. On his return from England he was appointed secretary to the Danish minister of finance, Count Bernstorff. Nelson's destruction of the Danish fleet, and the bombardment of Copenhagen, which he witnessed in 1801, did not, it should seem, weaken his admiration of England. We could have wished for more distinct information as to the cause which induced Niebuhr to transfer his allegiance from Denmark to Prussia. In the year 1806 he entered into the Prussian service, and from that time became a German in heart and in mind. Was there any secret indignation at the timid subserviency of his native country to France? The paramount feeling, the passion of his soul, from that time seemed to be an abhorrence of the French domination in Germany. The fatal battle of Jena took place soon after his appointment under the Prussian government. But Niebuhr was one of those subjects of that fallen and oppressed kingdom who looked forward with the most ardent hope to its emancipation from the iron despotism of Buonaparte. There are several striking passages on these subjects in the conversations; we extract one, not merely on account of its allusion to this particular period, but on account of the general moral it contains. If, when it was spoken, it was applicable to the French character, is it much less so now?

'I think matters stand very badly in France; neither the one nor the other party allows of any cheerful prospect. The Royalists sometimes act as if they were mad; and in the Opposition are distinguished men, who have spent their whole life in contradiction to the principles they pretend to avow. Their boldness, at least, must be admired. Men who have driven the people at home and in foreign countries to despair, pretend to be liberals now! But so little are things remembered! I dare say, few people recollect how infamously some, who now figure as the foremost in the Liberal ranks, behaved among us (Germans). You know very well, that there was no greater leech and more oppressive instrument of tyranny among the French than ———, when *Intendant de la Mark de Brandebourg*, and now he is a great and noisy Liberal. He has excused himself by the old adage, that it was not he, but his orders that were oppressive: it is not true. Why have other servants of Napoleon, equally strict in executing the ruinous orders of their regardless master, acted differently? Surely they could

could bring no happy times to our poor people either; but they showed, at least, that they had a heart; and so essentially good-natured is the German, that this was always acknowledged with gratitude. He however, used to say to those who made the most earnest representations, "In half a century the country will have recovered, and no trace of suffering be left." —, in Holland, used to say, "*Que fait cela à l'Empereur?*" The people were galled to their heart's core. The French have shown a most decided trait during the time of their conquests—viz., avarice. I speak of all, from the highest to the lowest; their greediness for money was disgusting. You were too young at that time to know many details, but I know them. The many contrivances they would resort to, in order to extort money, would appear now almost incredible. Other nations have not shown this trait of meanness during their conquests. They have always levied contributions; and the English in India were certainly not over-delicate, but it was not done in so mean a way, and by every one in his sphere. How much we have often laughed, bitter as the times were, when some of the high-sounding proclamations and bulletins of Napoleon were issued, and all the French were made to appear in them the purest knights, full of honour and devotion to a great cause, and we compared these trumpet-sounds to reality. They were essentially mean, and of course without the slightest shame. There were, as you know, exceptions. How differently have our generals acted in France!"—pp. 95-98.

Yet Niebuhr is by no means ungenerous or uncandid in his judgments on the leading men of France during his day. He seems to have had a singular veneration for Carnot—

'For Carnot I feel great respect. In some points, he is the greatest man of this century. His virtue is of an exalted kind. When he invents a new system of tactics to oppose the old armies of Europe, hastens to the army, teaches how to be victorious with them, and returns to Paris, he appears great indeed. However I differ from his political views, there is a republican greatness in him which commands respect. My love for him may be an anomaly; yet so it is. Had I nothing in the wide world but a piece of bread left, I would be proud of sharing it with Carnot.'—p. 69.

'Carnot invented new tactics, and showed how to fight and conquer with them. While he was engaged in making the giant-plans for the five armies, he wrote a mathematical work of the highest character, and composed at the same time some very agreeable little poems. He was a mighty genius indeed!'—p. 179.

On Napoleon himself we have the following dictum, arising out of an observation of M. Lieber's, which we have before heard from some one else—

'[I had returned from a visit to the Capitol, and remarked how much I had been struck with the resemblance of the mouth, chin, and cheek of the colossal head of Claudius, to the corresponding parts of Napoleon;

Napoleon; and that it had surprised me how all the Caracallas, Domitians, &c. had the large round chin of Napoleon.]

‘Nevertheless, Mr. Niebuhr said, Napoleon was not cruel. He would not indeed hesitate to sacrifice human life in order to obtain his political objects; but he had no pleasure in destroying it, still less in inflicting pain: nor would he inflict death for mere vengeance; though I believe it cost him but little to order any sacrifice if he thought it necessary. In his character there prevailed too much of an iron will to hesitate in such a case.’—p. 138.

‘Napoleon knew how to break men like dogs. He would trample upon them, and again show them a piece of bread and pat them, so that they came frisking to him: and no monarch ever had so many absolute instruments of his absolute will as Napoleon. I do not speak only of his immediate servants; princes and sovereigns showed themselves equally well broken.’—pp. 139, 140.

Niebuhr had the highest opinion of Count Deserre, keeper of the seals during the administration of M. Decazes. The Count, from another anecdote, appears to have been profoundly versed in German literature—

‘Count Deserre is the deepest reflecting Frenchman I know. He reminds me of that by-gone French race of grave, thinking men, who seem to have become extinct with the night of St. Bartholomew. I feel a real love for that man.’—p. 124.

‘“I believe,” said Mr. Niebuhr to Count Deserre, “that few things would have a more salutary effect upon the French nation than a return to a very careful and thorough study of philology and antiquity. It would contribute to steady them and make them honour history; and, therefore, to consider themselves more as but one link in the great chain of nations.”

“Yes,” said the Count, “it would somewhat lead off our minds from eternal schemes, and would induce people not to seek everything in futurity.”’—p. 127.

The talents and the attachment of Niebuhr to the Prussian court did not remain unrewarded. He was appointed one of the counsellors of public affairs under Prince Hardenberg, until the peace of Tilsit. He then took an active part in the organization of the Prussian states, under the great regenerator of that kingdom, Stein. In 1808, he was employed for fourteen months on a mission to Holland. On his return, he was appointed Privy Counsellor of State, and received a temporary office in the department of finances. In 1810, he first appeared as a man of letters—he read lectures on Roman history in the newly established university of Berlin. These lectures formed the groundwork of the first edition of his history—

‘The evil time of Prussia’s humiliation had some share in the production of my History. We could do little more than ardently hope
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for better days, and prepare for them. What was to be done in the mean while? One must do something. I went back to a nation, great, but long passed by, to strengthen my mind and that of my hearers. We felt like Tacitus.—pp. 90, 91.

Niebuhr, who had watched with unfailing hope the day of deliverance from a foreign yoke, was not inactive when the great struggle took place. Immediately on the revolt of Prussia, he established a journal at Berlin; he was again sent to Holland to negotiate a loan with England; and he put forth in 1815 his work on Great Britain, with the patriotic design thus expressed in his own words:—

‘He published the work on Great Britain after that unfortunate time when a foreign people ruled over us (Germans) with a cruel sword and a heartless bureaucracy, in order to show what liberty is. Those who oppressed us called themselves all the time the harbingers of liberty; at the very moment they sucked the very heart-blood of our people; and he wanted to show what liberty in reality is.’—p. 66.

At the final peace his sovereign rewarded him with the acceptable and appropriate situation of Minister at the Papal Court. This long residence at Rome enabled Niebuhr to mature and to modify his views by the most careful examination of the topography and of the existing antiquities of the city. The new edition of his work, that translated by Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall, contains the results of these inquiries. On his return to Germany, Niebuhr extended the sphere of his literary activity; in conjunction with Professor Brandis, he conducted the *Rheinisches Museum*, a most valuable collection of papers, chiefly relating to classical and philological subjects, and commenced the new edition of the *Byzantine Historians*. Those men of letters in England who had taken an interest in the fame of Niebuhr heard with deep regret that his library, and part of his great work, had been consumed by an accidental fire in his house. He died in the fifty-fifth year of his age, at a time when his fame was extending itself throughout Europe, and when just hopes might be entertained of his completing the important task, which had been the object of his whole life.

In the domestic and social relations of life, M. Niebuhr appears to have been a very amiable man. He was twice married; he lost his first wife in 1814, nearly at the time that his father died. She was an uncommon woman, to whom he read everything before publication. ‘I have found him,’ says M. Lieber, ‘repeatedly rolling on the ground with his children; nor did he ask the beholders whether they had any children, as that personage did who affords a royal precedent to all fathers that love to play on the ground

ground with their offspring.' He lived on terms of the closest amity with many distinguished scholars of Germany, particularly Spalding, Savigny, Buttman, and Heindorf. In his youth he had been well acquainted with Klopstock. Klopstock, it seems, anticipated the verdict of his countrymen upon his own work; 'he did not like to speak of the Messiah; he was not satisfied with the poem.'* It was old Coleridge, we believe, who was asked whether Klopstock was not the German Milton—'Yes, Sir; a very German Milton indeed.' Niebuhr, we think, acquiesces in this qualified estimate of his friend's interminable paraphrase on the inimitable simplicity of the genuine 'Messiah,' the evangelic writings. Niebuhr was likewise acquainted very early in life with Voss—he held his name in affectionate reverence. His testimony to the influence of Voss on German literature we willingly extract, not only on this account, but likewise as an example of Niebuhr's fine feeling for the great poet of antiquity. We assent to the justice of Niebuhr's criticism on Pope's Homer, (the *Odyssey*, let us observe, is, in considerable parts, not Pope's, but by meaner hands,) yet we protest against the word 'ridiculous' as applied to a work so brilliant in language, so exquisite in the melody of its peculiar style of versification, so living, as its lasting popularity with all who do not compare it with the original, has, and we suspect will, prove it to be:—

'What wisdom there is in Homer! With a few omissions, it is the very book for children. I know of no story, except Robinson Crusoe, which fascinates a child so much as Homer. It is all natural, simple, and capable of being understood by a child. And then, how well does he not prepare for all the knowledge of antiquity, without which we cannot now get along! How many thousand things and sayings does the child not understand at once by knowing that great poem! The whole *Odyssey* is the finest story for a child.

'Have you ever read Pope's *Odyssey*? [I answered in the negative.]

'Well, he replied, you must read some parts of it at least; it is a ridiculous thing. There is not a breath of antiquity in Pope's translation. He might have changed as much as he liked, and called it a reproduction; but to strip it of its spirit of antiquity, was giving us a corpse instead of a living being. It is a small thing. How totally different is the manner in which the German Voss has handled the subject! He shows at once that he knows and feels the poem is antique, and he means to leave it so. Voss's translation might certainly be improved in various parts, but he has made Homer a German work, now read by every one: he has done a great thing. You do not imagine it, yet it is a fact, that Voss's translation of Homer has had a great influence upon your own education. I say it, well considering what I say, that

* It is amusing enough that some people censured Klopstock's skating as unbecoming the bard of the Messiah.

the influence of the labours of Voss on the whole German nation will be so great, that other nations will feel and acknowledge it.'—pp. 73-75.

Niebuhr's range of knowledge was extraordinary even in a German. He understood all the languages of Europe, he had not even neglected those of the Slavonic stock, though he did not profess to speak the latter. Of one Slavonic dialect he gives this remarkable opinion:—

'I think the old Slavonic language, as spoken in Servia, is the most perfect of the living European languages: it has quite the honesty and power of the German language, and a philosophical grammar. The Russians used to laugh at me when they found me studying the Slavonic languages; so little are they yet a nation as not to love their vernacular tongue.'—p. 114.

His memory was his most surprising intellectual faculty. In this, as M. Lieber justly observes, he resembled Gibbon:—

'Without a strong memory I never should have been able to write my History, for extracts and notes would not have been sufficient; they would again have formed an inaccessible mass, had I not possessed the index in my mind.'—p. 47.

'[When I had just returned from Greece, and described certain spots to him, he would ask for by-ways, remains of wells, paths over high ridges, or other minute details, as if he had been there. As many of the objects for which he asked exist still, and I had seen them, I was amazed at his accurate knowledge.]

'Oh, said he, I never forget anything I once have seen, read, or heard.'—p. 94.

Yet with all his vast and cumbrous learning Niebuhr was a cheerful, light-hearted man. At Naples, he delighted in Policinello; and witnessed the long-drawn absorption of macaroni, by that comical worthy Scaramouch, with the greatest glee. M. Lieber, who, although he loves to dabble a little in treasons and conspiracies, has not much of Cassius' vein, observes, 'that he was a good man, and therefore open to mirth.'

M. Niebuhr's political views, which we should have supposed, from a careful study of his writings, at least sufficiently popular, did not accord with the wild liberalism of his admirer. 'He must be classed with those who look back rather than forward.' In fact, Niebuhr was much inclined to look *around* him with patriotic gratitude—he saw the beneficial effects arising every day from the parental administration of the Prussian government, and, like a wise man, would receive all the blessings of social order, of peace, of happiness, and intellectual cultivation, even from a despotic hand. Much longer experience in mankind, in mankind at the present day, had taught him to mistrust the clamorous demagogues,

magogues, whose highest visions of public liberty continually converge towards their own political power. 'His heart was with the people, but he disliked modern political principles.' One or two of his political aphorisms appear to us to be marked with true wisdom :—

'Whoever has power abuses it; every page of history proves the fact:—individual, body, the people, it is all the same; power is abused; and yet some one or some body must have it. The great problem seems to be to vest it in such a manner that as little mischief can be done as possible. But to effect this, something very different is necessary from merely clipping the wings of power. Injudicious restraint of power leads to as many evil consequences as unlimited power.'—pp. 82, 83.

'Only those who do not know anything of history, or have never observed and studied republics now in existence, can have for a moment the idea that France can become a republic. There is not one of the many necessary materials for building a republic in France. It is utterly impossible; yet there are some crazy brains who wish for a French republic in good faith; many of those who pretend to believe in it know much better.'—pp. 94, 95.

'A constitutional monarchy cannot get along without a considerable influence in the popular branch of the representatives.'—p. 131.

There is not much to be found, nor indeed much to be expected, concerning the religious opinions of Niebuhr in these conversations. What there is appears calm, rational, and tolerant. Niebuhr, on one occasion, alluded to the attacks which had been made against him on this point. The conversation passed to Wolff's Homeric theory. This work, it appears, had been assailed as indicating a spirit of scepticism, which might be applied to writings of higher importance. M. Lieber, by the way, does not seem aware how far German theology has proceeded on substituting 'a number of Mosaic writers for the one deliverer of the Hebrews.' M. Lieber expressed his feelings of bitter disappointment when he was first instructed in Wolff's theory. Niebuhr's answer was in the following words :—

'Well, said Mr. Niebuhr, and you know that he was very furiously attacked by some philologists as a barbarian, destroying one of the finest images we had of antiquity. I understand what you felt perfectly well. I felt the same; but truth remains truth, and certainly you would not wish me to withhold results at which I believe I have properly arrived. It appeared to many much more delightful to imagine a separate deity guarding every tree, every flower to be sacred to another god, than to believe in one God ruling over all and every thing: should they have rejected him because this belief destroyed the dreams of their childhood? Nothing in this world is easier than to enlist a common and popular prejudice against a man. Be
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always extremely careful whenever you hear a universal cry against a man for having stated something in religious or scientific matters. As for the fear of criticism, it only shows weakness. I never yet have found a man who feels perfectly secure in his belief, that shuns inquiry into the Bible.'—pp. 106, 107.

On this passage we shall leave the reader to form his own judgment; we would express, however, by the way, our own confidence, that paradoxical opinions, whether in taste or religion, however ingenious or brilliant, will not permanently retain their empire in an inquiring nation like the Germans. We have entered our dissent, we think, on strong and legitimate grounds of reasoning, from Wolff's theory; and we are glad to find a strong reaction in Germany itself on our side of the question. The works of Nitsch (*Meletemata de Vitâ Homeri*) are strongly opposed to the Wolffian hypothesis; and a recent very elaborate History of Grecian Poetry, by Dr. Olrici, maintains the old orthodox Homeric faith.

We must, however, extract one more passage on the more delicate and important subject which we are upon. It appears equally candid, rational, and *Christian*. 'The conversation turned upon the indulgences of the Church of Rome :—

' You know, observed M. Niebuhr, that these indulgences, often granted at once for several thousand years, extend to purgatory, and if you do not stand in need of the whole, you may pass the balance to the favour of whomsoever you see fit. It is these things which make so many Italians atheists. They cannot swallow this, and therefore throw away everything else with it. Matters stand very ill in many Catholic countries on account of these extravagances. In South America hardly any people but women go to mass. And yet a truly pious and devout heart finds its way through all the mazes to God. There are many persons who leave these matters undecided, as every man is obliged to do in numerous cases in life, when, without giving his positive and well-considered assent, he nevertheless does not feel called upon to reform. And not a few of these are among the highest clergy, the popes themselves. But this is not what I wanted to say: I mean, there are some persons who devoutly believe every jot even of these things, and whose hearts nevertheless are pure as snow. There was an old Franciscan formerly here who used to visit us frequently; he is now bishop of Corfu. I believe him as good and truly religious a man as I have ever known,—abounding with the milk of human kindness; and yet he believed in every doctrine and observance of the Roman Church, in all her intolerant mandates against us, and, I have not the slightest doubt, in all the miracles and whatever else his order believes of St. Francis. His natural religious constitution was too strong: I can imagine a saint under his serene image. Marcus was quite little at the time I knew this old man; and the

the child would often take the cord of the venerable Franciscan, and pull it, as if to play horse with him. I was sometimes afraid it might embarrass him, as being in his eyes somewhat a profanation; but he always smiled with the greatest kindness upon the child. He, I am sure, would not have wished all heretics lost for ever; nor does he probably believe they will be, or feel so; yet he may try to force it upon his mind as an article of his faith. Religion is so ethereal a thing, that as soon as you bring it down to articles of faith, aiming at the consistency which we expect in all other matters, we are led to consequences, some of which one or other cannot make part of his positive and living belief. There are hard things in the articles of the English church, in Calvinism, in the symbolic books (of the Lutherans); but God is wiser than all, and his power reaches hearts everywhere.'—p. 152-155.

It remains to consider Niebuhr in that character which gives dignity and importance to these incidental circumstances of his life, as the historian of Rome. It cannot, however, be expected that we should enter, at present, into any detailed examination, or pass a deliberate judgment on his great work. No writer, we have said, ever so completely concentrated his studies, vast and extensive as they were, on one work, as Niebuhr. Most of his smaller publications converge, as it were, to the history of Rome. The discovery of the Institutes of Caius, at Verona,—the republication of the fragments of classical authors, edited by Maio,—most of his papers in the Berlin Transactions, and in the philological journals, bear upon questions connected with Roman History. 'If God will only grant me a life so long that I may end where Gibbon begins, it is all I pray for.' This sentence, addressed to M. Lieber, forcibly defines the one engrossing object of his literary ambition. Our readers are probably aware how entirely these noble schemes were frustrated. We have only three volumes, containing the dubious and unsatisfactory history of early Rome, down to the last quarter of the fifth century. That this great fragment is a most wonderful work, we need only cite the suffrages of learned men throughout Europe. There can be no doubt that it will remain a lasting record of the vast research, the ingenuity, the sagacity, the fearless destructive energy, the creative genius of the author. It is impossible to read, or rather to study, the work, without admiration, astonishment, and conviction. But when we close it, when our minds are released from the spell of the enchanter, importunate doubts will arise; we cannot but think that, in the reconstruction, at least, of the demolished edifice of old Roman history, much is arbitrary and unsatisfactory. Niebuhr's unrivalled power of combining the most remote facts, collected by microscopic acuteness, from the most remote quarters, and framing them

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them into a consistent and harmonious theory, always commands the attention, and in general captivates the assent; but there is one inextinguishable suspicion which haunts the mind, when it meditates more calmly upon the subject,—the improbability that the whole course of ancient Roman history should thus have gone wrong; and that errors which vitiate the whole plan of their history should not only pervade the works of Dionysius and Livy, but that they should be set right by a German of the nineteenth century. That the imaginative mind of the former, and the Greek prejudices of the latter, should have perverted and misled their judgment, is most probable; that their histories of the early periods of Rome are full of romance and fiction, not less so; the difficulty consists not in rejecting as uncertain or apocryphal their system, but in accepting, as of greater authority, that of Niebuhr. Yet when we contemplate again and again the beautiful simplicity of Niebuhr's hypothesis of the Roman and Sabine town, each on its adverse hill, the relations with Etruria, the origin of the Plebs, the *ager publicus*, the poetical character of much of the earlier annals, it is difficult not to surrender ourselves again in implicit faith to our bold guide over the quaking morass of Roman antiquity.* If we might venture to predict, we should incline to the opinion, that some of Niebuhr's discoveries will retain their place in Roman history; others will be rejected, or silently dismissed; if, indeed, Roman history shall ever resume a consistent and authoritative form,—if the ancients and moderns are hereafter to be harmonized by some felicitous hand, which may command the general assent, and perfect the received and popular work on the history of the republic.

For, in truth, this must, sooner or later, be done. It is (as we have elsewhere said) a complete misnomer to call the collections of dissertations, which fill the volumes of Niebuhr, extraordinary as they are, by the name of history. In many places the narrative is altogether omitted,—in some it assumes an abstruse

* We were amused by stumbling upon an anticipation of Niebuhr, as to one doubtful point, the existence of the national *ballad poetry* of the Romans. If we recollect right, he supposes these poems sometimes to have been sung on such great festive occasions as triumphs, and so thought the author of *Hudibras*:—

'For, as the aldermen of Rome,
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As some, mistaken, write in story,)
Being mounted in their best array
Upon a car, and who but they:
And followed with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd and *ballads*,
Did ride, with many a good morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town, through the borough, &c.

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form; and, in fact, the whole work absolutely requires a very considerable previous acquaintance with Roman history to be intelligible. It is not merely the singular style, too faithfully preserved by his accomplished translators, but the whole composition of the book, which requires a long initiation into the author's way of seeing and of reasoning, before it can be comprehended by the ordinary reader. We know no more valuable service that could be rendered to the general reader, than the recomposition of the sounder parts of Niebuhr's book, skilfully blended and harmonized with a vigorous, animated, and easy narrative of events. It is not, we conceive, the real office of history to discuss, to investigate, to apply the principles of historical criticism in the body of the work itself, but to relate; to give the results, not the process of profound inquiry; never to abandon the primary excellence of history, a distinct and animated narrative, for that which, however invaluable in its way, antiquarian, philological, or philosophical comment, cannot supply its place. This unquestionably is the best, in our days perhaps an indispensable subsidiary to history, but it is not history itself.

Would Niebuhr have succeeded in the plainer and distincter course of the later Roman history? We sincerely regret that, at least, he was not permitted, by the inscrutable Ruler of all human events, to make the attempt. Is it not singular that of the most remarkable period in the annals of mankind,—that beyond all others fertile in great events and in great men, in great virtues and in great crimes,—that of which the consequences have been for ages and are perhaps still felt in the constitution of human society,—the last century of the Roman republic, there should exist in no language a full, comprehensive, eloquent, and statesmanlike account? What great historian's name, in modern times, (there is, we need not say, no connected Greek or Roman history of the period,) is associated with this time? In England we have the dry prolixity of Hooke,—Ferguson, perhaps, is the best,—but without disparagement to the fame of a work which certainly had great merit for its day, it cannot be esteemed equal to these times. Middleton's *Life of Cicero* is only one scene, as it were, in the great drama,—nor do we know how adequately to supply our own deficiency from the literature of France, Germany, Spain, or Italy. We searched anxiously for passages in the book before us, which might contain Niebuhr's opinion of the characters and events of that era. Unfortunately, these points seem scarcely to have occurred in his casual conversations with M. Lieber,—we found hardly anything but the following observations, which, after all, are commonplace enough—and the latter of them not more commonplace than weak and prejudiced:—

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'Marius and Sylla were not mere bloodhounds. The state of things, as so often is the case, brought them to what they did. Each of the two was in the right and in the wrong; it is always so where parties exist. It cannot be denied that they were both actuated by ideas.'—p. 205.

'Cæsar was a mighty but unbridled character, like Mirabeau. It is impossible to imagine Cæsar great enough. The good abandoned him; with whom could he associate, or on whom could he rest his lever except on the bad? Such a mind could not possibly be at rest, nor could he remain alone. I have no doubt but that it would have been possible to approach Cæsar with entire confidence after he had firmly established himself. The act of Brutus was just: there cannot be a doubt about this; for a man who does in a republic what Cæsar did, stands without the law of this republic. He had forfeited his life according to the laws of his state. It cannot be otherwise. Men who bring a new time must act against the laws belonging to the past. Times would not have been so bad under Cæsar as they grew after his death. Brutus was, undoubtedly, a pure, noble soul; but times had changed. Cato died at the right moment; for, however things might have turned out, no sphere would have opened itself for him after the battle of Actium.'—pp. 196, 197.

This is all, excepting a good sentence or two about the passion of the Romans for farming, and on the power of their religion. Nor do we hear that M. Niebuhr has left any collections for any later period than that comprehended within the third volume of his work. Who is there, then, who, even if he should reverentially avoid the ground already trod by Niebuhr, will fill up the vast chasm between the close of his work and the commencement of Gibbon? Of no period, perhaps, have such fine things been said and sung, in prose and verse; but where is the powerful mind which shall compose this grand historical picture, with the Roman world for its place of action, with all its groups, its Metelli and Luculli, its Marius and Sylla; its Pompey and Cæsar, its Cato and Cicero; its Clodius and Catiline; each in their proper proportion and becoming hue; with all the victories and triumphs, the massacres and acts of sincere devotion, in their due gradations of light and shade? To be sure the writer ought to be a scholar and a statesman, not unacquainted with military affairs, a philosopher, with something of a poet's imagination,—and the master of a pure, vigorous, and lively style. Whether Niebuhr possessed enough of these qualifications—especially of the last—whether the practice of writing, and the animation of the subject, might have developed powers which had no opportunity of displaying themselves in the earlier part of his task—it would be presumptuous, and now, unhappily, it is vain, to conjecture. *Exoriare aliquis,*

aliquis, is our devout ejaculation,—in whatever country he may be born, or in whatever language he may write; but we shall, of course, feel greater pride and satisfaction, if the literature, which has already supplied Europe with the History of the Decline and Fall of Rome, shall likewise complete it by the received and accredited work on her Rise and Progress to Universal Empire.

ART. IX.—1. *Correspondence relating to the Slave-Trade with the British Commissioners—Class A.—and with Foreign Powers—Class B.* Presented to Parliament in 1830, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

2. *Present State of the Foreign Slave-Trade.* London. 1831.

3. *Colonial Commerce.* By A. Macdonnell, Esq., London. 1831.

4. *Notices of Brazil in 1828 and 1829.* By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. London. 1830.

5. *Remarks on the Sugar-Trade.* London. 1834.

6. *Letter to the Lord Glenelg, containing a Report, from personal observation, on the Working of the New System in the British West India Colonies.* By John Innes. Second Edition. 8vo. London. 1835.

THE British colonies have undergone a reconstruction of their whole society; and the mother-country has charged herself with a heavy ransom: great sacrifices—the price of a great object. It is for her statesmen to take care that she be not defrauded of the purchase, after having thus largely paid the consideration. Let them look then to the foreign slave-trade.

The day has arrived when the aspirations of philanthropy are no longer in conflict with any claims of property. From this time forth, policy and sympathy coincide; for the West Indian planter, and the emancipated negro, and the English nation, have now one common cause. If, therefore, in the view which we are about to offer of the new circumstances, and of the new duties, resulting from the recent deliverance of the British slaves, we dwell chiefly on general considerations which respect the negroes and the mother-country, with only an occasional reference to those peculiar claims which we admit that the planters may very justly set up, we must not be deemed hostile or indifferent to the cause of the colonists: nay, on the contrary, we trust that the well-judging part of the colonial body will feel how much more substantial a service we are likely to render them with the public, by urging the broad arguments which rest on duty and national

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national policy, (and thus collaterally operate, as it will be found that such arguments do, to the necessary relief of the West Indians,) than if we were to press any separate rights of theirs, as opposed to, or even distinct from, the general interests of the community. The primary object which we now have at heart, and to which we mainly devote the following pages, is the abatement of that grievous, and we fear still growing curse, the foreign slave-trade; which to check, and if possible to crush, is not more a boon for Africa, and a point of duty for England, than a gain for the West Indian colonies. We must trace it through all its stages,—from Africa, where it begins, over the ocean, which is its midway, to its ending place in the slave-plantations of foreign America.

The following quotation is from an account given by the late Richard Lander, the traveller in Africa, of the slave-markets there, at one of which he was long a resident :—

‘ It not unfrequently happens that the market is either overstocked with human beings, or no buyers are to be found; in which case the maintenance of the unhappy slave devolves solely on the government. The expense incurred by this means is oftentimes murmured against by the king, who shortly afterwards causes an examination to be made, when the sickly, as well as the old and infirm, are carefully selected, and chained by themselves in one of the factories (five of which, containing upwards of one thousand slaves of both sexes, were at Badagry during my residence there); and next day the majority of these poor wretches are pinioned and conveyed to the banks of the river, where having arrived, *a weight of some sort is appended to their necks, and being rowed in canoes to the middle of the stream, they are flung into the water and left to perish, by the pitiless Badagrians.* Slaves, who for other reasons are rejected by the merchants, undergo the same punishment, or are to endure more lively torture at the sacrifices, by which means hundreds of human beings are annually destroyed.’—*Present State*, pp. 2, 3.

The commissioners at Sierra Leone, June 15, 1830, express themselves thus* :—

‘ We lament to state that, whilst the natives are excited by slave-dealers to furnish them with a human cargo, those natives are so infatuated with that trade, and with the large profits they thereby attain, that *no inducement that will allow of profit to parties offering it will tempt them to turn their attention to the procuration of such articles as the British trader can lawfully purchase.*’

The consequence is, an encouragement of continual wars, undertaken for no real object but the capture of prisoners by one black sovereign from another, to be sold to white dealers as slaves. While such motives are brought to bear upon these wretched

* Parliamentary Papers, presented 1831, A. p. 7.

savages, it is in vain for humanity to attempt any improvement either in the social condition or in the moral feeling of Africa.

The beginnings then of the slave-trade are war, captivity, separation from family and country; fearful calamities, yet light, as compared with those which follow the embarkation.

Of the horrors of the middle passage, since the slave-trade has become illegal, we gave some account in October, 1821, in October, 1822, and again in September, 1826. Our readers will recollect the case of the Spanish schooner *Vecua*, in which, when captured, a lighted match was hanging over the open powder-magazine. It was seen by one of our seamen, who quietly put his hat under the burning wick, and removed it. One spark from that match would have blown up three hundred and twenty-five Africans ironed in the hold, and all the English sailors on board. The Spaniards had the audacity to express their disappointment at the failure of their plot.—Nor will the instance of the *Rodeur* have been forgotten, where, besides the slaves who in despair threw themselves into the sea locked in each other's arms, thirty-nine became blind, and were cast overboard as useless. That the atrocities which we then deplored have not abated since we now bring dreadful proof.

The space into which the negroes are stowed for the passage is usually a sort of hold, less than three feet high: so that it is impossible for them, even in a sitting posture, to sustain their bodies upright. In the *Desengaño* (captured in 1833), the height was only twenty-eight inches.* Commodore Bullen describes a cargo (1828), among whom were many females with infants at their breasts, as 'crowded together in a solid mass of filth and corruption.'†

The *Cristina*, a Spanish brigantine, was captured in 1831 with 348 slaves. 'The small-pox breaking out amongst them in a small vessel,' (for it is a *small* vessel that carries *only* 348 slaves,) 'crowded together as they were, spread with rapidity through the whole number on board, and carried off 116 previously to their arrival, and 16 after they were landed.'‡

In the *Midas*, a Spanish brig—(1830)—
'the number originally shipped amounted to 562; but they had been reduced to 400 at the time of the detention; and upon the following day, when the slaves were counted, that number was further reduced to 369, in consequence of several of the slaves, through fright, as it is supposed, having thrown themselves into the sea; it also appears that, prior to the arrival of the *Midas* at the Havannah, nine others had thrown themselves overboard, notwithstanding the utmost care had been taken on the part of the captors, and sixty-nine others died of the small-pox and other diseases.' §

* Parliamentary Papers, presented 1833, A. p. 10.

‡ Ibid. 1831, A. p. 21.

† Ibid. 1828, A. p. 7.

§ Ibid. 1830, A. p. 163.

The following is the medical report on the state of the Brazilian schooner *Mensageira*, captured in 1830 with 353 slaves:—‘A hundred and sixty on deck without accommodation for them below; and the whole number, 353, suffering so much from their crowded state, from dysentery, ophthalmia, and ulcers, that we recommend their being immediately landed, *to save their lives.*’*

The *Apta*, condemned in 1834 at Sierra Leone, was only thirty feet in length, and eleven in beam; and besides eleven other persons, she had fifty-four slaves on board: in all, sixty-five human beings. This case was the subject of an indignant remonstrance by the Duke of Wellington in the month following his accession to the Foreign Office.†

The two next cases are taken from ‘The present State of the Foreign Slave-Trade,’ published only four years ago, which vouches, as its principal authority, the papers laid before parliament, but gives the substance in a more compendious form:—

‘*La Jeune Estelle, being chased by a British vessel, ENCLOSED TWELVE NEGROES IN CASKS, AND THREW THEM OVERBOARD.*’

‘M. Oiseau, commander of *Le Louis*, a French vessel, in completing his cargo at Malabar, thrust the slaves into a narrow space, *three feet high, and closed the hatches.* Next morning *fifty were found dead.* Oiseau coolly went ashore to purchase others to supply their place.’

The following extract is from a report by Captain Hayes to the Admiralty, of a representation made to him respecting one of these vessels, in 1832:—

‘The master, having a large cargo of these human beings *chained together*, with more humanity than his fellows, permitted some of them to come on deck, *but still chained together*, for the benefit of the air; when they immediately commenced jumping overboard hand in hand, and drowning in couples; and, continued the person (relating the circumstance), “without any cause whatever.” Now, these people were just brought from a situation between decks, and to which they knew they must return, where the scalding perspiration was running from one to the other, covered also with their own filth, and where *it is no uncommon occurrence for women to be bringing forth children, and men dying by their side*, with full in their view *living and dead bodies chained together*; and the living, in addition to all their other torments, labouring under the most famishing thirst (being in very few instances allowed more than a pint of water a day);—and, let it not be forgotten, that these unfortunate people had just been torn from their country, their families, their all! Men dragged from their wives, women from their husbands and children, girls from their mothers, and boys from their fathers; and yet in this

* Parliamentary Papers, presented 1830, A. p. 59.

† Ibid. 1835, B. p. 21.
man's

man's eye (for heart and soul he could have none) there was no cause whatever for jumping overboard and drowning. This in truth is a rough picture, but it is not highly coloured. *The men are chained in pairs, and, as a proof they are intended so to remain to the end of the voyage, their fetters are not locked, but riveted by the blacksmith, and as deaths are frequently occurring, living men are often for a length of time confined to dead bodies;* the living man cannot be released till the blacksmith has performed the operation of cutting the clench of the rivet with his chisel; and I have now an officer on board the Dryad, who, on examining one of these slave-vessels, found *not only living men chained to dead bodies, but the latter in a putrid state;* and we have now a case reported here, which, if true, is too horrible and disgusting to be described.*

In the notorious Spanish slaver, the Veloz Passageira, captured with 556 slaves after a severe action, the captain made the slaves assist to work the guns against their own deliverers. Five were found killed, and one desperately wounded.

This Veloz Passageira had acquired so atrocious a reputation, that it became an object with our commanders to make a special search for her. Captain Arabin, of the North Star, having information on his homeward voyage that she would cross his course near the equator, made preparations to attack her, though the North Star was of much inferior strength. Dr. Walsh, who was coming home in the British vessel, relates, that at breakfast, while the conversation was turning on the chances of meeting with the slaver, a midshipman entered the cabin, and said in a hurried manner, that a sail was visible to N.W. All rushed on deck, and setting their glasses, distinctly saw a large ship of three masts, apparently crossing their way. In about an hour she tacked, as if not liking their appearance, and stood away before the wind. The English captain gave chase. The breeze freshened, her hull became distinctly visible, and she was now ascertained to be a slaver. Escape seemed impracticable. She doubled, however, in all directions, and seemed to change her course each moment, to avoid her pursuers. Five guns were successively fired, and the English union flag hoisted, but without effect; and the wind now dying away, the North Star began to drop astern. 'We kept a sharp look out,' says Dr. Walsh, 'with intense interest, leaning over the netting, and silently handing the glass to one another, as if a word spoken would impede our way.' Thus closed the night. 'When morning dawned, we saw her, like a speck on the horizon, standing due north.' The breeze increased, and again the British captain gained on the slaver. Again long shots were sent after her, but she only crowded more sail to escape. At

* Parliamentary Papers, presented 1832, B. pp. 170, 171.

twelve 'we were entirely within gun-shot, and one of our long bow-guns was again fired at her. It struck the water alongside, and then, for the first time, she showed a disposition to stop. While we were preparing a second, she hove to, and in a short time we were alongside her, after a most interesting chase of thirty hours, during which we ran 300 miles.'

After all, she was not the ship for which Captain Arabin had been looking out, but she was full of slaves. Behind her foremast was an enormous gun, turning on a broad circle of iron, and *enabling her to act as a pirate if her slaving speculation had failed.* She had taken in, on the coast of Africa, 562 slaves, 'and had been out *seventeen days, during which she had thrown over-board fifty-five.*'

'The slaves were all enclosed under grated hatchways, between decks. The space was so low, that they sat between each other's legs, and stowed so close together, that there was no possibility of their lying down, or at all changing their position, by night or day. As they belonged to, and were shipped on account of, different individuals, they were all branded like sheep, with the owner's marks, of different forms. These were impressed under their breasts, or on their arms, and, as the mate informed me, with perfect indifference, "burnt with the red-hot iron." Over the hatchway stood a ferocious-looking fellow, with a scourge of many twisted thongs in his hand, who was the slave-driver of the ship, and whenever he heard the slightest noise below, he shook it over them, and seemed eager to exercise it. I was quite pleased to take this hateful badge out of his hand, and I have kept it ever since as a horrid memorial of reality, should I ever be disposed to forget the scene I witnessed.

'As soon as the poor creatures saw us looking down at them, their dark and melancholy visages brightened up. They perceived something of sympathy and kindness in our looks, which they had not been accustomed to, and feeling instinctively that we were friends, they immediately began to shout and clap their hands. One or two had picked up a few Portuguese words, and cried out "Viva! viva!" The women were particularly excited. They all held up their arms, and when we bent down and shook hands with them, they could not contain their delight; they endeavoured to scramble upon their knees, stretching up to kiss our hands, and we understood that they knew we were come to liberate them. Some, however, hung down their heads in apparently hopeless dejection; some were greatly emaciated, and some, particularly children, seemed dying. But the circumstance which struck us most forcibly was, how it was possible for such a number of human beings to exist, packed up and wedged together as tight as they could cram, in low cells, three feet high, the greater part of which, except that immediately under the grated hatchways, were shut out from light and air, and this, when the thermometer, exposed to the open sky, was standing in the shade on our deck, at

39°. The space between decks was divided into two compartments, 3 feet 3 inches high; the size of one was 16 feet by 18, and of the other 40 by 21; into the first were crammed the women and girls; into the second the men and boys; 226 fellow-creatures were thus thrust into one space 288 feet square; and 336 into another space 800 feet square, giving to the whole *an average of 23 inches*; and to each of the women not more than 13 inches, though many of them were pregnant. We also found manacles and fetters of different kinds; but it appears that they had *all been taken off before we boarded*. The heat of these horrid places was so great, and the odour so offensive, that it was quite impossible to enter them, even had there been room. They were measured as above when the slaves had left them. The officers insisted that the poor suffering creatures should be admitted on deck to get air and water. . . . On looking into the places where they had been crammed, there were found some children next the sides of the ship, in the places most remote from light and air; they were lying nearly in a torpid state, after the rest had turned out. The little creatures seemed indifferent as to life or death; and when they were carried on deck, many of them could not stand. After enjoying, for a short time, the unusual luxury of air, some water was brought; it was then that the extent of their sufferings was exposed in a fearful manner. They all rushed like maniacs towards it. No entreaties, or threats, or blows could restrain them; they shrieked and struggled, and fought with one another, for a drop of this precious liquid, as if they grew rabid at the sight of it. There is nothing which slaves, in the mid-passage, suffer from so much as want of water. It is sometimes usual to take out casks filled with sea-water as ballast; and when the slaves are received on board, to start the casks, and re-fill them with fresh. On one occasion, a ship from Bahia neglected to change the contents of the casks, and, on the mid-passage, found, to their horror, that they were filled with nothing but salt water. *All the slaves on board perished.*—Walsh, vol. ii., pp. 474—484.

At the time of this seizure, Brazil was precluded from the slave-trade north of the equator; but the period had not arrived when, by treaty, the southern trade was also to be extinguished. The captain of this slaver was provided with papers, which exhibited an apparent conformity to the law, and which, false as they may have been, yet could in no way be absolutely disproved. The accounts of the slaves themselves, who stated that they had *originally* come from parts of Africa north of the line,—the course which the slaver was steering,—her flight from the English cruiser,—were circumstances raising suspicion the most violent; but the reader will be not a little disappointed to learn, that, with all this, the case was deemed too doubtful, in point of legal proof, to bear out a detention; and the slaver, therefore, after nine hours of close investigation, was finally set at liberty,

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liberty, and suffered to proceed. 'It was dark when we separated, and the last parting sounds we heard from the unhallowed ship were the cries and shrieks of the slaves, suffering under some bodily infliction.'

Dr. Walsh proceeds thus:—

'I was informed by my friends, who had passed so long a time on the coast of Africa, and visited so many ships, that this was one of the best they had seen. *The height sometimes between decks was only eighteen inches*; so that the unfortunate beings could not turn round, or even on their sides, the elevation being less than the breadth of their shoulders; and *here they are usually chained to the decks by the neck and legs*. In such a place the sense of misery and suffocation is so great, that the negroes, like the English in the Black Hole at Calcutta, are driven to frenzy. They had, on one occasion, taken a slave vessel in the river Bonny; the slaves were stowed in the narrow space between decks, and chained together. They heard a horrid din and tumult among them, and could not imagine from what cause it proceeded. They opened the hatches, and turned them up on deck. They were manacled together in twos and threes. Their horror may be well conceived, when they found a number of them *in different stages of suffocation*; *many of them were foaming at the mouth, and in the last agonies,—many were dead*. A living man was sometimes dragged up, and his companion was a dead body; sometimes, of the three attached to the same chain, one was dying, and another dead. The tumult they had heard was the frenzy of these suffocating wretches in the last state of fury and desperation, struggling to extricate themselves. When they were all dragged up, nineteen were irrevocably dead. Many destroyed one another in the hopes of getting room to breathe; *men strangled those next them, and women drove nails into each other's brains*. Many unfortunate creatures, on other occasions, took the first opportunity of leaping overboard, and getting rid, in this way, of an intolerable life. They often found the poor negroes impressed with the strongest terror at their deliverers. The slave-dealers persuaded them that the English were cannibals, who only took them to eat them. When undeceived, their joy and gratitude were proportionably great. Sometimes a mortal malady had struck them before they were captured, from which they never could recover. They used to lie down in the water of the lee-scutters, and notwithstanding every care, pined away to skin and bone, wasted with fever and dysentery; and when at length they were consigned to the deep, they were mere skeletons.'—*Ibid.* p. 485.

Mr. Villiers, the British minister at Madrid, represented but the other day to the Spanish government, that

'it is now common to see the slave-vessels powerfully armed and manned, in order to seize upon such weaker ships as they may encounter freighted with captives, and thus save themselves the risk and expense of a distant voyage. The sufferings of the victims, while

the brutal captors are contending for the possession of the prey, which not unfrequently is itself destroyed in the struggle, may be easily conceived.*

The Maria Isabel, a slaver commanded by one Mauri, having been boarded by Lieutenant Rose,

'the first words uttered by Mauri were, that had he seen the man of war in chase one hour earlier, he would have thrown every slave in his vessel overboard, as he was FULLY INSURED.†

The English consuls in Brazil found means, for three successive half years, from 1st January, 1829, to 30th June, 1830,‡ to obtain returns of the numbers imported into Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Pernambuco, Maranhão, and Pará; and the total for the one year, 1829, is 70,074, exclusive of 4579 who died on the voyage—altogether 74,653. These returns apply to Brazil alone. What number of slaves may, in that year, have been introduced into the vast plantations of the Spaniards in Cuba and Puerto Rico, or into the colonies belonging to France or Holland, we have no precise data for ascertaining. We find however that in the two years 1828 and 1829§ upwards of 100 slave-ships sailed for Africa from the Havannah alone—that is, more than 50 in each year; and if we deduct a tenth for captures and accidents, and take the cargoes of the rest at only 300 negroes for each ship, we have upwards of 13,000 for one year, consigned to a single port in the single island of Cuba. Then if, in addition to the 74,653 for Brazil, and the 13,000 for the Havannah, we were to suppose no more than another 13,000 for all the other plantations of all the foreign powers, we should have, for the year 1829, a traffic to the amount of more than 100,000 human beings, with a mortality of between 6 and 7 per cent. upon that whole number in this short middle passage of about one month.

But we have also the returns for the next half year, from 1st January to 30th June, 1830. Do they show a diminution of the mortality? On the contrary, a frightful increase. In that one half year, 47,258 negroes were embarked from Africa for Brazil, of whom 3524, *more than 8 per cent., were sacrificed on the passage!*

We entreat an attentive observation of these things, that the country may know they have to deal with a mischief, not merely vast in its present growth, but still swelling yearly in extent and malignity.

'It is well known,' says Lord Palmerston to the British minister at Madrid, 26th March, 1831, 'that every river on the coast of Africa, where slaves are to be obtained, still swarms with slave-ships, bearing

* Parliamentary Papers, presented 1835, B. p. 7.

† Ibid. A. pp. 25, 26.

‡ Ibid. 1830, B. pp. 82-89; and 1831, B. pp. 71, 79 89, 113, 119, 120, 121, 130, 134, 135, 138.

§ Ibid. 1831, A. p. 85.

openly *the flag of Spain* ; while vessel after vessel sails for that coast from the Havannah, returns laden with these slaves, of whom even the number on board is publicly known, lands them unmolested at the back of the island of Cuba, re-enters the port of the Havannah in ballast, and is again fitted up, rapidly and without impediment, for a fresh expedition in this prohibited traffic.*

The commissioners at Sierra Leone, again, write thus, three years later, to Lord Palmerston :—

‘ The traffic under *the Portuguese flag*, which for years past had been almost unheard of, appears now to be carried on to as great an extent as it was before Brazil ceased to belong to Portugal. We have been informed that *thirty* Portuguese vessels were, a short time past, engaged in slaving in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, and the rivers emptying themselves therein ; and we are of opinion that the destination of those vessels would be to the island of Cuba.†

They were not mistaken in that opinion : for in August, 1834, we find Mr. Macleay apprizing Lord Palmerston, that, since the new Captain-General’s arrival at the Havannah, the slave-trade of that port has been ‘ more shamelessly prevalent than ever he recollects it to have been during his long residence there ;’ and then he adds, that in the preceding six weeks, six slavers had departed and four arrived, one of which was said to have landed *seven hundred* negroes.‡

It is impossible but that the extensive importations, which had thus been going on till the beginning of 1834, must have diminished the demand for slaves in the immediately succeeding seasons, had not the Emancipation Act, 3 and 4 Will. IV., c. 73, by striking a final blow at the compulsory labour of the British colonies, laid open a fresh field to the energies of the foreign planters : but the trade was yet further stimulated by the frightful mortality from cholera, which thinned the negro population of Cuba in 1833.§ Of the actual increase thus recently produced in their import of Africans, we have not yet the returns in figures ; but we know that, in the fifteen months ending January, 1835, there sailed, from the one port of Havannah, *one hundred and seventy* slave-vessels—generally much larger than the old class of such ships, and probably not averaging so little as 400 slaves for each cargo.

But may not the zeal of philanthropy have been somewhat too hasty in drawing general conclusions of wholesale enormities, from occasional and insulated facts ? We will refer to results which show effects too vast to have been the offspring of partial causes.

Less than a dozen years ago, the only exports of Puerto Rico were cattle and coffee ; and so little sugar did she raise, that it was

* Parliamentary Papers, presented 1832, B. 9 and 27.

† Ibid, 1835, A. p. 2.

‡ Ibid. pp. 116, 117.

§ Ibid, p. 79.

actually an article *imported* by her for the consumption of her own inhabitants. In 1833 she *exported* about 33,750 tons—a quantity equal to more than a sixth of the whole British consumption.

It appears from page 286 of the 'Report of the Committee on the Commercial State of the West Indian Colonies,' that in the three years 1814, 1815, and 1816, the average annual exports of sugar from the Havannah and the minor port of Matanzas (then, in fact, the only sugar-exporting harbours of Cuba) were, together, 230,000 boxes—that is little more than 51,000 tons. In 1833, it appears, from the brokers' returns, that the quantity exceeded 500,000 boxes, or upwards of 112,000 tons. Since 1816, therefore, the amount has much more than doubled itself in Cuba.

Again: it appears from p. 286 of the same Parliamentary Report, that in the three years 1814, 1815, and 1816, the average annual export of sugar from all Brazil was 35,000 chests of 75 cwt., or 26,250 tons. In 1833, though a bad year, it appears from the brokers' returns that the quantity was 70,970 tons. Since 1816, therefore, the amount has almost trebled itself in Brazil.

The crop of 1833 was gathered before the passing of our Emancipation Act. What was the increase in the crop which followed that enactment we have not yet the means of informing our readers, unless on the authority of reports from private sources, too alarming to be adopted without the strongest confirmation.

The Brazilian returns, before-mentioned, for the year and a half from 1st January, 1829, to 30th June, 1830—the only precise and regular accounts we have met with of the numbers of imported negroes for any round period of time—give a proportion, in 1829, of 4579 deaths on the passage, to an embarkation of 74,653 negroes—and, in the first half year of 1830, a proportion of 3524 deaths, to an embarkation of 47,258 negroes. That proportion is quite large enough for any purpose of our argument—assuredly much too large to be thought of without horror; but we suspect it to be considerably below the truth of average voyages and average years. In the 'Present State, &c.,' a list is given of sixteen vessels which arrived in Brazil in the end of 1828 and beginning of 1829—that is, about the period to which the foregoing returns apply; and the total number of slaves shipped in those sixteen vessels having been 9547, the number of deaths, or, more properly, of murders, is 1883, being almost a *fifth of the entire cargoes*.

By the *lowest* of the computations, however, it will appear, that, on an average, each slave-trading transport loses, in the voyage, between six and seven per cent. of the cargo living at the

the time of embarkation. So that if, instead of reckoning the yearly shipments from the African shore at 100,000 slaves, which is certainly a low estimate for the year to which the returns apply, we take only an average of 50,000 yearly, yet still, more than 3000 men and women in each year,—or, the days being taken one with another, from eight to ten living souls, every day of the calendar, are sacrificed to the mammon of the foreign sugar-trade—not by breakers or tempests, but in summer seas, beneath the bright tropical noon. It is in the putrid hold of the slave-ship, where the manacled wretches lie doubled up, chin to knee, sweltering between decks scarcely three feet high, that death does his regular business, and takes his daily per centage on the cargo. The morning's muster is called,—the proportion of mortality for the past night is ascertained,—the useless bodies are tossed over the vessel's side,—and the wear and tear is coolly written off on the adventure. Or perhaps a sail becoming visible gives omen of a search. Then at once the hatches are closed down upon the gasping freight, that no opening for air may, by sound or by stench, betray the human mass below; and before that crisis of fear and evasion is past, ten, twenty, thirty, of the panting heap have perished by suffocation. Sometimes, however, the number of the negroes is too large, or the frame of the vessel too inartificial, for such effectual concealment from the survey of the English cruiser. In vain the slave-dealer crowds all his sail for flight; the rescuing vessel gains upon him, and capture seems inevitable. One only chance remains—to baffle the discovery of his crime by destroying all its proofs. The time grows short,—the English lieutenant bears on,—and a gun-shot in advance almost sweeps the foam-track of the slaver. Fear gets the better of avarice. The negroes, confined in casks, or laden with a sinking weight of irons, are swiftly lowered into the sea. One splash, and one shriek, and all is over. A moment's ripple curls where the sunny water has closed over the dying: then the clear blue deep resumes its calm, and every trace of death and of guilt is gone. Between those decks, so lately reeking with animal dissolution, the fresh wind blows again, and the pursuers, on coming up, find the vessel tenanted but by the seamen of Portugal or Brazil. No matter that her build, her equipment, all the circumstances, all the incidents of herself, of her ruffian commander, and of his crew, conspire toward the one rank, irresistible suspicion,—the only legal evidence is stifled with the sufferers, and the miscreant triumphs in impunity.

Are these fictions? things that never could happen; or if by possibility they *could*, yet never *did*? Let the reader consult the documents we have referred to, and satisfy himself that fact has
far

far outstripped invention. It sometimes happens that the true is too shocking to be the probable. But on this unhappy subject there is nothing too shocking to be true. Nor is it only by suffocation, or the diseases it engenders, that the African, on the middle passage, falls a victim to the cupidity of his oppressor. The reports of the captors furnish painful histories of human cargoes, brought up from their layers of infection in the hold, to take the air on deck, who, overcome by despair and torture, both of body and mind, seize that short occasion to embrace their death by leaping into the sea. During the passage of the *Vengador* from the *Bonny* (in which passage she was captured),

'twenty-eight slaves died. Of these, only eleven died from disease: *seventeen having jumped overboard, and been drowned.*'—'Suicide, under such circumstances, is an abundant cause of the mortality on board of slave-ships: and arises from the opinion entertained by these wretched beings, that after death they will re-visit their own country. Almost every vessel that comes before the Court conveys melancholy proof of the prevalence of this idea.'*

The Parliamentary Papers may enable us to estimate the numerical amount of these frightful suicides; but who shall calculate the sum of suffering? Who, in each dreadful case, shall tell us the measure of the anguish that must have wrung the heart of the poor savage; the hours, the nights of sleepless agony that must have eaten into his soul, before his light spirit and joyous nature yielded to the unnatural impulse of self-destruction?

The misery of the negro who survives the voyage ends not there. On his arrival in the settlement to which he is consigned new sufferings await him, too painful for endurance, and self-destruction, Dr. Walsh says, 'is the *daily practice* in Brazil.'—vol. ii., p. 344.

'Respectable persons have told me they frequently encountered black bodies when they went to bathe. I have seen them myself, left by the tide on the strand, and some lying weltering just under our windows.'—*Ibid.*, p. 345.

'The wretched slave often anticipates the result by inflicting death upon himself in an extraordinary manner. They have a method of burying their tongue in the throat, in such a way as to produce suffocation. A friend of mine was passing when a slave was tied up and flogged. After a few lashes, he hung his head apparently lifeless; and when taken down he was actually dead, and his tongue found wedged in the œsophagus so as completely to close the trachea.'—vol. ii., p. 359.

'Negresses are known to be remarkably fond mothers; yet this very affection often impels them to commit infanticide. Many of them, particularly the Minas slaves, have the strongest repugnance to

*Parliamentary Papers, presented 1835, A. 15.

have children, and practise means to extinguish life before the infant is born, and provide, as they say, against the affliction of bringing slaves into the world.'—vol. ii., p. 349.

We hope, and we believe, that few Christian men can read such fearful records, without a strong and indignant zeal to rise and stand between, that this plague of nations may be stayed. But feelings rise by fits, effervesce, and subside, while interest works steadily and uniformly to her point. And the result has been, as usual, that the interested have got the better of the disinterested,—that the slave-trade has increased and is increasing.

Many gentle denunciations, indeed, have been tried, and divers states have even consented to prohibitions, and pecuniary penalties, and imprisonments of crews, and liberation of cargoes. A treaty has been made with France, to which Sweden, Sardinia, and Denmark have just acceded, authorizing search at sea under certain limitations, and detention of vessels, having slaves on board—or obviously fitted up for the trade, whether slaves be on board or not; and all craft so equipped is to be broken up, that it may not, as heretofore, be re-employed in the same traffic. Holland, moreover, Spain, Portugal, and the Brazils, have joined Great Britain in constituting at Surinam, the Havannah, Rio de Janeiro, and Sierra Leone, Courts of Mixed Commission, prize-courts, as it were, composed of Commissioners from each contracting state, before which courts the vessels of those respective countries may be dealt with, if captured under circumstances evincing the forbidden traffic. But the slaver reads the edicts of prohibition, and the sentences of condemnation,—laughs, and holds on his way. For he has calculated his chances. Mr. Macleay,* the British Commissioner of Mixed Commission at the Havannah, gives a computation of the gain upon a cargo of 484 slaves brought to Cuba. This computation estimates the expenses at 52,000 dollars; it values the cargo at 145,200 dollars: and it thus brings out a profit of 93,200 dollars on the adventure; a profit, we beg the reader to observe, of exactly 180 per cent. 'On the other hand,' says the Commissioner, 'it can easily be proved that the adventurers in this illicit trade cannot be considered losers if *one* vessel arrives safe out of every *three* dispatched to the coast'.† But, instead of one in every three, the chance is, that eleven in every twelve will escape the cruisers stationed to intercept them. In point of fact, the regular rate of insurance, including not only this chance of capture, but all the ordinary maritime risks moreover, and of course the underwriter's profit, is only twelve and a half per cent, or one-eighth of the adventure.

Now let us see what becomes of a vessel when she has actually the ill luck to be captured, and condemned by the Court of Mixed

* Parliamentary Papers, presented 1830, A. 115, 6.

† *Ibid.* 1830, 115, 6, Commission.

Commission. The slaves are liberated, and placed under a sort of apprenticeship or protection; and the master and crew are delivered up to their own governments, and by them sentenced, sometimes to imprisonment, sometimes to other penalties. But how long do these correctives last? We are informed, on the personal knowledge of an unexceptionable witness, that, in Cuba, the apprenticed negroes are actually 'sold up the country' into slavery again; and this not occasionally, but regularly and systematically. After a certain time, a pretended survey, or muster, is taken by the local authorities; upon which the negroes who have been sold away are reported to be dead. This answer is accepted without further inquiry;* and thus ends the effort for the liberation of the African. Is it, then, to the penalty of imprisonment, inflicted on the master and crew, that humanity looks for the abatement of the crime? So little do the Spanish authorities enforce the punishment, that a regular rate of *ransom* is established; and after a few months, or even weeks, the commander is allowed to escape for four doubloons; the mate for one; and the seamen for about four dollars each. As in the former case with the negroes, so here with the prisoners, the farce of the survey is acted; the prisoners are returned as dead, and that return the Spanish officers find it convenient to believe. The English Government, so long ago as 1828, and thence hitherto,† has been protesting against this monstrous practice of the Spaniards; but it still prevails. And the same sort of laxity is made a subject of remonstrance against Portugal and Brazil; whose naval officers, after a very few months from adjudication, are seen again employed in their old vocation, more actively than ever.‡

But a time is fast approaching when, in the absence of any higher motive, a sense of danger may force a sounder policy upon the colonial powers. The number of blacks and mulatto offspring of blacks, in Brazil, was computed by Dr. Walsh, in 1829, at 2,500,000, and that of the whites at 850,000. The enormous importations of negroes which have since been, and still are, taking place, must have greatly increased this disproportion. Of the blacks, too, almost all are males, strong, and of ripe years; while the whites, of course, comprehend the usual proportions of weaker sex and age. The physical strength of the blacks is, therefore, probably as ten to one. From the great superiority of the black

* See the report of Mr. Hyslop's speech in the Assembly of Jamaica, 27th June, 1834.

† Parliamentary Papers, presented 1830, B. 5, 7, 11.

‡ Ibid. A. 2. While this article is passing through the press, we are favoured with the perusal of a new treaty with Spain, 28 June, 1835: which, in addition to the chief articles of the treaties with other Powers, contains a judicious provision that negroes, hereafter captured in Spanish slave-ships by British cruisers, shall be at the disposal of the British Government. The mode of that disposal, however, will require a very careful consideration.

force, Dr. Walsh tells us, 'serious apprehensions have long been entertained, that some time or other, in the *present diffusion of revolutionary doctrines on this continent*, they will discover their own strength,' and assert their own independence.—vol. ii., p. 329. Notwithstanding the feuds of distinct tribes in their own country, there is 'a bond, which connects them as firmly as if they had belonged all to the same race; and that is, a community of misery in the ships in which they are brought over. The people so united are called Malungoes; they continue attached to each other ever after.'—vol. ii., p. 334.

The danger is, possibly, less urgent to Spain, from the insular character, and numerous white population, of her great colonies of Cuba and Puerto Rico. But the insecurity, even of these colonies, was brought to her attention in 1832, with an irresistible exemplification, by the then recent disturbances in Jamaica.* And another still nearer and more cogent warning might have been added: the instance of St. Domingo; its once enormous produce, and the maritime greatness of its French possessors,—the fearful increase of its slave-population,—the wild advance among them of the emancipating spirit, its expansion and explosion;—then the massacre of August, 1791, and the final establishment of the negro force upon the overthrow of the European power.

But great as, in any state of things, the danger of such a population must necessarily have been to its few white masters, that danger has been increased a hundred-fold in consequence of the relaxations of the British slave-system, terminating with the Emancipation Act of William IV. The expectation, that a very extensive discontinuance of production in the British possessions must be the speedy effect of these measures, has highly excited the cupidity of the foreign colonists, and still stimulates them to fresh efforts for stocking their own plantations with untamed, adult negroes from Africa.

Numbers so constituted—not growing up from childhood in the colony—not reconciled by habit to its soil or usages—not checked by domestic affections, or balanced by anything like equality in the numbers of the sexes,—but recent, vigorous, and fierce—can be kept down only by a terrible severity. But of all the bonds which, in this age of the world, may be made to hold a community together, the bonds of iron are the first to snap. Bodily suffering, that in some circumstances breaks the human spirit, serves in others only to inflame it. Consider, too, the circumstances of the West Indian societies, in the present times, as compared with the past. Half a century ago, when slavery, reigning through all the West Indies, seemed *there* almost a part of the regular dispensation of Providence,—when the negro's

* Parliamentary Papers, presented 1833, B. 7.

claim to our common nature was denied or doubted, and the unbroken prejudice of white ascendancy overrode the whole belt of the tropics—the efficacy of the scourge and of the coupling fetter might, with some probable safety, be trusted. Yet, even through that apparent security, the efforts of the *amis des Noirs* were able to reach and to rouse the negroes of St. Domingo; and the colonial power of France was docked, at a blow, of its mightiest limb. If such a revolution was possible to the slaves of St. Domingo *then*, how little security can there be against the slaves of Brazil or Cuba *now*! The great commonwealth of the West Indies, whose universal anxiety was heretofore for the supremacy of the master, will now give all their sympathies to the slave. The liberated negro of Jamaica will be the ready partisan of the insurgent at Pernambuco or Guadaloupe; and the English planter, struggling for a livelihood by free labour, will see with complacency the disquiets which embarrass his slave-owning rival at the Havannah. In every quarter, the movements of emancipation will be flanked and reinforced by neighbours joining all their voices, hearts, and hands, *for the slave, against the master*. This, too, will be a friendship, available not only to forward victory, but to cover defeat. It will furnish not only munitions and encouragements for warfare, but retreat and shelter for discomfiture: for the slave who flies to an English colony will be wholly free. Let the foreign planter increase, as he will, the numbers or the restraints of his slaves, he does but aggravate their motives to insurrection, or tempt them to these means of flight. Such are the dangers of the foreign settlements, even while the parent states are at peace. If any such state should go to war, each colony belonging to it would be vulnerable at every point. The landing of a regiment, with a few thousand spare muskets, would complete the conquest of any one of those settlements in a day.

Meanwhile, the merchantmen of every state in Europe are suffering heavily from the slave-traders; for the authorities now before us leave no doubt that a large proportion of them are common pirates, in the familiar sense of that word—common robbers of all merchant-ships frequenting the West Indian seas.

These are the leading topics of *selfish interest*, which we think our Cabinet may usefully enforce upon the slave-holding governments; but much may likewise be expected from that constant, zealous, vigorous perseverance of humane individuals, which, more than all other causes put together, contributed, in the British dominions, to the abolition, first of the slave-trade, and then of the state of slavery itself. What has been achieved in Great Britain, against powerful and wealthy opposition, will be tried, not in vain, among the other interested powers. Education and intelligence

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gence may not yet have extended themselves abroad, to a class so numerous as that to which these advantages have been opened in our own land; but neither on the continent of Europe, nor in the Northern States of America, are the understandings and feelings of society insensible to the principles of justice and freedom, and to the genuine and common interests of their own country and of mankind.

‘If they are ignorant,’ says Dr. Walsh, ‘even of the Brazilians, it is not from any want of a desire for knowledge, or a disposition to learn. When the post arrives at S. José, or a similar place, the office is crowded with people, who come for their newspapers, and others who press forward, eager to know what they contain; and every provincial town has now a newspaper of its own. In Lenheiros they have established a respectable public library, with a literary society; and schools of primary instruction are opened, wherever there is a collection of houses to supply scholars; who are so eager to learn, that, in some places, for want of books, they are instructed out of manuscripts; and along the roads, the humblest people were glad to receive, and ready to give, any useful information.’—vol. ii. p. 292.

Such accounts are not a little encouraging to those who place their hopes of good upon the influence of a well-directed press, and the consequent progress of public intelligence. With such prospects expanded before us, we have encouragement to believe that even our distant labours are not in vain. The disposition to read and reflect being once awakened, literature, and, above all, periodical literature, is a direct and powerful agent, and gathers and puts forth fresh energy from the pride of usefulness. A path is laid through the desert, and a bridge over the waters. With the mind, the heart too opens—and knowledge becomes the harbinger of charity.

Coming now to the practical point—we say distinctly, that if the maritime powers mean any thing of what they profess—nay, if they have even foresight sufficient to discern the storm which the progress of slavery is gathering over their colonial possessions—they will and must concur in that one remedy, which, wherever it has been fairly tried, has fulfilled its purpose,—the simple measure of *declaring the slave-trader a pirate*. England has enacted it as to her own subjects; and the consequence is, that no English master* is found any longer in this deadly adventure. For the penalty of piracy is death; which penalty England has actually executed; and the master, who makes no account of a few scores of African lives for each voyage, is found to have the tenderest

* Mr. Innes has some melancholy statements which forbid our asserting that no English capital is at this moment engaged in the Slave-trade. See his interesting Letter to Lord Glenelg.—p. 105.

consideration for his own. A somewhat similar policy has been adopted by the Legislature at Washington; and accordingly, of the large supplies of Africans, imported through the Texas into the southern states of that Union, few, if any, are found to enter the Gulf of Mexico in American ships. Even Brazil, the greatest receiver of slaves, having made it piracy for her ships to bring them from Africa, exhibits hardly any vessels of her own in that trade. Why, then, *there* at last is the plenary remedy; the states of the Christian world have it in their own hands. That traffic which is now declared piracy by and against the *municipal* laws of England, of the United States, and of Brazil, must be declared piracy by and against the *general* law of *all* nations, and visitable by the commissioned ships of *any*. The indispensable necessity of such a declaration of piracy has been urged upon the French government recently, and, we believe, with impression, by Mr. Irving: to whose former exertions also, under an authority from Lord Palmerston, the cause of humanity is indebted for the mutual right of search, and some other steps gained in the existing treaty with France. The national immunity of the slaver must cease. Be it the French, the Spanish, or the Portuguese, the Brazilian or the American flag, which he dishonours by his use of it, he is the enemy of *every* government and people, and must bear his 'charmed life' no longer. How is he less a robber, because the spoil he has filched, unlike the senseless bale or ingot which are the booty of braver pirates, is a living prey, that can think and suffer?

As with the principal offender, so should it be likewise with his accomplices. The British Commissioner at the Havannah observes,*—

'That the owner of the vessel, who gets up the expedition, apporitions the shares, and before the vessel sails regularly becomes responsible for her to the custom-house, by a public deed, never suffers beyond the casual loss of a vessel condemned by the mixed commission.'

This is too much. That the contriver of the guilty adventure shall thus lay his own base person high and dry upon the shore, and luxuriate in the safe profits of his crime, is a reproach that might go near to sting the public conscience even in Cuba. But, let powers be conferred by treaty, upon the court before which any captured pirate shall be tried, to take depositions *respecting the vessel's ownership and outfit*; let those depositions, with the witnesses, be transmitted to a criminal court of mixed commission, of which one tribunal, or sitting, should be established at some convenient point of the tropics, not being a slave colony,

* Parliamentary Papers, presented 1830, A. 118.

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—and another in the south of Europe; and let the contracting states be mutually bound, upon process issued from such tribunal, against any implicated party within their respective dominion, to deliver him up into its custody for the purpose of trial as an accessory before the fact;—in other words, let the nations but agree to set up, by international law, against the wholesale thefts and murders of the slave-trade, the same sort of criminal jurisdiction which the municipal law of every single state among them establishes against robbery within its own respective limits,—and a year will not elapse before this pollution will be dried to its very source. The transmission of the accused and of the witnesses will, no doubt, occasion some expense; but an expense absolutely trifling in comparison of the costly armaments which are now maintained to cruise ineffectually off the African coast.

These are the means which the Christian nations of the world possess, by general union, to terminate the traffic of which they all profess their horror. But England has placed herself in circumstances which require from her, in addition to her general co-operation with the other powers, that she shall take especial precautions of her own to prevent the establishment of an aggravated foreign slavery, in the room of her freed labour. We must briefly touch upon the causes and character of this danger, and upon those means by which it may be practicable to avert it.

We have already had occasion to observe how largely the slave-market has, of late years, thriven, under the expectation of the foreign planters, that the relaxation and discontinuance of slave-labour in the British colonies must be followed by a diminution of British production, and by a consequently increased vent for the produce of the foreign plantations. These expectations (on the strength whereof we understand that the prices of slaves in Puerto Rico and the southern United States have already risen between 25 and 30 per cent.) have proceeded upon the very great difference between the cost of producing sugar by free and by slave labour. In some parts of Guiana, St. Vincent's, Trinidad, Mauritius, and Jamaica, the prime cost may probably be low enough, by reason of the soil's fertility, the facilities of carriage, and other local advantages, to promise a continuance of the sugar-crops (notwithstanding the additional cost of free labour), at a price not too high to find some purchasers; but on all the secondary class of estates, the cost of production, under the added disadvantage of free labour, must henceforth (unless relief can be given in some essential point, such as that of the restrictions on West Indian intercourse) be too heavy to be remunerated at any price which, under the present duty, the consumers could permanently pay. Nay, even granting the fullest relief from restrictions, and admitting that, *in general*, the planter may be able to procure free labour

labour provided he give a liberal price for it, we cannot shut our eyes to the certainty that there are *very many* plantations which are too little productive to afford, at best, any thing like a free-labour price, and which, in any conceivable circumstances, must absolutely be abandoned; in fact, we can hardly calculate this abandonment at a proportion so low as one-sixth of the whole; which would exhibit a discontinuance of production, to the extent of 38,500 tons of the 231,000 now raised, being more than the whole quantity of West Indian sugar consumed in the markets of the European continent. On this subject we invite particular attention to the simple matter-of-fact statements of Mr. Innes in his Letter to Lord Glenelg—*passim*.

The first consequence, then, of the recent abolition of compulsory labour in our West Indies and the Mauritius will be, and indeed already is, that so much of the *continental* sugar-market as those colonies were wont to supply must be furnished from the cheaper labour of the *foreign* slave-plantations; and of those supplies to the continent so failing from the British colonies the annual amount is, we repeat, from thirty-five to forty thousand tons.* To this full extent, at all events, and under any possible remissions, we must prepare to see substituted, for the comparatively mild servitude of the British colonies, the oppressive slavery of the foreign settlements, fed by the African traffic; for East Indian sugar being, as official evidence has shown, by much too costly to compete on the continent with the slave-grown produce of the foreign settlements, the case, as far as concerns the *continental* supply, seems wholly incapable of remedy. Still, while we pretend not to deny that the English measure of emancipation is attended with the disadvantage of making room for a great deal of slave-grown sugar, on the continent, let us not be understood as thence inferring any blame to our country. At worst, she may have been a little too precipitate in a right course. Her first duty was felt to be her own reformation; and if that reformation has left a wider scope for the covetousness and cruelty of her neighbours, England, however she may lament the misfortune, at least does not share in the crime.

* The statements of the importation and consumption of sugar at the date of the Emancipation Act, may be thus dissected:—

Tons, Imported from—		Consumed in	Re-exported to Con-
		United Kingdom.	tinent of Europe.
British West Indies	205,000	171,000	34,000
Mauritius	26,000	22,000	4,000
	231,000	193,000	38,000
East India Company's possessions	12,000	7,000	5,000
Foreign East Indies	3,000		
Foreign West Indies and S. America	22,000		25,000
	268,000	200,000	68,000

—Remarks on the Sugar Trade, p. 3.
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But though she be thus irresponsible as to the supply which she is enabling the foreign slave-colonies to export in her stead to the continent, her responsibility for her own home-consumption is clear and unqualified. If, on any pretext whatever, political or commercial, whether to help her revenue or to cheapen her purchases, Great Britain admit into her own market a single ton of sugar raised by a slave-importing colony, she is a direct receiver in the felony, with more than the felon's guilt. There will then be renewed, *for her profit*, at Puerto Rico or Bahia, the suffering which will have been vainly extinguished in Demerara and Barbadoes; and on her, therefore, will lie again that load of injustice from which she has so lately and painfully been shriven. We are far understating the case—the suffering of our negro slaves had come long before the Emancipation Act passed, to be a mere name in comparison with what is likely to be substituted for it as the object of our patronage and protection.

Most plainly, unless some honest and firm interposition come speedily to the aid of our own West Indian negro, these flagrant results are but too much to be dreaded, from the necessary tendency of emancipation to produce one or other of two effects,—either a great augmentation in the cost of production,—or an abandonment of cultivation, not merely to the limited extent of the continental consumption, before mentioned, but generally throughout all the estates of secondary quality, that is, throughout more than half the British plantations. The average annual expense of each negro, including the cost of his dwelling and provision grounds, may be taken to have been, before the emancipation, about 6*l.* sterling per head: so that an estate possessing 300 negroes, and producing 3300 cwts. of sugar, would have required, in the item of negro labour, a yearly outlay of about 1800*l.*, or 11*s.* in the price of the cwt. Even on the assumption, which we here adopt—but which is still denied by the West Indians—(and very strenuously are they supported in their view by the *evidence* of Mr. Innes)—*viz.* that wages will eventually induce the generality of the negroes to voluntary labour—it is certainly not to be expected that the wages for the daily number of hours requisite to keep up the production, can average less than a further annual sum of 5*l.* sterling per head. This will add 1500*l.* to the whole cost; being at the rate of 9*s.* and a fraction, in addition to the former 11*s.*, for each cwt. of the 3300; so that, both during, and after the expiration of, the apprenticeship, the labour, if attainable at all, will be found, even on this calculation, (which is below ninepence a day for each negro on an average of age, sex, health, and strength,) to cost at least 1*l.* per cwt. of sugar, whereof somewhat more than 9*s.* is a new charge, occasioned by the emancipation.

But sugar, in this country, has now become one of the necessities
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of life: it has been rendered almost indispensable, even among the poorest classes, by their extensive consumption of tea and coffee. The admission of East Indian sugar, at a duty reduced from its present amount of 32s. per cwt. to 24s., which latter is the amount of duty paid on the sugar of the West Indies, —(even if such an equalization, unaccompanied by any countervailing relief to the West Indians from their present commercial disadvantages under the Navigation Acts, were warrantable in point of justice to the present sugar-growers of the West)—would still give no abatement of price; because East Indian sugar (as we shall presently see) may, from all past experience, be expected, if sent hither in any considerable quantity, to require, though at an equalized duty, a price rather above, than below, the sugar of the West, even with the calculated addition of 9s. per cwt. for free labour: the advantages enjoyed by the East Indian, in cheapness of labour and other items of his outlay, being overbalanced by the heavier rates of his inland carriage and long voyage to England. Now, as England consumes almost 200,000 tons, or 4,000,000 cwts. of West Indian sugar yearly, an advance on that sugar of 9s. per cwt. (the estimated additional cost of free labour) would be a tax of nearly 2,000,000*l.* sterling, levied principally upon the working classes of our own people; and yet, the duties and commercial restrictions remaining as now, it would be an advance altogether unavoidable.

Perhaps it would be too romantic to expect that a mere philanthropic consideration for the remote sufferings of the African would lead the majority of the lower ranks in England to acquiesce in the payment of this heavy charge, still less in the surrender or abridgment of one of their most important daily comforts. The rise of prices, to so great an amount, and on so necessary an article, could not, in fact, fail to excite a loud and general demand for cheaper sugar; and since the *British* possessions would be incapable of satisfying this demand, it could be quieted only by the hasty removal of those prohibitory duties which now virtually exclude the sugars of the *foreign*, that is, the slave-importing, colonies. With the diminished force and influence which modern events have left to the government, and especially with the present disposition toward free trade of all kinds, such a cry, however vicious, would not be easily resisted, even if the administration were interested in the resistance: but, unfortunately, their interests would be with, and not against, such a movement; for it would help them in that great difficulty of all administrations, their finance. The diminution of consumption, compelled by the rise of prices, would have occasioned a grievous deficiency in the revenue produced by the sugar duties: for instance, a diminution of

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of one-fifth would leave a deficiency of near 1,000,000*l.* sterling. But the income so lost to the Exchequer would be but too easily reparable, by the admission of the foreign slave-grown sugars at a low rate of duty; and that would be a sufficient temptation, with most governments, to admit them.

Thus, by the simplest and most natural combination of popular clamour with the interest of the Treasury, the whole object of our long struggle on the negroes' behalf is in danger of being frustrated absolutely and for ever. The evil of slavery, expelled from our colonies, will have shifted its sphere, indeed, but increased its amount. Not merely that sixth which has hitherto supplied the continental market,—but half—perhaps, two-thirds,—of all our West Indian possessions will have been thrown out of cultivation. From the commencement of that desolating change, until the burst of some such general emancipation as we have anticipated in the foreign colonies, the Brazilian and the Spaniard, not the African, will have been reaping the harvest of all our toil, and treasure, and sacrifice; and, in addition to her payment of 20,000,000*l.* for the emancipation of British slaves, England will have sustained the mortification and mischief of depopulation to more than half her West Indian settlements—destruction to more than half her West Indian commerce—AND A FRIGHTFUL AGGRAVATION OF SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE-TRADE. The sum of human misery will have been augmented by the tremendous difference between the social condition of the British and of the foreign negro; the difference between cottagers, dwelling in enjoyment of all the necessities and most of the privileges and comforts of life, alike in health or sickness, infancy or age,—and men stabled like brutes, and harnessed out to the daily horrors of a toil, whose only redeeming quality is that of shortening the life which it renders intolerable.

Considerations of national defence, too, interpose themselves, though we hope they are not needed, to reinforce our humanity. Not only must the displacement of our sugar cultivation, by the foreign slave-trade, be the displacement likewise of all the maritime strength which the commerce and carriage of West Indian produce have raised and maintained for Great Britain, but the force thus lost by her is gained precisely by that power which alone has a navy capable of giving her a moment's uneasiness. It is inevitably transferred to the already formidable harbours of the United States of America; for it is from *their* shores that the Spanish slave-islands derive their main supplies. Cuba alone takes goods from the United States to the yearly value of eight millions of dollars. Twenty years ago, the direct trade between the United States and the two great Spanish slave-colonies of Cuba and Puerto

Rico would scarcely find employment for an amount of 50,000, or probably even 40,000 tons of shipping. That trade now occupies American shipping to the amount of 220,000 tons. To America, from her local position, the intercourse with Puerto Rico and Cuba is in the nature of a coasting trade; and thus, in the commencement of a maritime war, the Americans could man, without difficulty, from so vast a marine, a navy of twenty, or perhaps thirty sail, before the flag of an English admiral could be visible in their waters.

Now, therefore, while we claim the co-operation, whatever it be, which our possessions in the East Indies may be able to lend us in this great struggle of free against slave labour, we avow our persuasion, that the main effort is to be made by means of those colonies of which negroes are the cultivators—our own West Indies and the Mauritius; and this opinion, as against the somewhat exclusive patrons of East Indian objects, is supported by no less authority than that of Mr. Huskisson, whose arguments will be found in his speech on the sugar-question, May 23, 1823.

Hindustan was a resource from which, undoubtedly, the advocates of freedom could not allow themselves to be turned aside, so long as it was the only one which opened a prospect of deliverance for our West Indian negroes; but now that this deliverance has been effected through other means than the increase of East-Indian produce, and that the sugar of the British plantations is to be raised, as well as that of Hindostan, by free labour, and free labour alone, the question with the friends of the Africans is no longer whether the free labour of the Hindoos may be made available for emancipating the British negroes, but whether, for the purpose of suppressing the foreign slave-trade, and advancing the general interests of humanity, the more serviceable instrument be the free labour of the British negroes, or the free labour of the Hindoos.

Now if the East Indian cultivator could deliver his sugar in Europe, at a price lower, or even not *much* higher, than of late the price of West Indian sugar has usually been, we could account for the disposition prevalent in some quarters to make the East Indies a substitute for the West. In that case, perhaps, by the simple equalization of the duties—that is, by a reduction of the East Indian duty, which is 32s., to 24s., which is the West Indian duty—the old consumption of sugar might still have been kept up from a new and not dearer market, and the old revenue continued; but unluckily for this view of the subject, the facts are all against it. Not only must some years elapse before the requisite quantity of East Indian sugar could be produced at all, but moreover, if we may calculate the future from the

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the past, this sugar, when produced, could not be brought to England, in any adequate quantity, at a cheaper rate than about 43s. 6d. or 43s. per cwt., exclusively of duty: for the original cost of growth appears to be 1l. 2s. 10d. per cwt.; the charges of packing, inland carriage to Calcutta, transit-duties, waste and drainage, with the profits of the grower and manufacturer, 8s. 8d.; and the home-conveyance, comprehending the freight, commission, insurance, and other charges, at least 12s.; in all, 43s. 6d. exclusively of duty. (*Macdonnell*, pp. 146, 148.) Thus, were it not that the few thousand tons of East Indian sugar which now find their way to Europe, have the advantage of escaping all or a great part of the charge of freight, by serving as ballast for vessels whose principal cargoes are light goods yielding a considerable profit, it may well be doubted whether any East Indian sugar would be brought to Europe at all; and this advantage being limited, in the very nature of things, by the amount of shipping employed in the home-conveyance of light goods, can in no way be rendered available for any great increase in the East Indian sugar-trade. And if any such increase were attempted, an increase of price would accompany it: for, in the East Indies, where land is so much scarcer than in the West, a demand for ground to be planted with a new article of export would immediately raise the rent. But even the before computed price of 43s. 6d. would be several shillings beyond that at which the West Indies, with all their additional expense for free labour, would bring their sugar to the English market.

Because cotton is grown more cheaply in Hindostan than in the West Indies, it is imagined that sugar might be raised in the same proportion of cheapness; but the reason why cotton is grown so cheaply in Hindostan is, that its cultivation depends wholly on manual labour, of which the wages are lower in Hindostan than in any other place where labour comes freely to market. With sugar the case is wholly different.

‘There is no raw article raised from the soil, in the cost of producing which machinery or fixed capital can so largely enter. In the British continental colonies of South America, where sugar-plantations are on a large scale, where the steam-engine, canals, rail-roads, and cranes, have been introduced, fixed capital stands to manual labour in the proportion of two to five. In cotton, even in South Carolina, where the cleaning machine has been introduced, it is as one to ten. The peculiar advantages of India, therefore, can hardly apply to sugar: its cultivation must be forced, and a great expenditure of means heedlessly squandered, to raise an article that, notwithstanding the cheapness of labour, may be better raised elsewhere.’—*Macdonnell*, pp. 87, 88.

In such a state of the account we cannot help inclining to an opinion, very general, we believe, among well-informed persons, and pointedly expressed by the late Mr. Macdonnell, who says that the real object of—

‘the clamour for the introduction of East India sugar into British consumption is, not to import sugar from British India, but to smuggle it from other quarters. Cochin China, Java, and several other parts, present every facility for the growth of sugar, and in many places the slave-trade is actively prosecuted. It would be superfluous to dwell on the egregious impolicy of giving latitude to these clandestine traders to import into Great Britain sugar bearing the name of East India, but which, virtually, would be as much foreign as that coming from the Havannah or the Brazils.’—p. 191.

In these comparisons, however, price is not the only consideration. It is material to ascertain, likewise, whether the article can be supplied in the requisite quantity, within the requisite time, and with the requisite regularity.

Now, as to the quantity, it may be stated, in round computation, that, whereas the British plantations of the West Indies and the Mauritius produce at present about 230,000 tons, being more than one-third of all the sugar imported into Europe, the British East Indies send to Europe little more than about 12,000 tons, of which 7000 are consumed in Great Britain.

Hindustan, no doubt, is capable of yielding, by a fresh application of capital, a very large addition to its present export, because vast quantities of the sugar-plant are grown there even now for the supply of the natives, who use it largely in that black unpurified state in which it bears the names of *ghoor* and *jaghery*; but some years must elapse, and much capital be introduced and invested, before the necessary arrangements could be made for producing and claying such an additional quantity, beyond that demand of the natives, as would supply the consumption in England.

But even if grounds were planted and arrangements completed in India, to a sufficient extent for growing and transmitting 100,000 tons of sugar, such a dealing could never be desirable in comparison with a West Indian trade of equal amount, by reason of that uncertainty in the time of the supply, and that consequent fluctuation in its price, which are inseparable from a very distant commerce, and the dangers of which, in the case of Hindustan, are greatly aggravated by her frequent and desolating famines. Upon ordinary goods, such uncertainty and fluctuation are comparatively of little consequence; but upon an article of food in universal consumption, a few weeks’ delay, or a short crop, may be productive of so great and so sudden a rise of prices as to work a

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very serious injury to the poorer classes of the English people. Observe the inequalities in the prices of other oriental produce. In the year 1825, indigo fluctuated to the extent of 60 per cent., cotton upwards of 100 per cent., and cinnamon and mace 200. The advance, in the same year, of the great West Indian product, sugar, notwithstanding the mania of speculation then prevailing, was only 20 per cent. (*Macdonnell*, pp. 210, 211.) The present generation may somewhat overrate its own intellectual progress, but it will scarcely be insensible to lessons such as these.

Besides, independently of all special considerations, we confess ourselves prejudiced enough to think, even upon general grounds, that it is inexpedient and rash, unless in very strong and clear cases, to abandon old establishments for the experiment of new ones. The sugar-growers of the East Indies, who have always hitherto done without us, may very well do without us still; but if we remove the market to Hindostan, what is to become of the West Indian capitalists, whose whole being depends upon the mother-country? You may transfer your commerce from the West to the East, but remember that you cannot, with the commerce, transfer the capital too. That property is fixed and sunk upon the soil of your colonies, and when you cease to nourish it, it will not migrate, but perish. The whole of that is a downright and dead loss. The West Indian has received a heavy blow, and no doubt, at this instant, is languishing from its effects; but is it therefore fitting that, like a savage tribe encumbered by the wounded on a march, we should dispatch the sufferer to save the trouble of restoring him?

A detailed examination of the comparative advantages of an Eastern and a Western sugar-trade, with reference to the general wealth and commerce of the mother-country, would occupy a larger space than we can here devote to it; but the outline of the comparison may be comprehended in very few words. The *zemindar*, or East Indian landlord, and the *goldar*, or East Indian manufacturer, though subjects of the British Crown, are not British colonists, and therefore do not remit to this country the rents or the profits which they derive from the growth or manufacture of sugar. Those rents, and that profit, are spent not among our own countrymen, but among the Hindoos. On the other hand, the whole clear gains of the British West Indian planter are sent to these kingdoms. The property thus annually transmitted hither exceeds 4,000,000*l.* sterling, and is here consumed. But independently of the advantage of such an expenditure to the community in general, it is estimated, moreover, that one-fourth of the whole income of the middle and superior orders of society, in Great Britain, the orders to which the colonial proprietors belong,

belong, finds its way into the public coffers. The colonial proprietors, therefore, expending between 4,000,000*l.* and 5,000,000*l.* a-year in this country, contribute upwards of 1,000,000*l.* a-year to the national revenue, exclusively of the duties levied on the import of their commodity.

So much for the expenditure of the West Indians in the mother-country. One word upon their expenditure in the colonies. The commodities consumed by the inhabitants of the West Indies are almost wholly British. The value of these exports is between 4,000,000*l.* and 5,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. If the means of purchase which they now derive from their staple business, the production of sugar, were transferred to a population of Hindoos, the export of British commodities would be reduced almost to nothing. The customs of that very peculiar race, and the laws of their faith, are insuperable obstacles to any great increase in the diffusion of English fashions or fabrics. Now, as Mr. Macdonnell observes, it is upon habits, customs, and fashions that commerce depends; and while a colony is always disposed to imitate those of the parent state, even in very minute particulars, an aboriginal population feels some pride in rejecting them for its own. By the West Indians—

‘every article that can be made in England is imported from England. The steam-engines, the mills, coppers, stills and worms, pots, coals, bricks and lime, hoes, shovels, and tools of every description, hoops and nails, and clothing, as a distinguished statesman once observed, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, all these are brought from England, and diffuse activity throughout every town of the empire.’—pp. 177, 178.

If the sugar-growth of the West Indies were transferred to the East, even the export of machinery and its component parts would cease; for the very basis of the East Indian project is, that what the Jamaican does by machinery, the Hindoo will effect by manual labour.

It is in vain, under such circumstances, to urge the greater numerical amount of the Eastern population; for one million of persons who take our manufactures to the value of almost 5,000,000*l.* sterling a-year, are better customers than one hundred millions who will absorb but 2,000,000*l.* sterling. Justly, therefore, is it said by the acute writer before quoted,

‘Suppose a British artisan at present purchases 10*d.* worth of sugar, he may safely affirm that, of the elements of this cost, a large portion is the fruits of his labour; it has supplied earnings, at some former period, to him and his family. Might it not be prudent for him to reflect well upon this circumstance, before he yields to the delusion attempted to be practised on him in regard to cheapness, and

and clamours for sugar produced in another quarter, and in a manner quite different?"—*Macdonnell*, p. 117, 8.

The last, and perhaps the most important of all the considerations that affect the comparison between the resources of the East and the West, is this—that if, after fair experiment in the West, free labour, to the requisite extent, shall have been found unattainable there, and the colonial establishments of England shall thus eventually fail her, the means of production in the East will even then be just as available as if put in requisition at the present moment. But the converse is far from being true; for if, abandoning the capital embarked in the West, you apply your resources to the encouragement of sugar-cultivation in the East, and the harvest there disappoint you, in average quantity, in average price, or in certainty of time, then a return to West Indian production is impossible. The West Indian manufacture, unlike that of the East Indies, is carried on with a vast amount of plant, machinery, and other fixed capital, which, on the departure of the trade, will have been broken up; and when, after your failure in the East, you revert to your West Indian colonist for a renewal of his commerce, you will find his estates dismantled, and the sources of his production choked. His negroes, freed by the recent law, and held together by no inducement of adequate wages or reward, will then have been scattered idly and wildly over the land; and the entire colonial mass will have become as a decomposed body, which you will strive in vain to reanimate with the spirit of industry. Thus your views are frustrated—your supplies are dried up—and the vacuum which your deficiency has left in the sugar-market, is filled, if at all, by the produce of your slave-trading neighbours.

England, therefore, is admonished by every consideration, that, instead of hazarding her resources to start a new trade, she should direct her efforts to maintain the old one, which is just ebbing below the profit mark, and, if not banked up, will leave its channel dry, and the capital embarked on it aground. If she suffer that to happen, she will have lost incalculably more than all which could ever be gained from the fullest realization of her oriental visions.

But whatever may be thought of the comparative capabilities of the Eastern and of the Western Indies, it seems to us to be somewhat extraordinary that any favour should attach at this day to a proposal for equalizing the duties on their sugars. If we are right in the conclusion which we have drawn, and for which we have vouched Mr. Huskisson's authority, that the cost of producing sugar in the East must exceed (by several shillings per cwt. beyond the difference of duty) the cost of producing sugar in the West,

<i>Brought forward</i>	<i>Total</i>	£1,399,665
From this amount is to be deducted a sum received by certain colonies for purposes of local government, in consequence of the modern alterations in the colonial policy of the mother country		
		£7,312

And the balance of loss to the Colonies is . . . £1,392,353

Of this loss, 291,353*l.*, are borne by rum, coffee, cotton, and other miscellaneous articles; and sugar bears the whole of the remainder, being 1,101,000*l.* sterling. In the year to which these accounts relate, the number of tons of West Indian sugar imported was 198,619, being six or seven thousand less than the now computed total of 205,000; and thus, in that year, the loss per cwt. was calculated at 5*s.* 6*d.* On the larger amount of supplies required to produce the additional six or seven thousand tons, the loss, of course, would be nearly, though not quite, in the same proportion. Some slight alterations in the regulation of colonial intercourse have been made since that evidence was taken; but they can have caused no material difference in the amount of the charge. We take, therefore, 5*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. to be the loss on these restrictions, 'none of which are applicable to East Indian sugar.' The only compensation to the West Indians, for this positive loss, is a difference of 8*s.* per cwt. less in the duty. The difference has been fixed at 8*s.*, partly in respect of the 5*s.* 6*d.* for the restriction, which the West Indians bear while the East Indians do not; and partly in respect of the superior quality of the East Indian sugar, derived from the double boiling which it has undergone before its embarkation. From that part of the charge which respects the superiority of quality, amounting to 2*s.* 6*d.* of the 8*s.*, there seems no ground for relieving the East Indian while the superiority continues; and if the remainder of the 8*s.* is to be taken off, it can justly be done only on condition of a removal of the equivalent restrictions on the West Indian trade. The West Indian colonists are entitled to say, "If the exactions are to be equal, let the immunities be equal too. If we are to fare no better than our rivals as to the rate of impost, let us fare no worse as to the cost of manufacture. If the Eastern produce is to be free from all countervailing taxation, let not the general national bounty, on the North American and other commerce, be thrown wholly upon the industry of the West. Those who come to market at equal duties should come also on equal terms. As often, therefore, as you take a shilling in duty from East Indian sugar, you are bound in common justice to take off a shilling in restrictions upon West Indian intercourse."

This protection, then, is one which, even on a ground of justice
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to the planter, independently of any sympathy with the negro, no government can deny, if it assume that East Indian sugar would be able, were the duties equalized, to compete in price with the sugar of the West. But we mean to put the proposition much more broadly. Avowing, as we fairly do, the belief that it is not the cheapness of East Indian produce which, even at equal duties, the West Indian-sugar has to fear, we state it as our conviction that, *at all events*,—and without entering into any *relative* questions as to East Indian or other competing produce,—the removal of these restrictions on the West Indian manufacture is absolutely indispensable, to afford any chance of escape for the planters or of amelioration for the negroes. It is by this relief alone that the rise of prices, inevitably consequent on the emancipation of the labourers, can be prevented from reaching a point, at which the English consumers would become impatient, and demand the admission of slave-grown sugars. Such a relief may, indeed, retard a little the growth of our North American colonies, by diminishing their present trade of supply to the West Indies; but without such a relief the West Indies will speedily be reduced to a state in which they will take no supplies at all, either from Canada and Nova Scotia or from any other quarter; and, at any rate, we are aware of no principle which would require Great Britain to continue a bounty to one rising set of colonies, at the risk of wholly sinking another, and of rendering utterly fruitless all the efforts of humanity for the African races, and all the vast expenditures which those efforts have involved.

Nor can the West Indian now be told as heretofore, that a reduction of 5s. 6d. in his expenses will afford him no substantial benefit. So long as a part of his produce constituted a surplus, and was obliged to seek its market on the continent, it was undoubtedly true that no such relief could materially have assisted him, because the sales on the continent and in England had necessarily one common level, and the low prices to which the slave-trade was always depressing the produce sold abroad kept low prices likewise here. But now, when the contracted production of the colonies will leave no surplus at all for exportation to the continent, the continental and the British prices, having no longer any intercommunication, will cease to level themselves together. And, in consequence, the British planter will now derive in the British market—and be able to impart to the British consumer—the real benefit of any remission.

While colonies were cultivated only by slaves, there was a strong conscientious objection to any policy, which, by relieving the planter, would indirectly tend to the continuation of the negro's toil: but every generous feeling which, antecedently to the Act of

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3 and 4 Will. IV., was in operation *against* the British colonist, must now and henceforth work *in his favour*: for he will be no longer the possessor of a capital invested in slaves, but an employer of free labour; and engaged, not merely by public opinion or personal feeling, but by direct pecuniary interest, in the extinction of slavery. He is become, therefore, the natural and zealous ally of the abolitionists, and the only effective agent for the civilization of the negroes.

If, under a continuance of the restrictions, the expense of free-labour would oblige the dealer to add 9s. per cwt., a remission of those restrictions equivalent to 5s. 6d. will enable him to limit the advance of price to 3s. 6d. This has a double advantage. It vastly diminishes the danger, which we have already deprecated, of an impatient cry for slave-grown produce, by lightening the consumer's expense for the produce of free-labour; and it prevents the abandonment of colonial establishments, by keeping up the consumption of a poor but numerous class of buyers, who, if the full burthen had been retained, would have been unable to continue their purchases. The importance of this last consideration will not fail to impress the reader, when he reflects that the prospects of the negroes' general improvement, no less than the comfort of the people at home, and the interests of our colonial commerce, depend almost wholly on the extent to which West Indian industry can be maintained *at present*. If by rendering prices moderate, and consumption general, through a judicious relaxation, we can so counteract the disadvantage of the increased cost occasioned by the substitution of free for slave labour, as to keep colonial cultivation for the British market, during the next few years, up to anything like a considerable proportion of its old extent—then, although it must be admitted that our colonies will still have lost much, (with reference especially to the produce once exported by them to the continent, which is irreparable in every view,) we shall still have accomplished a most important result. We shall have saved two-thirds, perhaps five-sixths of our colonial possessions from ruin, and their negro-peasantry from desertion, idleness, and demoralization; and we shall have preserved the vital principle of our West Indian commerce, to be extended hereafter as occasion may mature itself.

Do what we may, however, the plain, disagreeable truth still is, that we can, in no possible mode, avoid a loss in some shape or other, to the whole extent of the difference in price between free and slave labour. We may distribute and apportion that loss; but we cannot get rid of it. We have for a vast number of years carried on a trade in sugar, in which we netted, by the labour of slaves, a profit of 9s. or 10s. per cwt. beyond what we could

could otherwise have attained. We have now, by a great national enactment, given up that profit. But having so given it up, we must patiently bear the privation, and not deceive ourselves into a supposition, that, by any arrangement or contrivance between one set of interests and another, we can—at least for a long time to come—retrieve a single penny of what we have fairly surrendered.

Yet perhaps eventually, even with a view to profit, the present maintenance of the West Indian plantations may prove itself a measure of no unproductive character. We have already pointed out the probability that our foreign rivals, from the new circumstances of the times, and most especially from the emancipation of the British slaves, will henceforth be more than ever exposed to those perils of insurrection and devastation by which St. Domingo was lost to France. We have shown how surely a successful revolt in any one quarter must be the signal for similar explosions in others; and by what cogent and not tardy causes the region and reign of slavery are likely to be narrowed. We hold it to be clear, at all events, that whenever any effectual check shall be given to the fresh importation of slaves, the foreign colonies, from the insufficient proportion of their female to their male negroes, and from their inexperience in those arts of amelioration by which the British planters have held their slave-population together, must rapidly lose that great command of cheap labour which at present enables them to strive so advantageously against England in the production of sugar. But if, while these defections are beginning to take place in the productive powers of neighbouring colonies, those of Great Britain shall have been enabled, by the proposed remissions in aid of free labour, to maintain their extensive production at five-sixths, or even two-thirds, of its present amount, by negroes working for wages, our colonial industry must stand upon a basis more firm and lasting than slavery could ever have constructed. Our emancipated Creoles, gradually learning, from their new state of society, and from their more equal intercourse with the whites, to entertain artificial wants and appetites, and more and more generally accustoming themselves, as their growing population diminishes their facilities of comfortable subsistence, to engage in stipendiary labour as the only means by which such wants and appetites can be gratified, will form a community of labourers ready and able to extend the operations of the British planter in the continental markets, as the produce of the foreign colonies falls off; for the diminution of foreign production will have been raising prices in those markets towards their proper level—that is, towards the level at which free labour may be employed with a profit; and when this level, which is the only natural one, shall have

have been so attained in the foreign markets, the British West Indians, possessing the exclusive advantage of an established population of stipendiary negroes, may fairly expect to become the principal sugar-merchants of Europe; or, at least, their only important competitors are likely to be the East Indian cultivators, who then, at prices *so much increased*, may be able, though they be not now, to transmit their sugar with advantage. This addition to the colonial commerce of England, and the consequent increase of her shipping, and of all the manufactures and productions which she would supply to the negroes in their advancing demand for the artificial comforts of life, would go far to compensate, in new modes of revenue, the relaxations which we have been recommending in the code of colonial intercourse.

We cannot conclude without once more, and earnestly, pressing on the public mind the consideration of the state into which the emancipated negroes must fall, if cultivation be discontinued to an extent which shall break up the employment of labour. To have given freedom to your negroes is to have paid but half your long-accumulated debt: with freedom you must give the means of industry, or you will not have provided the opportunities of civilization and improvement due from you. The only fair chance for their social, or moral, or religious advancement, is the presence and example of European employers, of European teachers, of European manners, and of European motives. Continue to find them occupation with adequate recompense—give them an option of labour with their liberty—and the arts and the virtues of life may grow up and thrive; but if all you restore to them is their idleness, you have made them the most pernicious of presents. The fertile soil and the relaxing climate will speedily resolve them into their aboriginal barbarism. Hordes of irreclaimable savages will take the place of a Christian population and a civilized society. The foreign slave-trade, no longer forced to fetch its cargoes from distant Africa, will be commodiously supplied by Creole kidnappers, in short safe runs from the English islands. You will see your busy ports converted into riotous dens of black buccaneers, and the flags of the negro pirates insulting all that wide archipelago. Africa will have had her revenge, but Freedom, Justice, and Religion no amends.

NOTE

Concerning an Article in No. CV.

WE have received from Dr. Keith, author of a work on the 'Prophecies,' which we reviewed in this Number, a letter contradicting certain statements in that review, and which the writer requests us to insert in this place. Dr. Keith's letter is so long in itself, and would have required so much comment from us, that we could not, under any circumstances, have complied with this request; but it contains distinct information that a detailed Answer to our Article on his book is about to be published in a separate form. The Doctor could hardly expect us to recur twice to the subject;—and it would, therefore, have been due to his own interests that we should wait for the appearance of this tract.

NOTE

To the Article on Cooke's Memoirs of Bolingbroke in No. CVIII.

THE intelligent writer of some remarks on this Article in No. LXXXV. of the *Printing Machine* has addressed to us a letter, in which he affords still further confirmation of our opinion as to what he justly calls 'the *niaiseries* and blunders' of Mr. Cooke's book. One point on which we spoke with some degree of hesitation, namely the date of the first publication of Bolingbroke's 'famous letter to Sir William Windham,' our correspondent has *ascertained* to be as we had suspected; and the matter is so important to Lord Bolingbroke's history, and so conclusive as to the ignorance and negligence of his lordship's recent biographer, that we think it worth while to subjoin our Correspondent's comment upon it. He says, 'In addition to the reasons assigned in the Quarterly Review for believing that the letter to Windham was *not printed* at the time at which it professes to have been (and probably was) written, several passages might have been quoted from it which show that the author had no intention of publishing it immediately, if at all. But, in point of fact, it was certainly bequeathed to Mallet *only in manuscript*. His copy, *that which he sent to the printers*, is in the Museum, along with all the other manuscripts left to him for *publication* by Bolingbroke. It is not in Bolingbroke's hand, nor are any of the other papers, but it is, like the rest, *corrected throughout by his lordship*. More than one amanuensis had been employed on it.'

We have examined the MS. in the Museum (4984, A. Plut. CXVI. E.), and find the case to be as stated by our correspondent, excepting that some entire pages towards the conclusion *are* in Bolingbroke's own handwriting.

This discovery appears to us to confirm our suspicion to absolute certainty—to give a totally new turn to the most important part of Bolingbroke's history—and, moreover, to give the *coup de grace* to Mr. Wingrove Cooke's contemptible compilation.